Liberty

JULY 13, 1946 10c

L4527-400

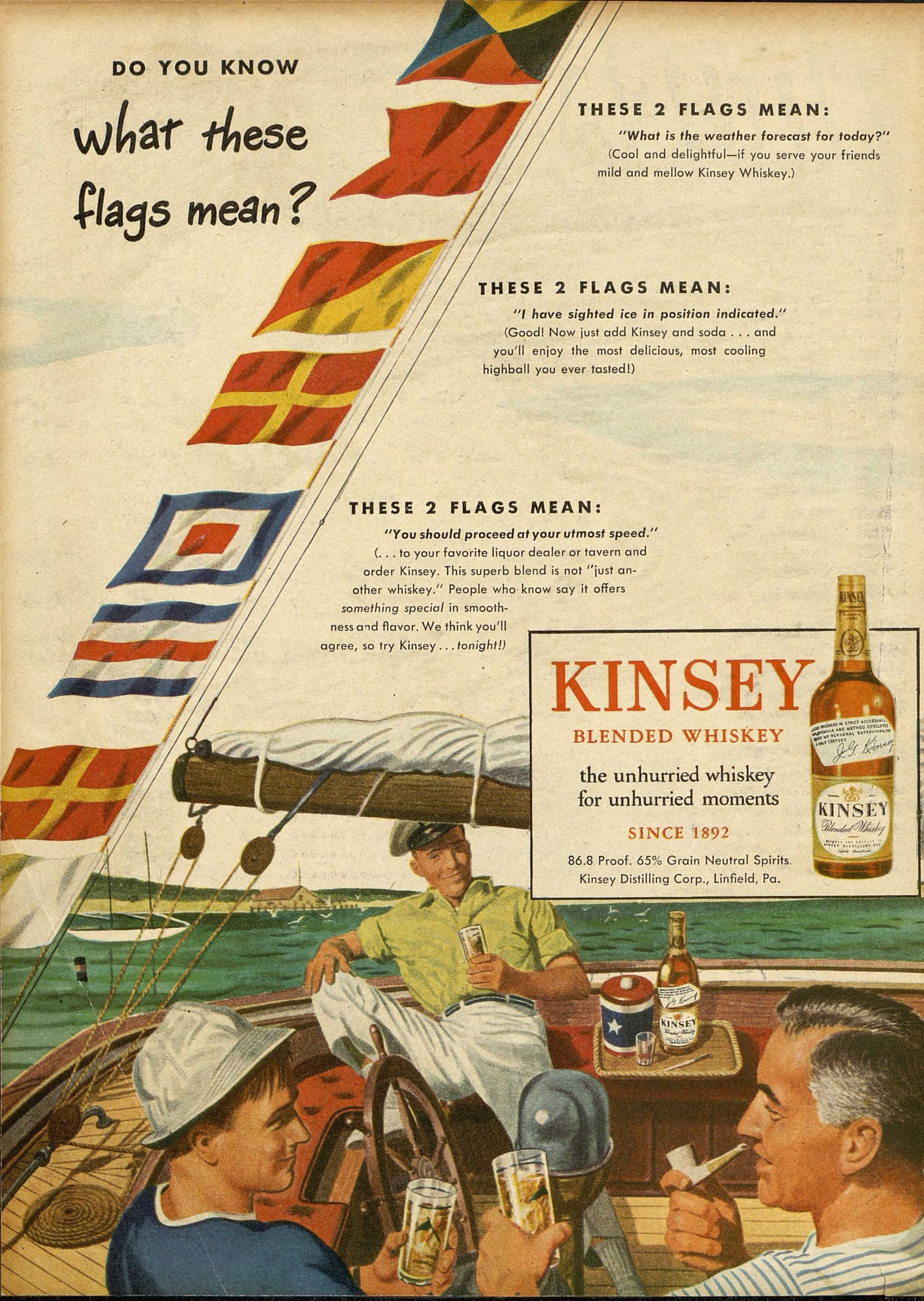
Stand-out articles and fiction by:

John Gunther • Faith Baldwin
Rex Beach • Albert Q. Maisel
Frank X. Tolbert — and others

Book: DAYS AND NIGHTS
Russia's Greatest War Novel

DO YOU KNOW

what these flags mean?



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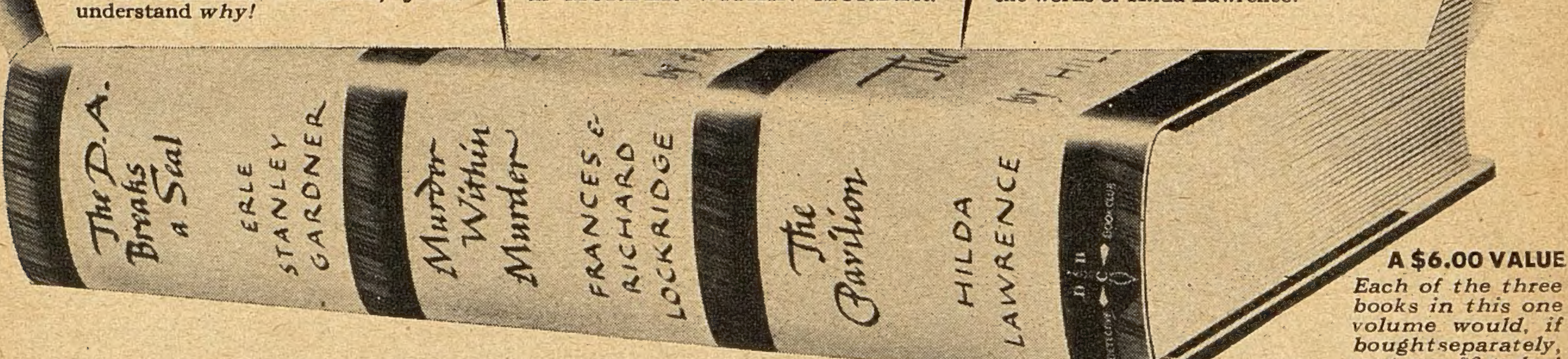

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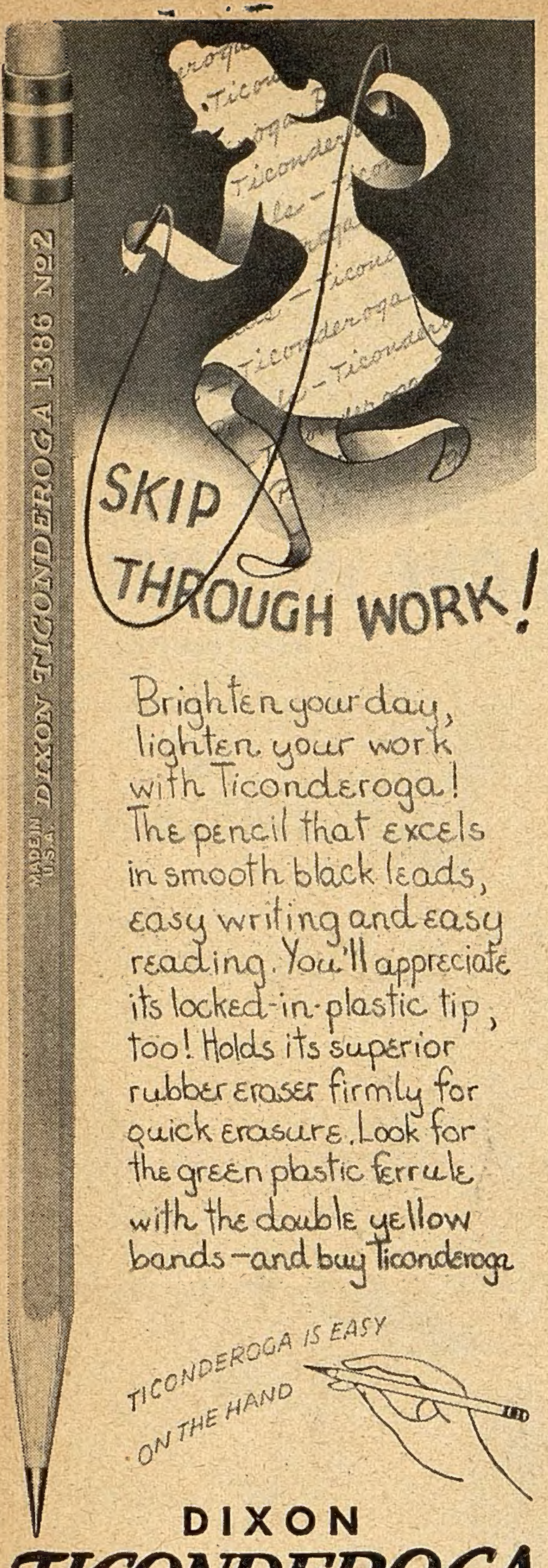
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Lpk to R. Berman 6/21

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

LIBERTY'S FICTION EDITOR

KATHRYN BOURNE, who heads our fiction department, is one of the few editors we know who isn't a frustrated author. She'd rather read a story than write one, and she's been doing it as an editor for years, running the editorial gamut from Physical Culture to Harper's Bazaar, with stops in between at McCalls and Cosmopolitan. She flew the publishing coop once for a selling fling in a retail store, but after three days, a call from a magazine reached her in the hat department and back she went to her old stand. She spends her vacations on Cape Cod, where she loves to putter around in the garden and the kitchen, and wishes she had a Sealyham terrier to follow her to the beach.

ALGER A LA RUSSE

KONSTANTINE SIMONOV is a Soviet Horatio Alger. He came up the hard way: machinist's apprentice, factory worker, student, author, and fighter. Today he is one of the wealthiest and best-dressed men in Russia, known in society for the love lyrics with which he publicly courted his wife, known throughout the world for his writing about the war. His play, The Russian People, was a Broadway hit. His novel, DAYS AND NIGHTS (condensed this week), stems from front-line experience at Stalingrad. He dictated fiction by telephone under fire, flew to Moscow to file stories, won the Order of the Red Banner for courage in combat.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty

Book: GRIMM DEATH
Fast-Moving Mystery with a Breath-Taking Punch

STALIN'S BOSSES

Beginning a powerful new story of young marriage
By I. A. R. Wylie

WHO are STALIN'S BOSSES? William van Narvig lifts the iron curtain to reveal the workings of Russia's all-powerful Politburo—from which even Stalin takes orders. . . . What do you know about the band that binds? In "WITH THIS RING . . ." Eleanor Hiteshew looks behind the booming wedding-ring industry. . . . I. A. R. Wylie starts a challenging two-part story, JUNGLE PETE COMES HOME. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, GRIMM DEATH, by Dorothy Foster Brown, is a fast-paced mystery with an unexpected twist.

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T. SINNICKSON

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

NO DAMAGE

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—I have read with pleasure and relief your abridged condensation of my book, Man Against Pain (May 11).

I know you will not be too startled to learn that I was more than a little anxious about how you might handle it. Few books, especially those of the character of Man Against Pain, can be condensed without some damage. The agreeable thing about your handling of it is that there was almost no unnecessary damage. And if I want to be fair about it, as I do, I should not fail to mention that I noticed the places where the editing improved the story.

I'd like to have the name of the man who did the job. I'd like to meet him sometime—buy him a drink. And if the "him" turns out to be a "her"—an eventuality I do not expect but could easily survive—the invitation still stands.—*Howard R. Raper.*

Our book editor, a "her," accepts with pleasure.—VOX POP EDITOR.

WRONG ROBIN

WILMINGTON, DEL.—Liberty's May 25 cover shows a fine picture of two robins house-building. But it's contrary to nature, since two males don't start such things. There must be a woman in the case.—*Guy K. Browning.*

CORBIN, KY.—Someone should tell your cover artist, Mat Kauten, that the female robin is all brown, for he's pictured two male robins building a nest. Will it be a bachelors' apartment?—*M. E. Manning.*

Apologies to the ornithologists—and to the robins.—VOX POP EDITOR.

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

ARLINGTON, VA.—This little note results from a close reading of Paul Hunter's editorial, Has Our Military Might Vanished? (May 25). He deals in generalities without offering anything in proof of his statements. How does he know that we are the sole possessors of the atom bomb? And what makes him believe that we can bomb any country in the world in a matter of hours?

He further states that "no nation can strike a blow against us. Our superb defense aircraft can prevent the dropping of any kind of bomb where it will do us any damage." My answer to this kind of talk is: *Remember Pearl Harbor.—Mrs. F. L. Stillinger.*

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Congratulations on your editorial, Has Our Military Might Vanished? It is one of the best I have ever read on the subject of the postwar army.

The one thing that sums the whole matter up is from a poem written by a G.I. in the Pacific:

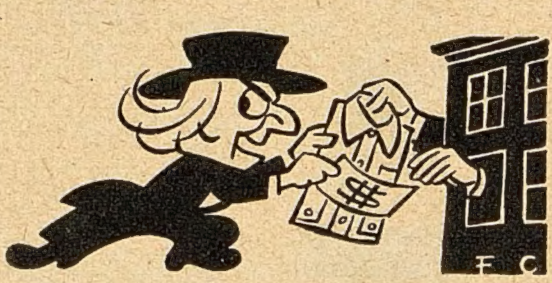
. . . Of course they have reasons for
keeping us here,
For as long as we stay they won't
have to fear
That they'll loose one or two of their
so precious stars,
Or their eagles and oak leaves will
revert to gold bars. . . .

—*B. N.*

SHIRT SHORTAGE

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The photograph illustrating How to Write to Your Congressman, by Representative Outland, as told to Don Wharton (May 25), pictures thirteen congressmen wearing white shirts to the man.

Perhaps if white shirts were as hard for politicians to get as for professional men or the man in the street, we would have more white shirts.—*James W. Braun.*



Instead of more politicians.—VOX POP EDITOR.

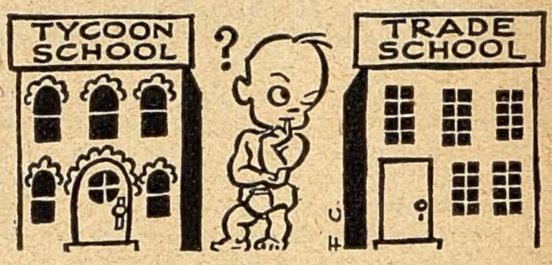
POWER OF THE PEN

BUTTE CITY, CALIF.—A vast majority of the people in this country actually do not know who their representatives in Washington are and are in a quandary as to how to make their opinions heard. From the present trend of politics, and foreign relations, the people's voice needs to be heard badly.

Articles like How to Write to Your Congressman, by George Outland, as told to Don Wharton (May 25), are a lift to a democratic country.—*M. A. Stegall.*

GET A TRADE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why do most of us bring up our children to be white-collar workers or small business tycoons? There's no such thing as security, even if you own your own business.



Sense would tell us to go back to the old days when a man learned a trade and stuck to it.

Those few who still follow that theory make more money, have greater security, and develop fewer neuroses from too much responsibility. The rest of us would do well to follow.—*G. L.*

STEPPING ON LOCAL TOES

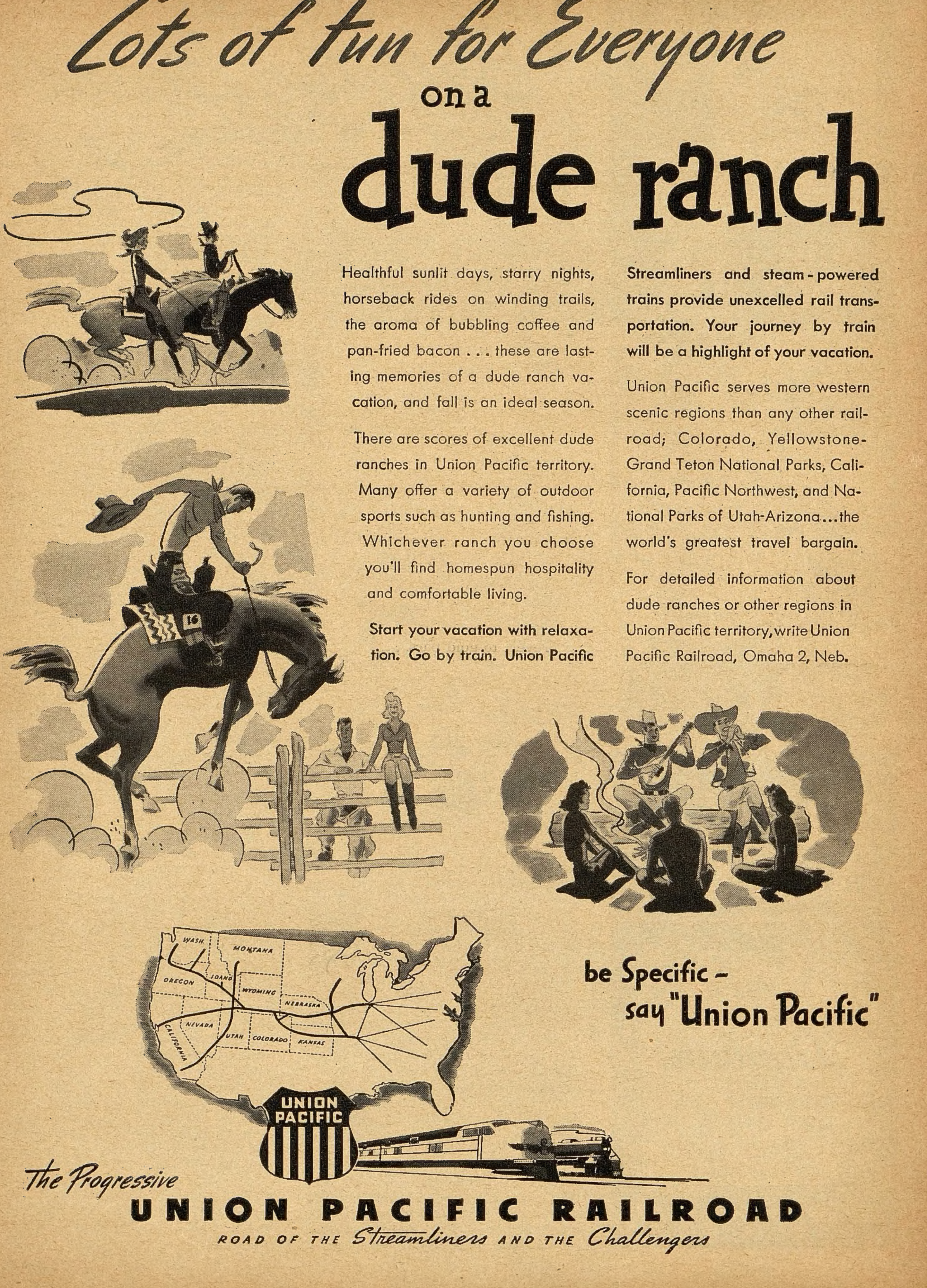
MCALLEN, TEX.—In The Highroad to Mexico (May 25), Absalom Jackson, Jr., states that "At present Camino Nacional No. 1, opened in 1935, is the only modern road to Mexico City."

This is at least 50 per cent erroneous, as a paved highway leads from McAllen, Texas, via Reynosa, Mexico, to Monterrey, Mexico, and thence to Mexico City. This road is paved its entire length.—*Paul T. Vickers.*

WEST CHESTER, PA.—The phrase that hit *me* the hardest in If You Hit the Road (May 18) was the one in which Dickson Hartwell says that as far as the rest rooms at service stations or roadhouses are concerned, he would rather take the outhouse latrines in France or Saipan.

I am not saying that there are not filthy places of the kind he described, but I do resent his apparent desire to tell the motoring public a clean one cannot be found, that service is a thing of the past, and that we are notoriously independent. We run a service station here and are proud of the condition of our rest rooms.

We are here to serve to the best of our ability. We are sure we cannot please everyone, but we will continue to try, even if Mr. Hartwell himself should stop in.—*Edw. B. Stephens.*



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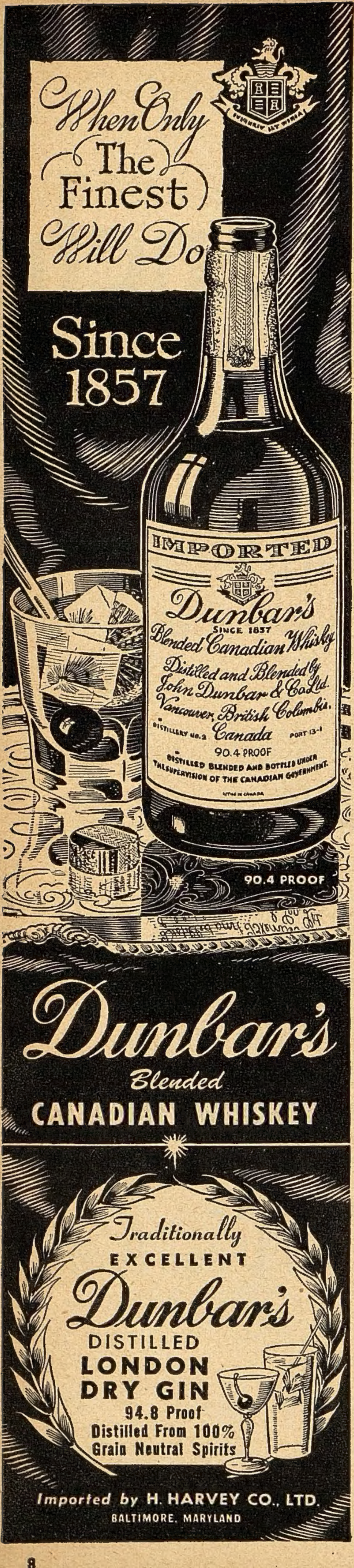

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VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

ONCE again our mailbag is bulging enough to warrant a report in this week's Bulletin Board on reader opinion. The leading issue raised by our letter writers is still *terminal-leave pay for enlisted men.* Typical of the sentiments is the demand for "an outright cash grant of, say, $200 or $300 for home and overseas former enlisted men" as the simplest way to adjust this inequity.

Demands that the OPA be kept, "if only to protect the veteran tenants," are voiced by a large number of veterans. And passage of housing legislation has not lessened the call for action in that quarter, with veterans adopting a "show me" attitude.

Letters are also asking for the wholehearted support of the plea for *restoring full disability payments to disabled veterans* whose compensation is cut automatically upon entering VA hospitals. "Put yourself in our shoes—$20 a month, and that is top pay for us guys with which to pay our insurance, buy cigarettes, candy, and other accessories. It's certainly a hard budget on which to manage." Others say, "Improvement of *artificial limbs* and even *automobiles for amputees* isn't asking for too much—is it?"

HOUSING LEGISLATION

"Show me!"

Of course the *bonus* and *surplus disposal* are still hot topics. There is still a difference of opinion as to when the bonus should be paid. "The sooner the better" viewpoint is out in front.

Letters report, too, that while surplus-disposal methods are improving, veterans are still being lured on wild-goose chases. "The market places are too far away," and "The secondhand material is very often not fit to be sold," are typical complaints against the surplus authorities.

Now to the bulk of the mail as space will allow:

* * *

Mrs. N. E. Rand, Elsinore, Calif. The check you get each month as beneficiary of your late husband's National Service Life Insurance policy is slightly less than your neighbor's even though you are the same age and lost your husband during the same year, for this reason: Beneficiaries of these policies may receive payment by either of two plans. Under Option 1, you would receive monthly payments throughout your lifetime, with 120 payments guaranteed. If you should not live to receive all 120 payments guaranteed, those remaining would go to your daughter or, in the event of her death, to other immediate relatives, *and then would stop.* Under Option 2, payments are made throughout your life, and in case of your death, are continued to your daughter or others in the immediate family *until the face value of the policy has been paid out.* Your neighbor is alone in the world. Therefore Option 1 is best for her, for the payments are slightly higher per month. No doubt the added protection to your family prompted your husband to choose the smaller monthly checks under Option 2.

* * *

Charles J. Riley, Buffalo, N. Y. To wear the Merchant Marine Honorable Discharge Button, you must have completed 32 months' substantially continuous honorable service (roughly 75 per cent of the total time) and have a Certificate of Wartime Service to prove it.

* * *

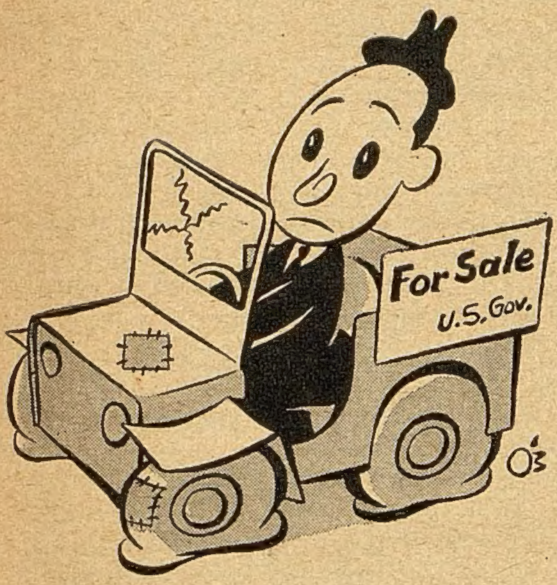
J. E. Newberry, Dover, Del. You needn't worry about the VA's cutting your pension while you are taking vocational rehabilitation training. The law provides that the minimum payment to such trainees shall be $105 a month (with additional sums for dependents) made up of pension plus whatever sum is necessary to bring the total to $105—or the higher figure to which dependents entitle you.

* * *

Craig Vinson, Rome, Ga. No subsistence allowance is paid to veterans taking correspondence courses, and the total cost of all the courses may not exceed $500. A charge of one fourth of the time spent in following a correspondence course is made against the veteran's period of eligibility for education. In cases of the veteran's taking correspondence courses in conjunction with institutional or job training, subsistence allowance is already being paid, and is not affected.

* * *

S. C. Wright, Dallas, Tex. These are, briefly, the regulations governing purchase of a home under the amended G.I. Bill: Ninety days' active military service after September 16, 1940 (or, if less, discharge for a service-incurred disability); an other-than-dishonorable discharge; and, of course, favorable consideration of your application by the lending agency. Repayment of 50 per cent of any such loan approved within ten years after the termination of the war is automatically guaranteed by the government—guaranty not to exceed $4,000. So you can consider purchasing a house and lot with up to $4,000 guaranteed—*if* it appears to the bank that the mortgage payments bear a proper relation to your present and anticipated income and expenses *and* the price appears reasonable under present conditions to the government appraiser. These regulations are far more liberal than those in the original bill.


For Sale
U.S. Gov.

Secondhand

* * *

M. C. Smith, Austin, Tex. Aviation badges are worn above the ribbons representing decorations and service. Qualification badges should be placed on the flap of the left pocket.

* * *

Victor Rodahl, San Diego, Calif. Any time after expiration of the first policy year you can borrow up to 94 per cent of the cash value of your converted National Service Life Insurance policy. Don't make the mistake of thinking the cash value is all the premiums you have paid in, though. In that case, you would be paying nothing for having your life insured at the risk of the government. For instance, at age 25, the cash value at the end of the first year on an Ordinary Life policy is $8.60 per $1,000, or $86 on your $10,000. After five years, the cash value is $457.60; after ten years, $980.94, and so on. The cash value is slightly increased by the accumulation of dividends as they are declared. Interest on loans is 5 per cent.

* * *

Harlan Vilary, Stamford, Conn. Are you sure you put the correct address on your claim to the Veterans Administration for waiver of premiums? The VA in Washington tells us that out of 50,000 checks for refunds mailed each month, as many as 7,000 are returned because the address given by the veteran was either incomplete or temporary.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

EX-MARINE CLEANS UP...AND HOW!
STOP — OR HE'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES
RESTRICTED AREA GATE 2
MORNIN' CHIEF...WE JUST NABBED A GUY CARRYING OUT BLUEPRINTS. WALSH, THAT EX-MARINE, GOT HIM WITH THE DOG
CALL THE F.B.I. I'LL BE RIGHT OVER... BETTER GET MY SECRETARY THERE, TOO
THAT'S ALL, MISS MILLS. HE'S YOUR PRISONER, MEN
NICE GOING, WALSH. I THINK YOU'VE NAILED THE RINGLEADER
I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, WALSH. LET'S ALL HAVE BREAKFAST— IT'S LATE
THANKS, CHIEF, BUT I'D LIKE TO CLEAN UP, FIRST
WHAT A SLICK SHAVE — AND FAST! YOUR BLADE IS PLENTY SHARP
YOU'RE TELLING ME —AND THOSE THIN GILLETTES SURE STAND UP
YOU'VE HAD A LONG NIGHT OF IT, WALSH
MY DOG AND I HAD LOTS LONGER SHIFTS AT BOUGAINVILLE
U-M-M...HE LOOKS FRESH AS A DAISY TO ME
YOU'RE ASSISTANT CHIEF, STARTING MONDAY. TAKE THE OFFICE NEXT TO MINE
WHAT A BREAK! THANKS A MILLION!
I'LL BE SEEING HIM EVERY DAY
YOU GET REFRESHING, SWELL-LOOKING SHAVES DOUBLE QUICK—AND SAVE MONEY TOO—WITH THIN GILLETTES. THESE KEEN, SMOOTH-FINISHED BLADES FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR TO A "T" AND PROTECT YOU FROM THE IRRITATION CAUSED BY MISFIT BLADES. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THIN GILLETTES!
A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE MAKES MY JOB EASY
THIN Gillette BLADES
4 for 10¢

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Another up-and-coming plane for beginners: the Taylorcraft Twosome . . . Something new in prop blades . . . The Navion's price tag

THERE are four big producers of two-place airplanes so far this year: Taylorcraft, Piper, Aeronca, and Ercoupe. The first three were well known names in private flying before the war. Ercoupe has been a lusty and successful newcomer.

In the two-place airplane class, Taylorcraft is carving a real place for itself. Production got under way right after V-J Day last year at the Alliance, Ohio, factory, and some 10,000 postwar models will be flying around the country by the end of this year.

Like the Piper Cub, the Taylorcraft is a beginner's airplane. For the power from its 65-h.p. Continental air-cooled engine, it gives you 100-miles-an-hour cruising. The Standard Twosome sells for $2,695 fly-away factory, and the Custom Twosome, which has such refinements as radio receiver, an additional fuel tank, and interior lights, sells for $2,850 fly-away factory.

It's an economical airplane to operate, as many owners will testify. The side-by-side seating arrangement is popular and it is easy to handle in the air and on the ground. Its low landing speed of 38 miles an hour makes it adaptable to the smallest of airports and even for farms, estates, country clubs, and the like.

Cruising range is 300 to 350 miles for the Standard model and 450 to 500 miles for the Custom model, and there is ample room for baggage behind the seats.

The Taylorcraft designers are proud of the plane's take-off and climbing performance. The ship will get off the ground fully loaded in 350 feet, they say, and will climb at a rate of 600 feet a minute.

The fuel tank is mounted directly in front of the cabin itself and is fitted with a standard cork-and-wire-rod indicator that floats up and down to tell the pilot how much gas there is in the twelve-gallon tank. Auxiliary tanks are located in the wings. Fuel consumption is rated at four gallons an hour, and operating ceiling is 15,000 feet. (Taylorcraft holds the world's light-plane altitude record of 24,311 feet.)

Specifications are: wing span, 36 feet; length, 22 feet; height, 6 feet 6 inches; fuel capacity, 24 gallons; gross weight, 1,200 pounds; luggage, 50 pounds.

Round-the-World by Air in '46

Peter Masefield, Britain's engaging and smart civil air attaché to the United States, recently made a round-the-world trip by air. It was, perhaps, the first made since wartime by a civilian not traveling in military airplanes. The record of it is most interesting.

Masefield flew from Washington to San Francisco on regular air line. From there to Australia he was a passenger on a DC-4 being ferried by its new owner, Australian National Airways. From Australia to London he flew on the British service, and thence he returned via British line to Montreal and Colonial Airlines to Washington.

He was actually in the air 130 hours and 43 minutes for the 26,759 miles. His block-to-block speed over the whole trip was 204 miles an hour—quite fast by prewar standards. If regular fare had been charged, the bill would have come to $2,482, or 9.3 cents a mile, which Masefield considers too high. He is an advocate of lower over-ocean fares and will probably get his wish shortly.

His longest continuous flight was from Australia to London. Otherwise he stopped off at various points on business, the entire elapsed time being twenty-seven days. Circling the globe is still virtually impossible for the average person, but by 1947 it will be relatively easy.

A Windmill Propeller Blade

Something new in the way of propeller blades has been worked out by Hamilton Standard Propellers and will be used on some of the new transport planes now being built. Square-tipped instead of elliptical, and almost rectangular in shape, the new blade resembles quite closely the centuries-old windmill vane. In fact, the new four-bladed propeller is a dead ringer for an old Dutch windmill.

The blade maintains the same width from butt to tip. Just as the square tip proved the optimum of efficiency for transforming the energy of the wind into mill power, so has it improved the function of a propeller blade, according to the engineers. But square-tip blades haven't been used for airplanes since the Wright brothers and their immediate successors installed hand-carved wooden props on the earliest airplanes.

Is the Navion a Bargain!

Some weeks ago we told you about the new North American personal airplane called the Navion and said the company had not yet set a price on its new air buggy. Subsequently a price tag was placed on the Navion and it surprised everyone: $6,100. Industry scouts had predicted much higher. If North American can produce, at its Los Angeles factory, this streamlined four-place job with 150-m.p.h. performance at that price, it has a promising market indeed.

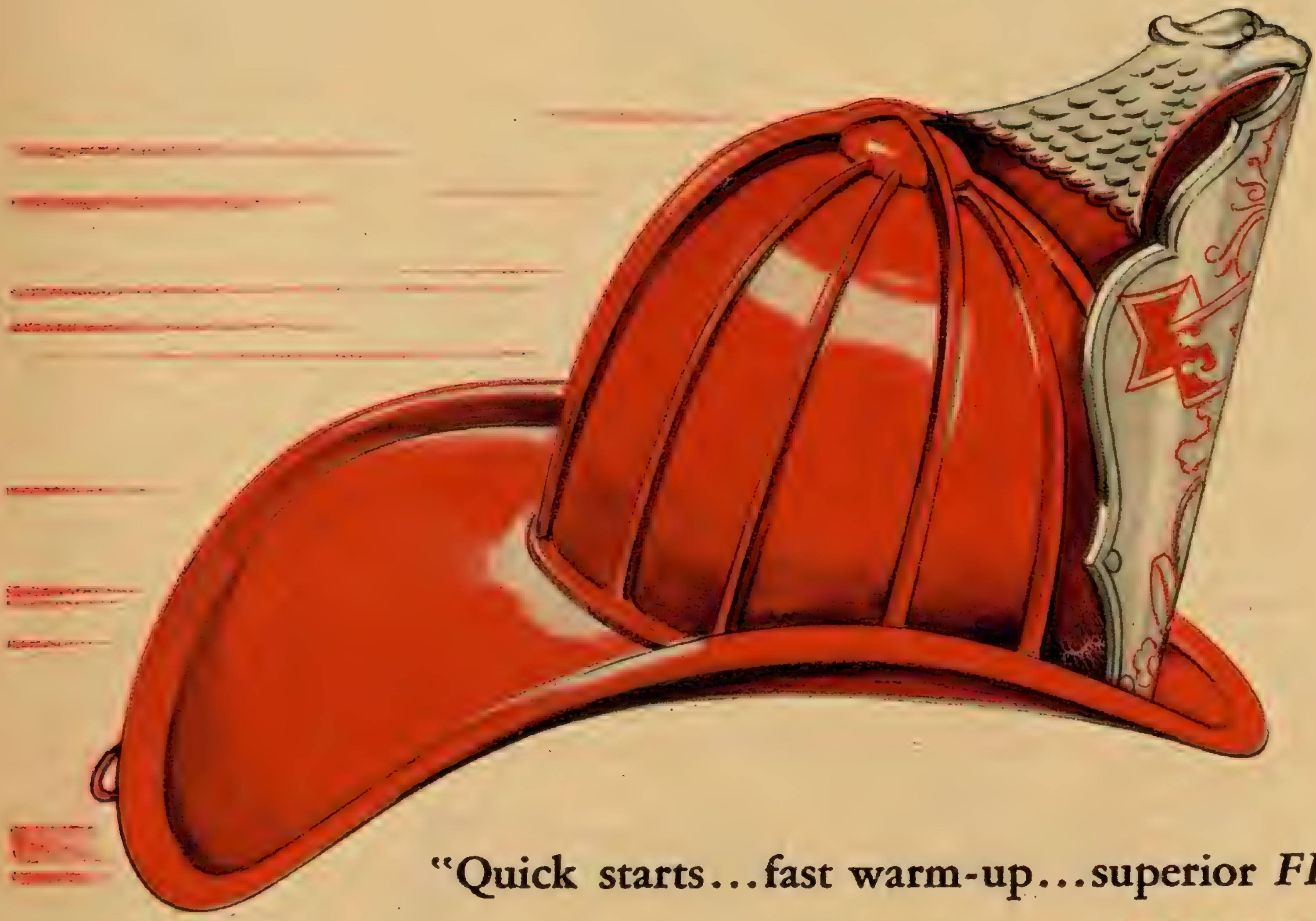
FREE ✓

In a Taylorcraft Twosome like this, you can cruise at 100 m.p.h. Cruising range of the Standard model reaches 350 miles; that of the Custom model with more gadgets, 500 miles.

"Never . . . was so much owed by so many to so few"

"Elementary, my dear Watson"

"I shall return"



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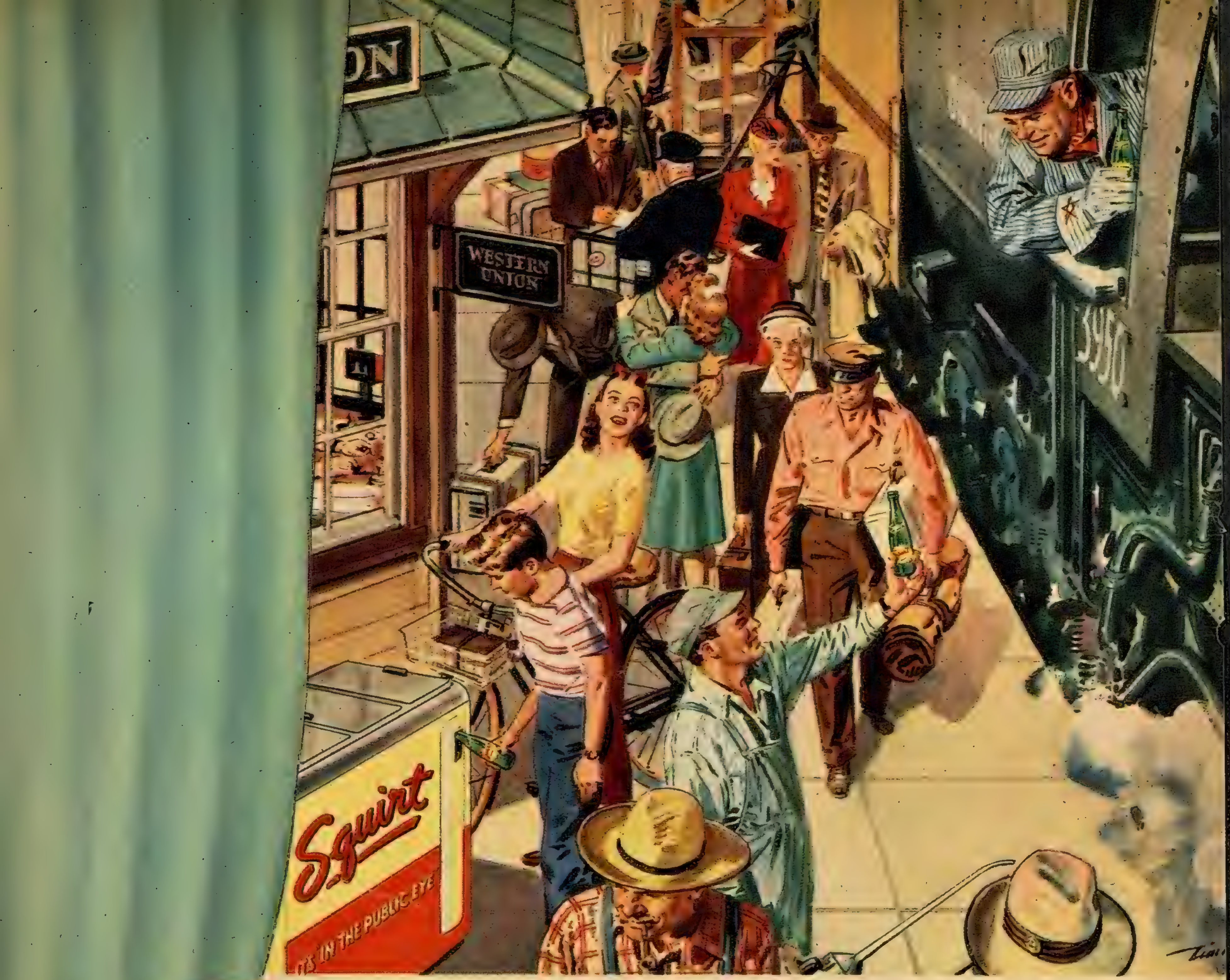
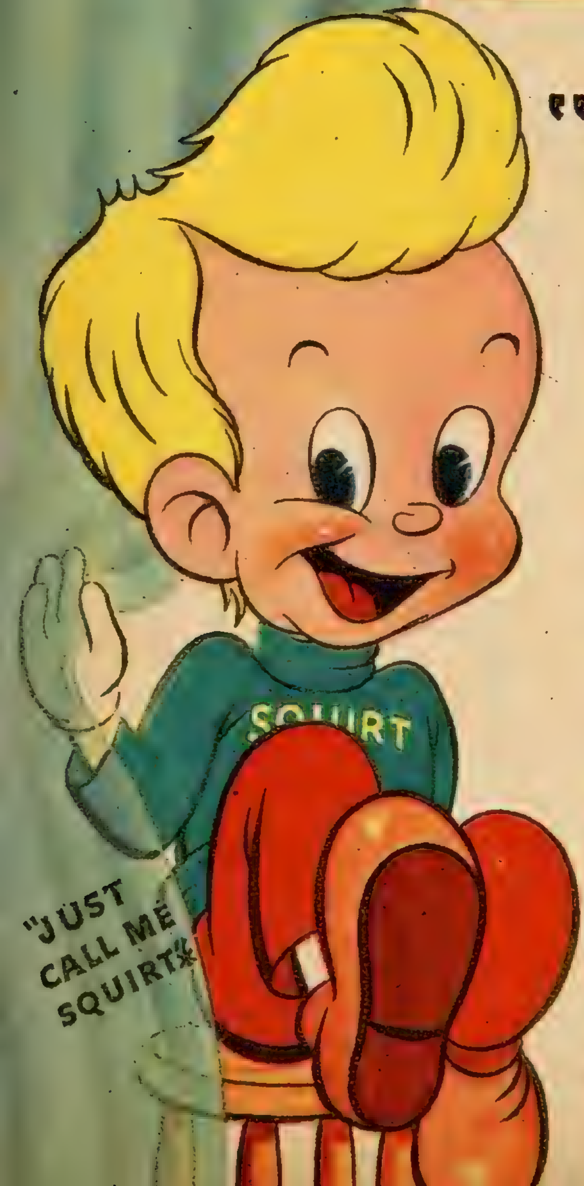

ON
WESTERN UNION
Squirt
IT'S IN THE PUBLIC EYE
5950

"TAKE IT EASY" DRINK Squirt

Comes a welcome lull at the busy railroad station . . . a welcome few moments to *"Take it easy"* with cold bottles of SQUIRT. And they all go for it.

That's the way with SQUIRT. It's popular with everybody, big and little, resting from work or play. SQUIRT'S zestful, grapefruity tartness says, *"Take it easy"* in its own thrilling way. No other drink brings with it the wholesome essence of sunny, southland groves so gratifyingly. If it's the biggest selling grapefruit drink in the world . . . and SQUIRT is . . . it's because millions of people agree that it's so often a good idea to *"Take it easy* . . . DRINK SQUIRT."


SQUIRT
"JUST CALL ME SQUIRT*

Squirt
Squirt

THE BIGGEST SELLING GRAPEFRUIT DRINK IN THE WO

Copyright 1946, The Squirt Company, Beverly Hills, Ca

INSIDE VANDENBERG

BY JOHN GUNTHER

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

L5541-8

There are a lot of eyes trained on the Republican Senator from Michigan whom F. D. R. pushed into the world spotlight. An outstanding reporter brings him into sharp focus

-5774-10

PORTRAIT

WHAT kind of person is Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg, the senior Senator from Michigan and the Republican Party's chief spokesman on foreign affairs? The answer to that question may well influence the course of history.

I called on the senator in Washington recently. We sat in black leather chairs in the President's room in the Senate, and talked for an hour.

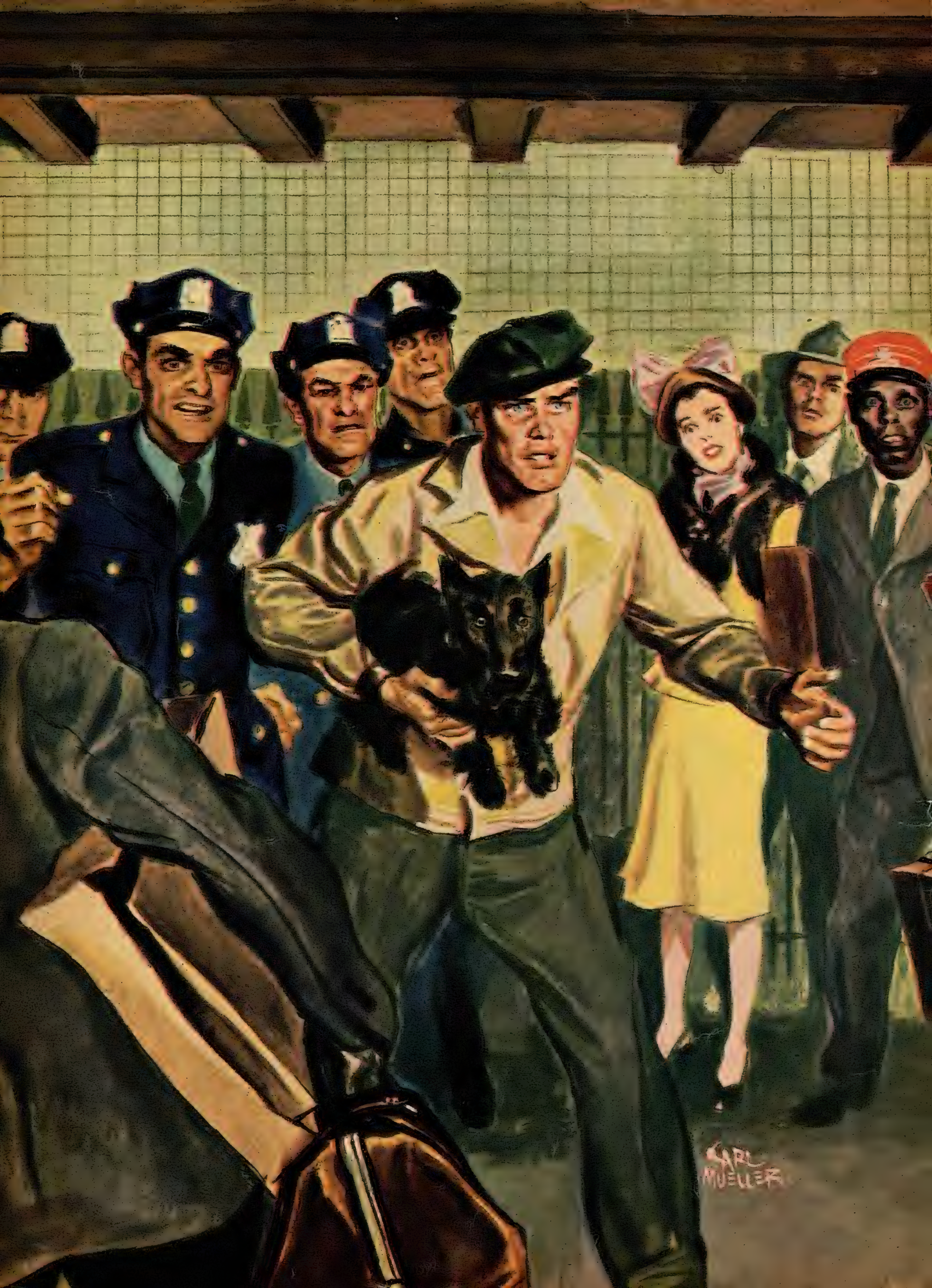
Vandenberg has written two books about his greatest hero, Alexander Hamilton; the title page of the first one carries the motto, "Nationalism —not 'Internationalism'—is the indispensable bulwark of American independence." But this was written in 1921, since which date both Senator Vandenberg and the world have traveled a considerable way. In 1939, addressing a convention, he proclaimed, "This so-called war is nothing but about twenty-five people and propaganda. They [presumably the Europeans] want our money and our men." This from the senator who now works cheek by jowl with Attlee, Molotov, and Jimmy Byrnes!

Actually Vandenberg, a temperate and discriminating man, has never been an isolationist in the sense that Hiram W. Johnson, say, or Henry Cabot Lodge was an isolationist. There is little of the implacable or irreconcilable in the big Michigander's character, and his voting record on international issues has been mixed. He vigorously opposed revision of the Neutrality Act in 1939, and, though this is not always recollected, he voted *for* lend-lease, and he was one of the six Republican senators who favored U. S. participation in the World Court. Also Vandenberg, by far the most influential Republican in the Senate, worked staunchly for UNRRA and was to an extent responsible for putting UNRRA through.

On returning from London last February, Vandenberg—always a first-class journalist before anything else—spoke to the Senate and compactly expressed his fears in regard to Russia in an address that crystallized a lot of national sentiment on the subject.

"What is Russia up to?" he asked —pointing out that Russian policy in or toward Manchuria, Poland, the

(Continued on page 57)


CARL MUELLER

L 5421-400 L5498-100

CLASS WILL TELL

ILLUSTRATED BY
CARL MUELLER

BY
REX BEACH

Joe, the calamity-howling cabby, had no use for aristocrats. What irony to have thrust upon him a dog whose pedigree was as long as Joe's haircut

IT was raining, so Joe Devlin pulled into the line and waited for the theaters to break. Time was when he had worked the theaters every night, but now that Macushla, his cab, was a has-been, he did so only in bad weather. It made him sore when people snooted Macushla for one of the new glass-toppers.

Well, the day was coming when there wouldn't be any underprivileged classes. No top-hatted punks and white-caped broads like the pair who just now scurried out through the drizzle and flung themselves into the musty interior of Macushla.

Of course the dame put up a squawk—Joe knew she would. Her dress would be ruined; there should be a law against jaloppies like this. Devlin curled his unshaven upper lip and spat through the gap in his front teeth.

By the time he got back to the theater district it had stopped raining, for which he roundly cursed the weatherman. How come a so-and-so gover'ment employee to call a wet night and miss his shot? Fine state of affairs when you couldn't believe your own gover'ment. About 1 A. M. he pulled up in front of the Greek's, as usual, for a hamburger.

Kovacs, the cop, greeted Joe: "Hiya, bum!"

"Hiya, flatfoot!"

"That guy you hauled last night says I ought to run you off this stand. These old kettles are a menace to traffic, he says." Kovacs eyed the cab disapprovingly. "Seems like you'd at least give her a coat of paint, Joe."

"With what?"

"With part of your gin money. If you wasn't just a proper louse you'd be driving for one of the companies and have a new model every year and maybe a wife or a chicken farm."

"I wouldn't woik for a co'operation. That's what's wrong with this country—"

"Can it, Joe! What ails you lately?"

The unkempt cabby shrugged. "It must be something I haven't et. There ain't much ails us underprivileged lugs that three squares a day wouldn't cure. But when—"

"You'd get yours if that hearse had a coat of shellac. But no! Every dollar you get goes for tonsil varnish." The speaker moved away. "Just a proper no-good louse!"

FROM the foregoing it may be inferred that Joe Devlin was not a pleasant person and anything but a model citizen. That is correct. As a matter of fact, he had lately suffered the impact of repeated setbacks, large and small, until he took a perverse satisfaction in posing as a magnificent malcontent.

He was meditating upon Kovacs' criticism when a fare approached in the person of a young man with a load—with two loads. The fellow zigzagged and he carried a two-handled laundry basket, the contents of which were concealed under a white cloth. When Joe flipped the cab door open the young man carefully placed the basket inside.

"Thanks!" he said; then, "Have you ever committed a murder?"

Mr. Devlin showed his missing tooth in a mirthless grin. "Not yet. But I've been tempted."

"Can I engage you to act as an accessory to that hideous crime?"

"Why not? Anything once."

The young man peered myopically at Joe, then nodded. "Yes! You're the perfect type to further crime at the rate of twenty cents for the first quarter mile."

"What you got there? A baby?"

"Precisely! My wife, also a sentimentalist, is in a refined alcoholic stupor. She loves the little fellow as dearly as I do."

"Listen, you!" Devlin exclaimed. He twisted out of his seat, reached back into the cab and snatched the coverlet from the basket. After a moment he said flatly, "A pooch!"

In the padded interior of the basket lay a jet-black Scottie. It was very sick. The owner sagged forward, stroked the little creature with gentle hand and murmured softly to it.

"See! He doesn't know me! There's nothing more we can do except have him put out of his misery."

"Says who?"

"The doctor. . . . Here!" Into Joe's hand the owner pressed a card. "You read it: I can't!"

"D'you expect to find a vet this time of night? . . . If you're hell-bent on moidering the little fellow, whyn't you take a tire iron to him? Is that any woise than chlorofoam? If I had a sick dog, no lousy vet would tell me—"

"Cabby!" The young man laid a hand upon Joe's arm. "You've *got* a sick dog! Thanks a million and *what* a relief!"

"You talk like crazy."

"He's yours—basket, bedding, and all—plus this genuine early-American ten-dollar bill."

AFTER an instant Joe said, "Okey-doke! The pooch may quit a loser but I can't. If he gets well, he's mine. I can sell him or—anything. Right?"

"Poshitively! And he's a champion."

"Would he fetch maybe—twenty-five bucks?"

The drunk drew himself erect. He was offended, shocked. "I paid five hundred dollars for that tiny bit of canine aristocracy. He springs from a line of noblemen and is entitled by birth to stand hatted in the presence of the king." The speaker made off in a diagonal direction as if one leg were shorter than the other.

(Continued on page 70)

Devlin popped out of his cab with Blowout in his arms. "Into the parcel room, fellows," he cried. Several uniformed men followed him across the vast rotunda.

FREE The new big airliners carry 56 passengers faster, more safely and comfortably than ever. Over 35,000 trained workers make it possible.

(from Pan American)

Fly Without Fear

Statistics show the odds against death in an air liner are about 87,000 to one. Not chance, but aviation's science of safety has made it that way

BY GREER WILLIAMS

IN the past seven years the air lines have carried 27,000,000 passengers and lost only 309 in crack-ups. There's a fascinating story behind what goes into making this remarkable safety record possible.

Take, for example, the safety belt you buckle around you on take-offs and landings. It is stamped "CAA approved." This means that the belt can withstand a forward pull of 1,000 pounds. The Civil Aeronautics Administration—the agency enforcing government air regulations—has increased this requirement to 2,000 pounds in all new air liners. The seats have to be equally strong. It's the same story for every rivet and panel in the whole craft. Wings must withstand a load four and a half times the plane's weight and a sudden updraft of thirty feet a second.

The results of wear and tear are determined by fatigue tests. The landing gear is dropped under full load to see whether it will bounce or break. In the end, each new type of aircraft is flight-tested with CAA flight engineers as observers.

The original engine has to undergo a 150-hour endurance test at its maximum rated horsepower. Any major breakdown is disqualifying, and any minor repair necessitates a penalty run. Your plane has ample power in reserve, because it cruises at only about two-thirds of its maximum speed.

Altitude performance standards provide a further margin of safety. The two-engine transport must be

AIRPLANES-COMMERCIAL

a [illegible] photo

The engines of every new ship about to take to the air lanes undergo a 150-hour endurance test first. This is a Republic "Rainbow."

STAFF

able, on one engine, to take off and fly the scheduled route with at least 1,000 feet to spare over the highest land point. Four-engine aircraft like the DC-4 and the Constellation must be able to do these things on two engines.

But how sure can you be that any old air liner you take off in will perform like this? The answer is that the CAA-supervised inspection and repair system maintained by the air lines doesn't permit a plane to grow old. In three years' time, according to one official, little is left of the original engine except the name plate.

Every time an air liner takes off, the ground crew has given it a preflight check. Important parts are inspected after every twenty-five hours of flight, and every 150 hours there is a major inspection. If any big repairs are required, the plane is flight-tested before it goes back into service.

After each 700 to 900 hours of flying time the engines are removed and overhauled. Each part is tested with magna-flux—dusted with steel filings and then magnetized. Alignment of the filings reveals flaws invisible to the eye. Some parts are X-rayed in the hunt for unseen flaws. Pistons and cylinders are measured for wear. Any part worn beyond extremely close tolerance is replaced.

Between each 4,000 to 8,000 flying hours, depending on the line and its type of operation, the ship is dismantled and rebuilt from propeller hub to tail wheel. Each spar and section of metal is examined for signs of fatigue. Control cables are replaced. Flight instruments are examined and refitted in air-conditioned shops.

DESIGN and maintenance are only two among many factors contributing to your safe arrival. You occupy but one seat in one of about 500 air liners that fly more than 500,000 miles a day over 37,000 miles of domestic airways—a great system involving the co-ordination of 55,000 trained workers.

Take the weather. U. S. Weather Bureau reports decide details of the flight's altitude, air speed, and direction, or whether you can fly at all. In 1944 the air lines received 62,545 miles of teletype reports on the weather. To get much of this information, stations all over North America and on ships at sea release 325,000 weather balloons each year. Most of the balloons provide only visual observation of wind, (*Continued on page 66*)

HUNTINGTON JULY 21

PHOTOS BY DON ALLEIS

STAFF

L5712-10.10

AMERICAN AIRLINES

TOP. The flight command of a four-engine transport: pilot, co-pilot, radio operator and flight engineer. A job for perfectionists only.

CENTER. The traffic controller directs all take-offs and landings. He can "talk a ship in" by radio if weather conditions are bad.

LEFT. The six elderly sisters epitomize the non-flying people of America. They tried it, and they now wish they had tried it much sooner.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

AIRPLANES Commercial

PORTRAIT F

PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

The members of the advisory committee of the New York Welfare Council. Under the direction of Chairman Henry J. Fisher (center) they investigate a charity appeal. The Welfare Council is a branch of the nation-wide Contributors Information Bureau.

1 PHOTO LOANED TO Mr. HUNTINGTO JULY 18

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

HOW TO GIVE MONEY AWAY

You give something to charity, or so your tax return states. But how do you know it's charity—and how can you find out?

BELIEVE it or not, you're a philanthropist. If you have any doubts, just recall that little deduction you made for "Contributions" when you figured out your income tax last March.

If you are an average Joe Doakes type of philanthropist, you took off something like 120 bucks to cover everything you gave away—to the Red Cross and the Community Chest and, perhaps, the Association for Aiding Ailing Airedales.

Which leaves only two differences between you and a high-powered upper-case Philanthropist like John D. Whatshisname. First off, John gives more—which shouldn't make you feel ashamed, because he's got more to give.

It's the second difference that ought to make you stop and think. John gives *scientifically.* He's got a whole staff of hired help just to look every social agency in the financial eye and make them prove they're doing a 100-per-cent spending job with his philanthropic dollar.

Of course you can't afford to hire a bunch of experts to help you give your 120 bucks away, but in one easy lesson you can become a semi-pro in appraising charitable and philanthropic appeals. And when you do get over your depth, you can get the same kind of guidance the big givers use—either for free or for ten bucks a year.

Almost every city of 100,000 or more population has a Community Chest. And most of them maintain a Contributors Information Bureau or have facilities for obtaining the necessary data. It doesn't always go by that name. In Chicago it's run by the Chamber of Commerce; in Los Angeles it's the L. A. Intelligence Bureau; in New York it's a branch of the Welfare Council. But whatever they call it, it's an outfit of experts that does a Dun & Bradstreet job on any local charity or philanthropic agency you can name.

They can even do more than that for you, too. Suppose you live in Podunk and want to get the lowdown on a society in the next state. Your nearest Community Chest can—and will—tell you whether your proposed pet charity matches up to a decent standard in its methods of raising money and spending it; whether it serves a real purpose and an actual need; and whether it's well managed and likely to put your dollars effectively to work.

Most local contributors' information bureaus are members of the National Information Bureau, which appraises more than 750 countrywide and international appeals. And if you want to go in for really scientific philanthropy on an ambitious scale, you might start by spending ten dollars for membership in the National Information Bureau and thus get the right to see their confidential reports on any national appeal.

While these bureaus do a bang-up job of analyzing and appraising individual agencies for the guidance of contributors, their greatest function is as a sort of unofficial police force. They cannot compel any charity to reform itself. That is the job of federal, state, and local law-enforcement officers, where fraud or the misuse of funds is involved. But the information bureaus exercise a tremendous—if unofficial—power, simply because philanthropic agencies have discovered that most large contributors simply will not untie their purse strings for any agency that does not meet bureau standards. Some substandard agencies have continued to exist for years, despite failure to comply with such standards. But scores of others have folded. And some of the biggest and most respected agencies have undergone extensive house cleanings at the merest hint of bureau disapproval.

PORTRAIT T

William Frederick Tyarks: He collected $1,500,000 by phony charity appeals.

One might cite, for instance, one of the most prominent of societies in the public-health field, an outfit that proposed last year to raise $5,000,000 in a national campaign. The National Information Bureau, looking into this organization's affairs, found that it did not match up to standards in several respects. Its work was not conducted with "reasonable efficiency"; its equipment and personnel were not deemed "reasonably adequate."

The bureau prepared a short report to this effect. But even before the report could be issued to subscribers, the criticized health agency decided that a thorough and drastic reform was in order.

The criticisms of the National Information Bureau, in this instance, involved no hint of fraud or malfeasance.

Yet, had the overdue reforms not been touched off by the imminent danger of Information Bureau disapproval, this agency might have continued to gather stupendous sums from a sympathetic and unquestioning public; sums which could not possibly have been used to full effectiveness under the old set-up.

In contrast to such substandard agencies, which are susceptible to reform, there are the outright fraudulent ones which prey upon the unwary giver. In New York City alone, according to H. J. Fisher, chairman of the Advisory Committee of the Contributors Information Bureau of the New York Welfare Council, fake charities clip the innocent giver for $1,000,000 a year. What they collect throughout the country can only be guessed at, but one responsible authority sets the figure at "at least $100,000,000"!

The National Information Bureau was founded during World War I, when givers' purses were being all too readily opened for almost any outfit that claimed to support foreign relief activities or domestic patriotic charities. Paul L. Feiss, still a leader in both the bureau and many other philanthropies, was at that time vice-president of the newly formed Cleveland War Chest. In a single week that chest had raised $11,000,000 and it fell to Feiss to allocate the distribution of this money.

He was deluged with requests for varying portions of the community fund, and many of those seeking the money fell obviously into the "doubtful" category. Realizing that similar problems were confronting the newly formed community campaigns in other cities, Feiss sought the aid of Henry P. Davison of J. P. Morgan & Co., himself a prominent philanthropist. Within a few days a hurriedly assembled conference of twelve of the leading war chests was held in New York. These chests chipped in about $45,000 to get the National Information Bureau started—about one tenth of 1 per cent of the $45,000,000 they had already raised.

THE new agency had no official or coercive powers. All it could do was to investigate philanthropies and "alleged philanthropies" and turn this information over to its member organizations. Yet merely by this ability to influence givers who relied upon bureau reports, the organization was able from its very inception to exert a tremendous influence. In its first three months of operation more than forty fraudulent philanthropies folded up.

One of the prize cases of those days was a group called the Army and Navy Bazaar. It raised $71,645 in a whirlwind drive. After the promoters had allocated an even $71,000 to "expenses"—mainly their own salaries and commissions—the final beneficiaries received the "entire balance," the glorious sum of $645, less than 1 per cent of the money extracted from patriotic givers!

With the coming of peace, the Bureau found itself confronted with new problems and with a demand for its continued existence. Although membership on its board of directors brings none of the honor or publicity usually associated with philanthropic work, it has managed through the

(*Continued on page 50*)

L 5711-20.20 PORTRAIT H

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTOS

The Rev. Raymond J. Hirsch (alias Norman) and William J. Hager of the fraudulent American Catholic Orthodox Church. They worked the charity racket for $100,000 a year.

L 5419-300

The Heartbreaker

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY FAITH BALDWIN

He was an object lesson in matrimony and how to avoid it

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES COLE

I DON'T know why I'm telling you this. I never laid eyes on you before. But you look like a right guy. You said you're married, didn't you? Naturally, I know married men. Some happy, they think, or unhappy; most, bored stiff, even if they don't know it. Take the guys in the Reserve, those who'd been married some time. They missed the wives and kids, but did they miss responsibility and routine? Did they miss the five o'clock, evenings at the movies, or playing contract with the neighbors? Did they miss fixing furnaces or cutting grass? Brother, they did not! And they liked being told what to do and when to do it without any personal angles. You get that, don't you?

Me? I'm thirty. I enlisted at seventeen. I've been around. China, Samoa, the world. Girls? You can say that again. But not for keeps, pal, not for keeps.

You don't have to go, Bud. It's half an hour to traintime, and if you don't want to drink, that's all right. I want to tell you about the other night. I don't get it. Maybe I don't know as much about women as I thought.

It began after the war ended, when the medics were through with me and I found myself with a hell of a lot of back pay and a nice long leave. I don't have any folks, unless you count my cousin, Dorothy, here in New York. She's my age, married to a steady guy, couple of kids and a nice little flat. Dottie used to be quite a dish. Anyway, when we'd put in here, I used to see Dottie and Herbert. I'd eat with them once, so as not to hurt her feelings. I'd bring 'em stuff and tell salty lies to the kids. But usually I'd drag 'em out to a show or something, if they could get someone to stay with the brats. Because I never had dinner there yet that Dottie didn't produce an unattached female and say, "I just know you two will get along."

We never did. They weren't my type. But Sally was different. Dottie had met her at the Red Cross, and this time when I showed up at the flat, there she was. Small, redheaded, and hubba-hubba!

Sally came from some jerkwater town, studying art and living at a sort of club for the would-be famous. I used to call for her there, and about sixty of them would look me over in the living room.

The first time I took Sally to dinner she steered me to a Russian place, all dim lights and goofy music. Sally told me she shopped for places to eat. The club furnished breakfast, but you shifted for yourself after that.

Seems her mother didn't want her to come to New York, but an aunt had left her a little income, and on that she managed. She said the stuff you use at art school costs plenty. I looked her over. I know something about the price of sarongs, and what she had on didn't look bargain basement to me. I mentioned this to Dottie, but Dottie said, "Sally knows how to shop." Funny how women only stick together when it comes to trapping some dumb eager beaver. They call it being loyal. But Sally looked like a million.

Did I mention she has black eyes, and a skin that doesn't need a nickel's worth of pancake?

That night I thought, This mouse knows all the answers. She was definitely 4.0. She looked respectfully at the ribbons but she didn't swoon. She knew what they meant. She asked sensible questions and got sensible answers. She kidded some, too.

"Dottie tells me you're a sea wolf," she said.

I said, "She's right." I make that an obligation. I lay it straight on the line with them all.

Sally got it. She said, "Now we know where we stand," just like that.

"Come again?" I said.

She explained. She said she was strictly free lance—fun, with no strings. She looked at me with those black eyes and said, "Maybe you have peculiar ideas, but don't get any ideas about *me.*"

I grinned. "Any attachments?"

She told me: guy back home, broken engagement; guy in occupation forces, no engagement; half a dozen other guys, just for laughs.

SOME girl. She was talking like me. I thought maybe she was *thinking* like me.

We shook hands.

This was a girl who was fun to be with; she was even concerned about the state of my finances. Now and then I took her to an elegant joint where the cover charge would curl your hair, but she liked the little dumps better. She liked the movies as well as two on the aisle at scalpers' prices. She took me bus riding and to museums.

That's the way it was. I saw her alone, I saw her at Dottie's and Dottie was beginning to look smug. I said, "Lay off, Dottie. You know damned well I'm not a marrying man." She said, "No man is until he meets the right girl."

Marriage! You can have it!

HEY, don't go. There's another train. Glad you're interested in how it came out. Funny part is, I don't know myself.

Well, to make a short story shorter, my leave was up and they stationed me adjacent to Manhattan. Sooner or later I'd shove off, but meantime here I was and Sally was giving me a lot of her time.

I asked, about ten days ago, "You like me, don't you?"

She said, "I like you a lot, Jerry."

She hadn't let me kiss her, see? If that's the way she wanted to play it, I could wait. But it was a matter of weeks now, and while games are games and fun is fun, when you aren't taking *any* steps, just marking time, it gets monotonous.

I can't see how I got off the course. This was my kind of girl, if superior to most, in the way she walked, looked, danced, and talked. No strings, that's what she said. That's what I said, too. I told myself she talked my language, with censorship. And she wasn't playing hard to get. I can spot that type half a mile away. But I figured a girl like Sally, she looks around, takes her time, makes up her mind.

So this night, in the taxi, I slid

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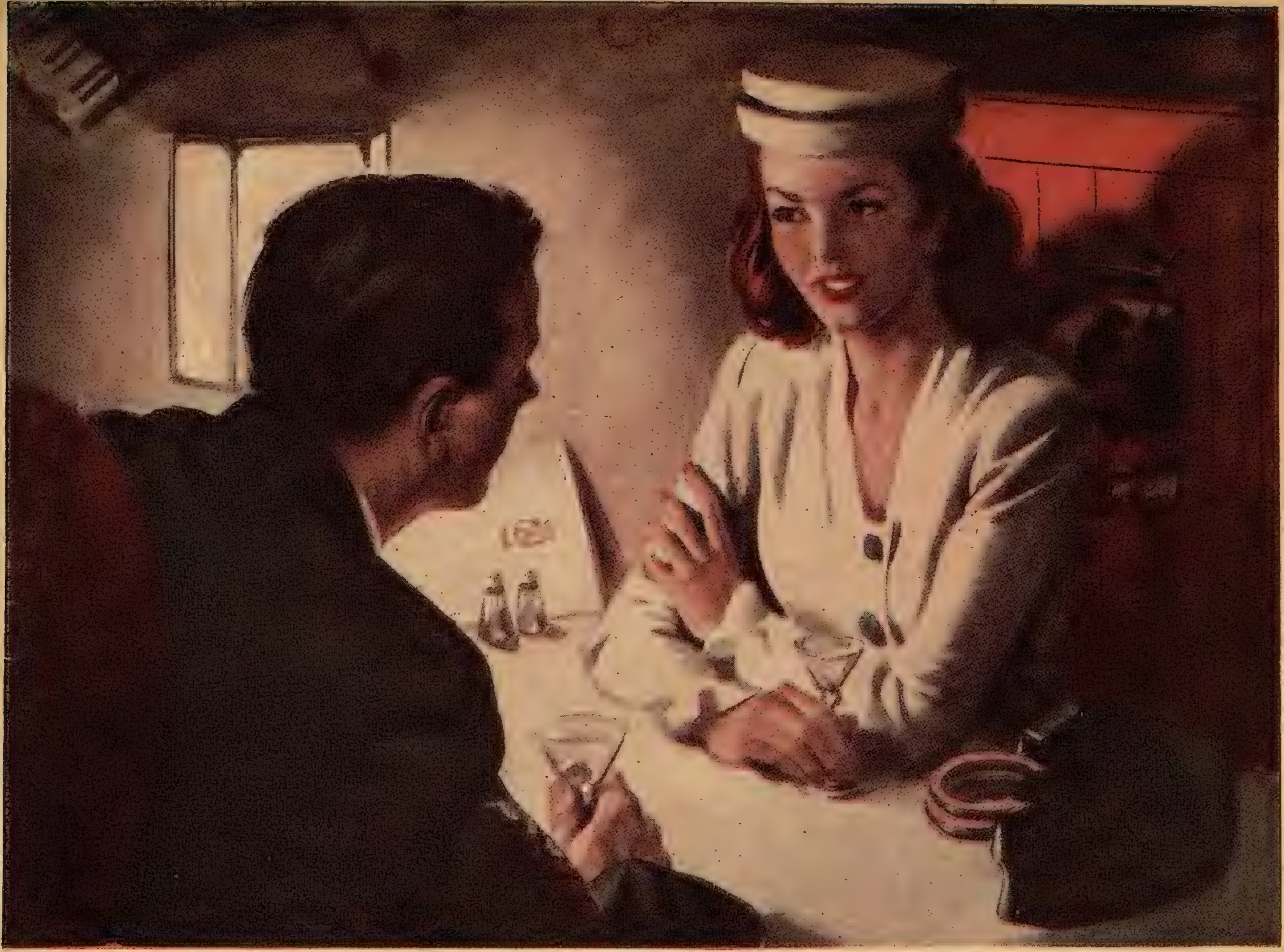


"Now we know where we stand," Sally said, just like that. "Maybe you have peculiar ideas, but don't get any ideas about *me*."

L 5059-25

my arm around her, slow and easy. I said, "Looks like an early spring. Bluebirds and stuff. How about a little kiss?"

She didn't say yes, no, or maybe, so I kissed her. She felt cool and pleasant. She didn't give. I said, "Hey, what's cooking?"

"Nothing," she said, and did things to her hat and hauled out a compact to see if her lipstick was straight.

I asked, "You don't like me to kiss you?" And she said, "Not specially." That made me sore, but I let it ride. We had our evening. She was dated the next couple of times I called, and I didn't see her till a few nights ago.

WE were going out to dinner. In the taxi I tried the arm-across-the-shoulder routine. She just sat. Sometimes a poke in the eye is less repulsing.

We ate. She ordered dinner. It gave her quite a kick.

But I was ready for a change in the weather, to fair and warmer. During dinner I asked questions. I asked why? Or rather, why not? I could manage an occasional week-end. There are swell little inns not far away. I said, "Let's quit stalling."

She listened and smiled. She opened her handbag and a fat letter with six-cent air-mail stamps fell out. I asked, "That's from the guy in Occupation?" And she said, "Yes, he's on his way home now."

"Then what happens?" I inquired. "Told him about me?"

"Certainly," she said. "He and I didn't make any promises."

She got up and went to the little girls' room. She wasn't the type to wash her pan at the table. When she came back she looked extra. She sat down, took out her change purse, and nodded.

"Is that mad money?" I asked. "So what? If you don't want to dance or go to the movies, we'll taxi back, once around the park."

"Subway for me," she said, and shut the bag. "Alone."

I said, "What in—"

"I told you," she said, "at the start. No strings. Dottie said you didn't want to get married. I don't either—to you. So we knew where we stood."

"Some brush-off," I said. "When did you decide on it?"

"Tonight," she said, "before dinner."

"Why, you little this-and-that!" I yelled. "You sat there and took on a load of borscht and blintzes and shashlik, and then—"

She said, "Why should I tell you *before* dinner? I was hungry!"

She got up. "It's been nice knowing you," she said.

Can you tie that? I've called her half a dozen times. And when Sally answered, I gave her the old pep talk.

No dice.

What should I do, brother? Do I forget, or do I marry her? Last time I phoned, her roommate said, very snippy, "I don't think you can reach her for quite a while, as an old friend just came in from overseas."

The more I think about it the more I burn.

MUST you go? You think I ought to go jump in the lake? You think either I'm a very unlucky guy or else I've escaped a fate worse than death? What's so funny about it? Hey, come back—

Bartender, one of the same, and could you spare ten minutes and listen to a story.

Are you a married man? I'd like your advice.

THE END

PHOTOS BY RUS ARNOLD

From behind his truck's bulletproof glass, Lt. John S. Stuper, commanding a mobile crime-fighting unit, observes a dry run.

L 5642-186.07

Wheeled Nemesis

Here's the detective's dream come true: a mobile crime lab that solves murders almost as fast as Sherlock Holmes could say, "Quick, Watson! The needle!"

BY SEWELL PEASLEE WRIGHT

YOU'RE the sheriff of a small rural county. You know your job as well as most men in your position; better, perhaps.

One night a murder is dumped in your lap. Not a simple killing, but a dramatic, many-angled murder which makes the headlines. An attractive young woman—let's call her Nancy Lee—who helps operate her husband's roadside filling station, is found dead in the tiny living room just behind the office of the filling station.

The news of the killing reaches you shortly after one in the morning. Bill Lee, the husband, has just come home from a local tavern. He can hardly talk over the phone.

On your way out with your chief deputy you talk over the possibilities. You know that Bill and Nancy haven't been getting along too well; Bill has been playing around, and Nancy has threatened him. Nancy put up the money to buy the station; she is the only child of a wealthy farmer.

Nancy herself isn't exactly without blame. There's been talk that, to get even with Bill, she's been seeing quite a bit of Doug Taylor, a good-looking, fast-talking young punk who did four years in reform school, and whom you've had an eye on ever since he got out, five or six months ago.

Bill Lee is waiting for you in front of the station. He's still a little drunk. According to his story, he was at the tavern from shortly after eight until it closed at one o'clock.

"All the time?" you ask. "You didn't leave the joint?"

"No. Well, I did take Eddie Dolan home. He was in pretty bad shape, and he didn't have a car. But I came right back. I was only gone twenty minutes, maybe."

The way they remember it at the tavern, he was gone half an hour or more, but nobody's really sure. He did take Eddie Dolan home; Eddie's wife grimly testifies to that. The hour: five after eleven.

ILLINOIS
STATE POLICE

Technicians of the lab apply the iodine test for fingerprints.

ILLINOIS STATE POLICE

Almost everything science has developed for the apprehension of criminals is found in this combination lab and arsenal on wheels.

Being careful to disturb nothing, you go inside. The spring lock on the front door has been shot away. Inside there is evidence of a desperate struggle. There are trails of blood from the pumps to the door, and lots of it in the living room. The young woman has an empty .25 automatic in her hand, and four bullet wounds in her body. Later the doctor tells you Nancy died some time between 10.30 and 11.30 P. M. And Bill Lee was delivering Eddie to his wife at five after eleven, about five miles from the tavern.

You decide to take Bill Lee back to the office for more questioning, while you send your deputy out to pick up Doug Taylor.

When you get back to the office with Bill, a stranger is waiting for you. He's just driving through, he tells you, and he found a wrecked car down the road. It apparently had left the highway at high speed and crashed into a dry gully. There are two men in it, "smashed all to hell," as he says. You call the State Highway Police and an ambulance, and go out to take a look, leaving Bill Lee talking to one of your assistants at the jail.

(*Continued on page 64*)

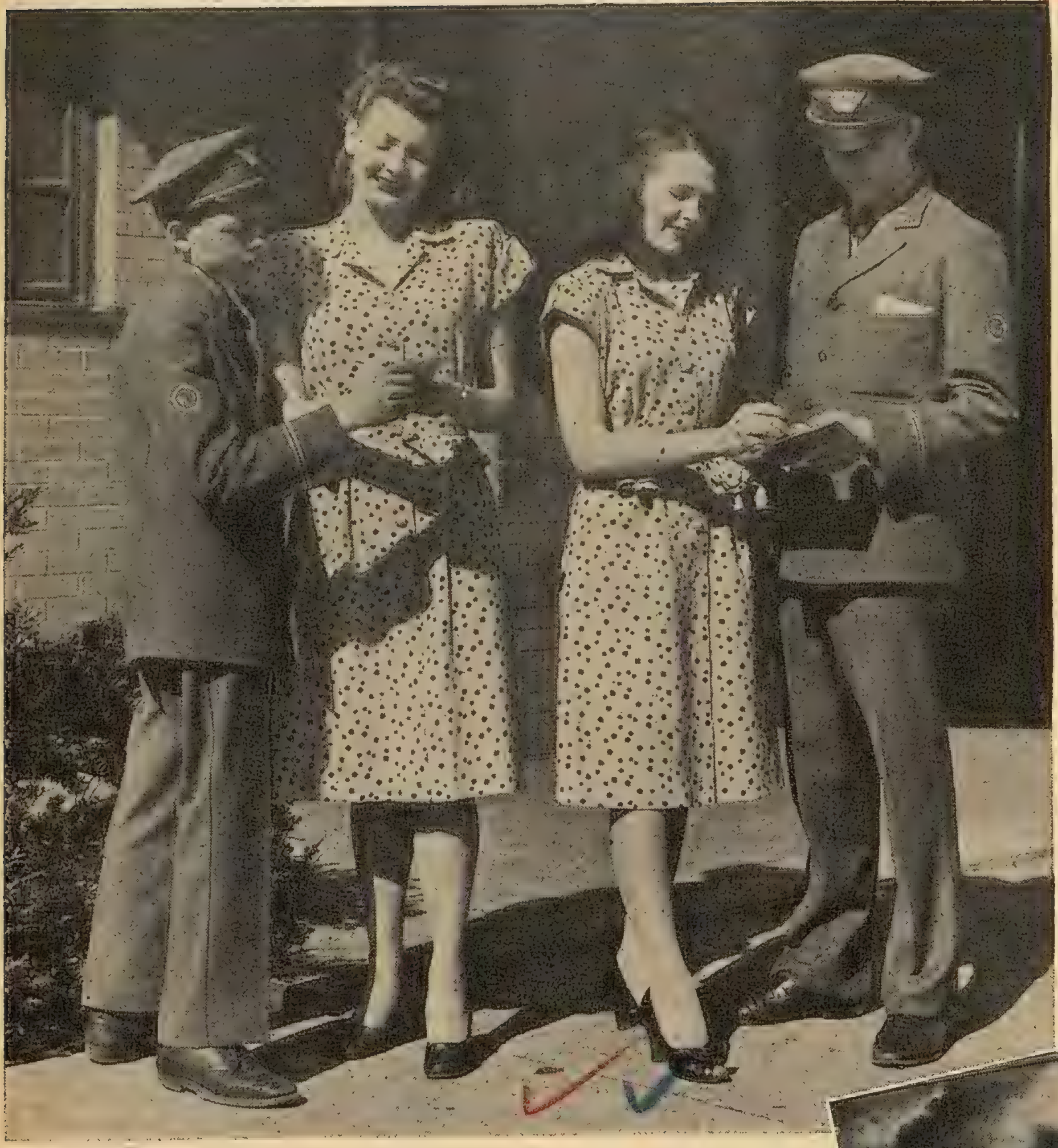
Even a lie detector goes with the unit; here's one being demonstrated.

Illinois' Public Safety Director, T. P. Sullivan, uses the unit's fluoroscope to check parcel for a bomb.

L5599-25

FOR GALS BIG AND LITTLE

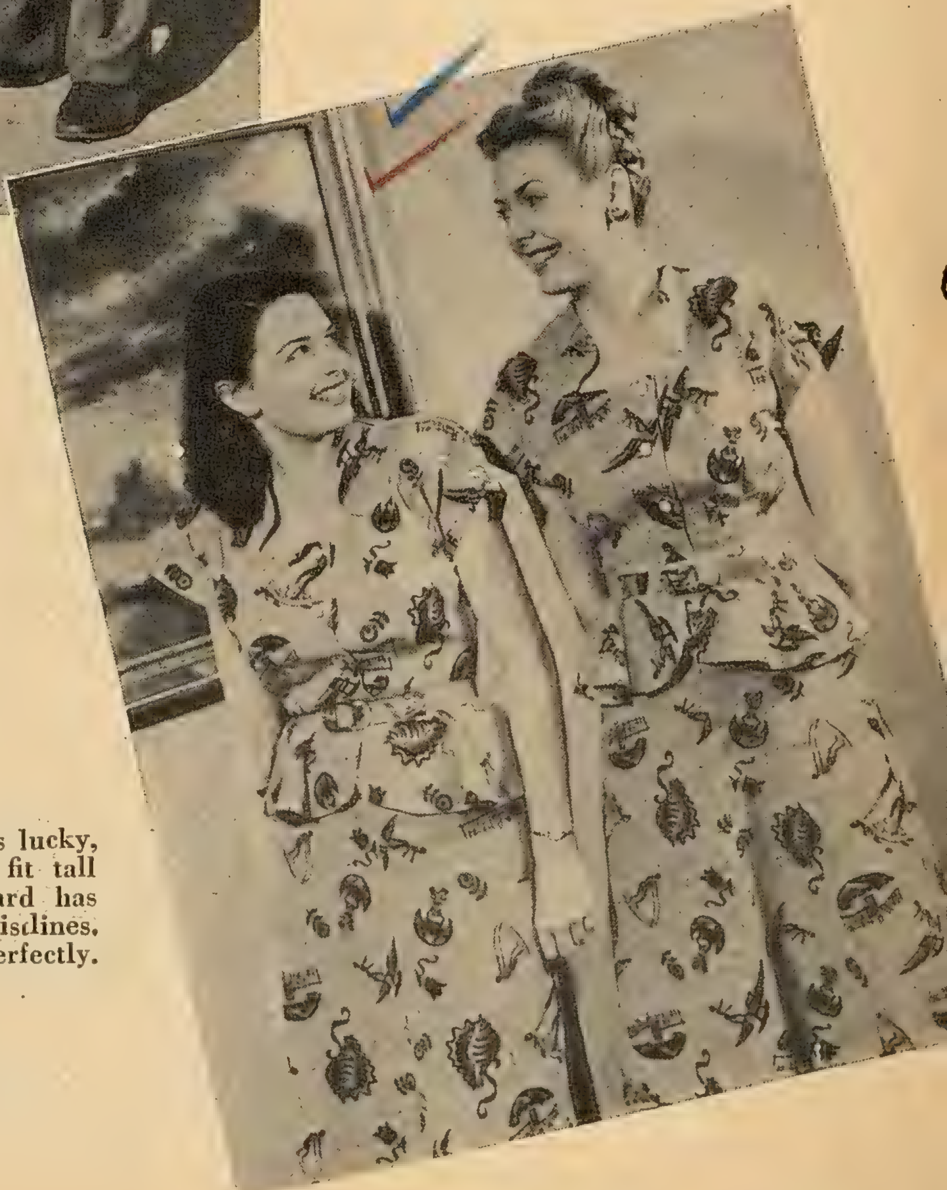
STAFF PHOTOS



Until recently, tall girls and short girls having the same girth had to order the same "size" dresses—involving costly alterations. Now gowns are being sized "long" and "short" as well as across the beam. Here's how they look on two starlets of different heights and similar figures.

UNTIL this year manufacturers have ignored the long and the short of the dress problem. They turned out women's clothes with the accent on width, letting the hem fall where it would. For most girls, that meant shelling out an extra three dollars or more for alterations. But now the latest in dress conversion puts the emphasis on length. And you tall gals and small gals can order "long" and "short" sizes, as the men have always done.

"I'm only five foot five, so when I buy a new suit I get size 36, short. Now my women customers are go-



Goldwyn Girl Martha Montgomery is lucky, because most dresses are made to fit tall models. But brunette Shirley Ballard has always had to raise hems and waistlines. A "short" Crestlee dress fits her perfectly.

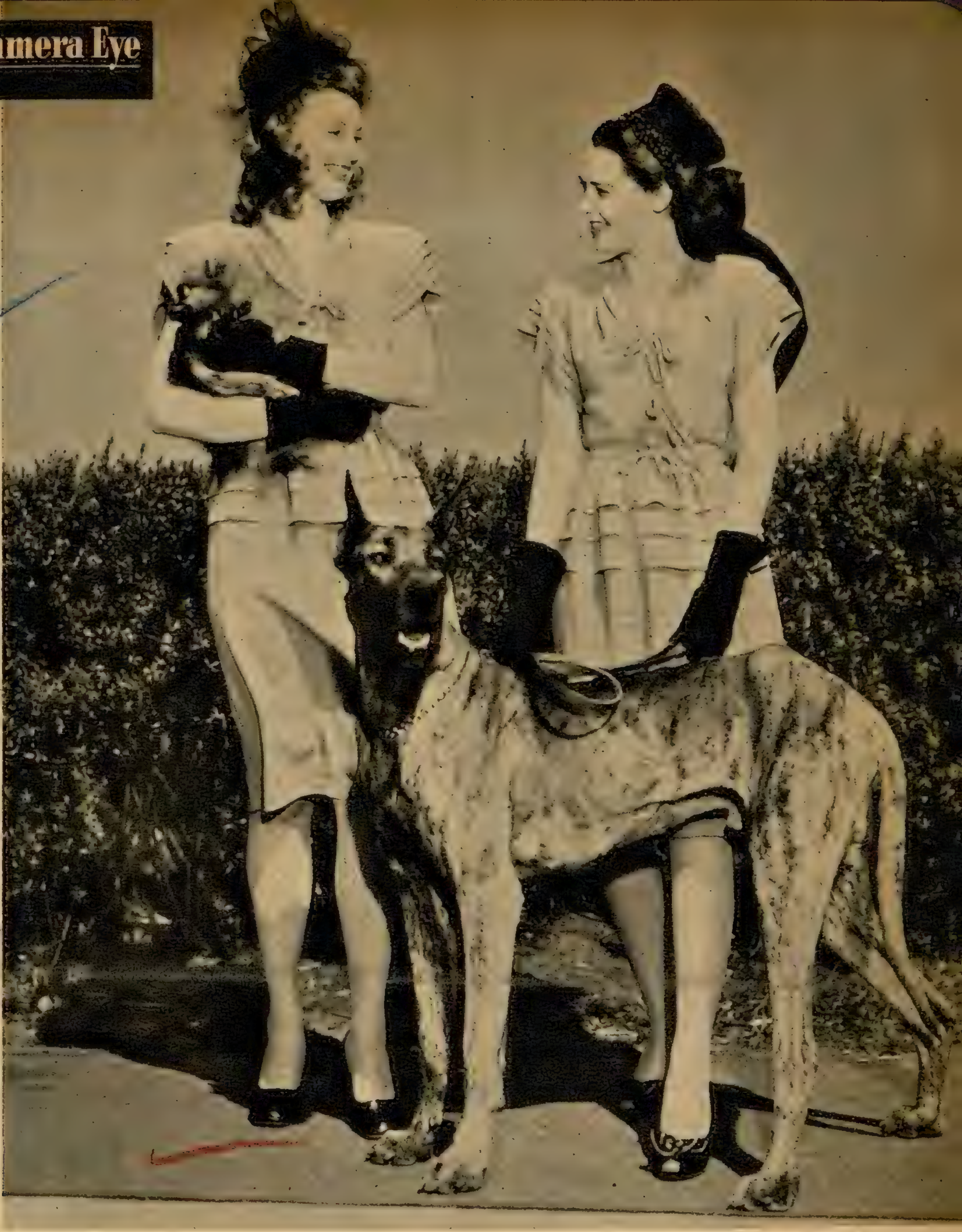
FASHIONS

BY HELEN FAITH KEANE

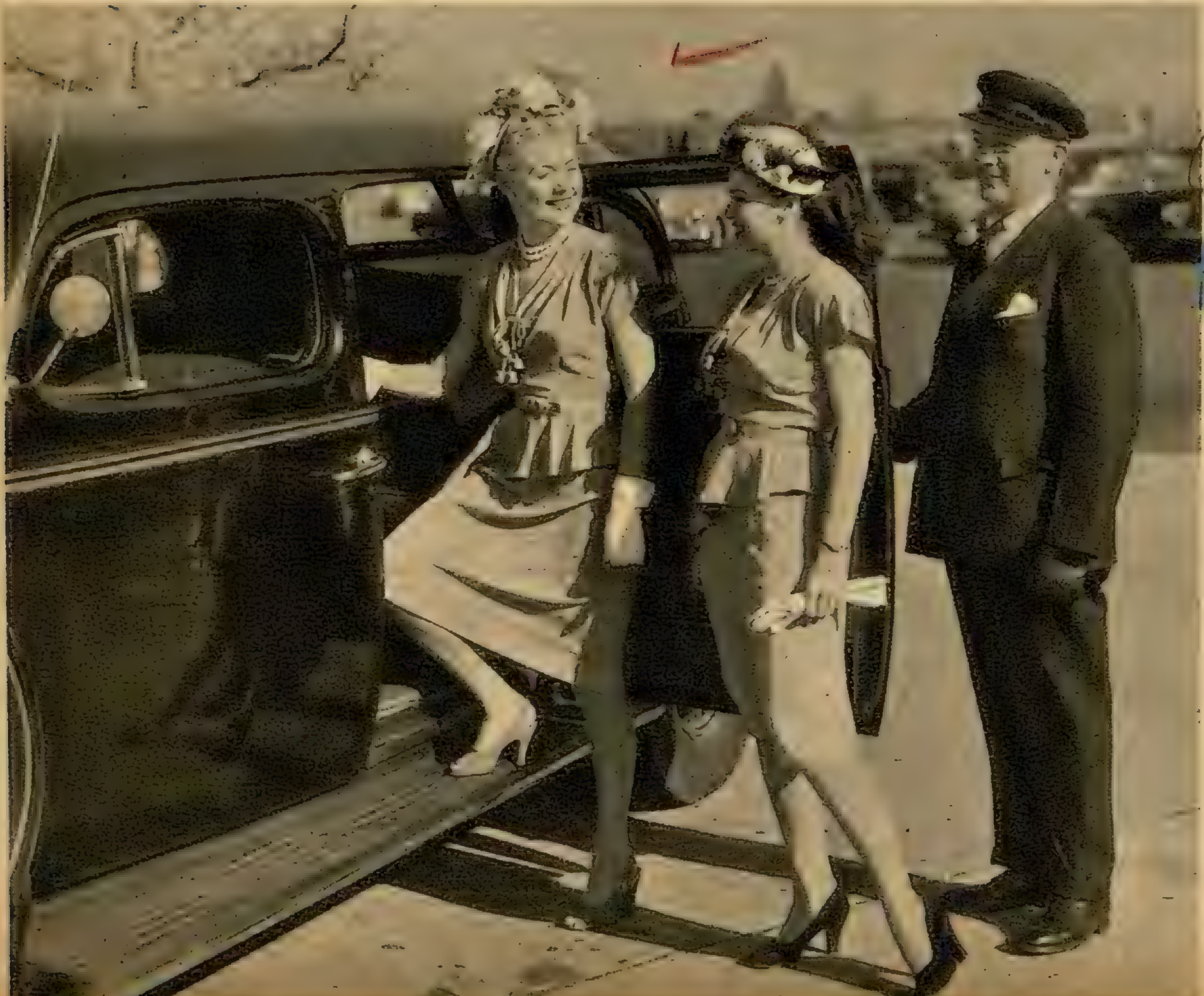
ing to be able to get the same break. Crestlee frocks are cut to fit short girls, under five foot five." That is Eddy Rubinstein speaking. He is one of a handful of dress manufacturers leading the new trend toward specialized lengths.

Even Hollywood's glamorous starlets with their camera-curved figures share the average woman's problem of fitting-to-length. Our models are the Goldwyn Girls in Danny Kaye's picture, The Kid from Brooklyn. Take a look at them, and you'll see why they, too, welcome the new fashions that are tailored to fit.

PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN



If opposites attract, these girls have picked the right dogs. But opposites in height can now wear the same "size" dress—cut long or short. Little Betty Cargyle, for example, did not spend a red cent to alter this one.



"Long" or "short" sizes are not only available in afternoon and house dresses, but also are being made in sports and evening wear. For the first time in ready-made dress history, over-all sizing is being accomplished.

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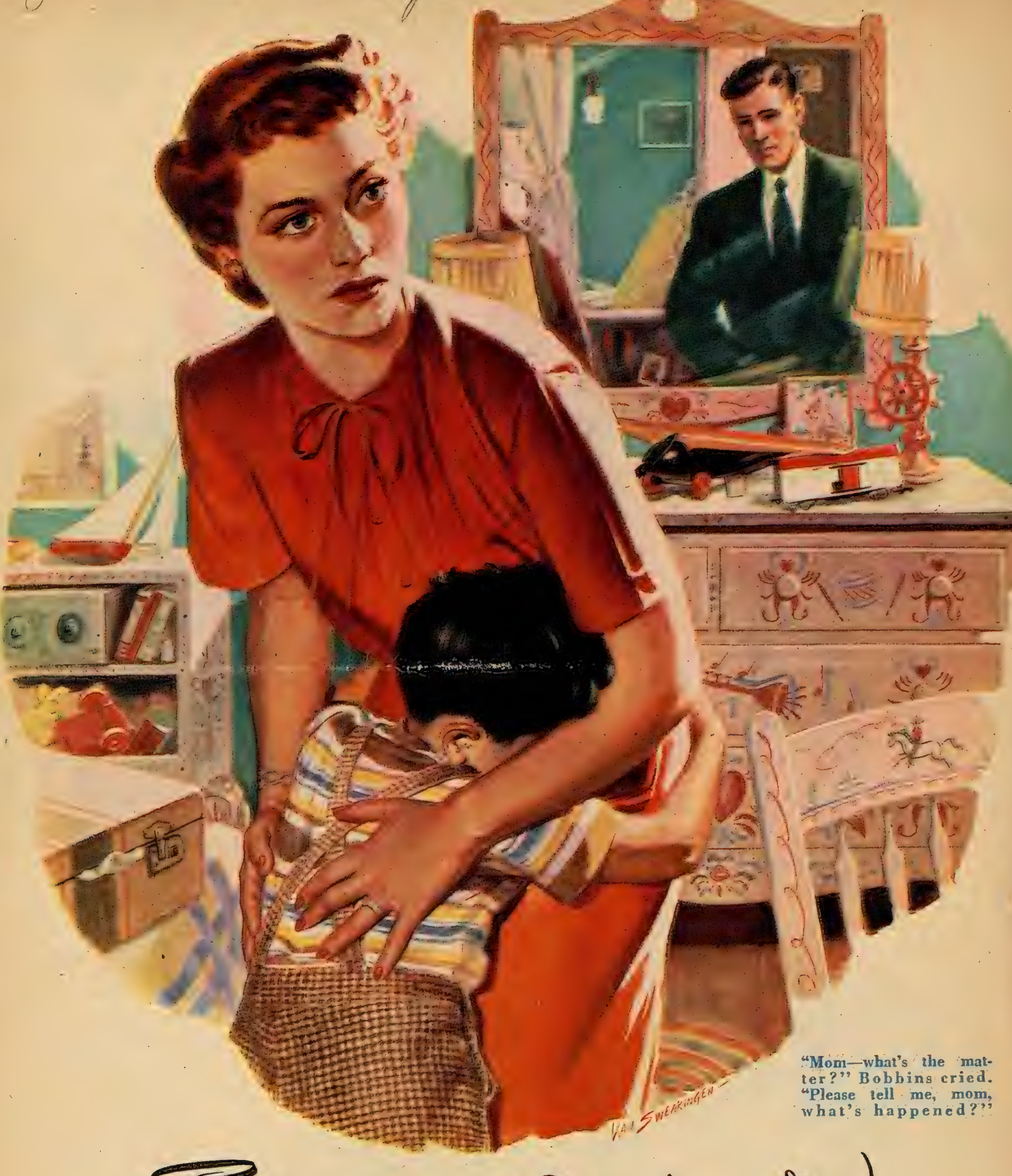

VAN SWEARINGEN

"Mom—what's the matter?" Bobbins cried. "Please tell me, mom, what's happened?"

Silent Partner

L5418-300

BY WILLIAMS FORREST

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN SWEARINGEN

AL came home at three o'clock in the morning. He came in softly, but she was awake, waiting for him.

"Hello," he said. "I guess I'm pretty late."

"I kept your supper hot until after ten," she said, "hoping you'd come home."

"Something came up. I'm sorry."

He started to undress. She watched him from the bed.

He looked more handsome to her than he had ever looked before. Watching him hurt her deeply. Because she knew he was slipping away from her, on a tide nothing could turn.

I wish it were another woman, she thought. I wish he went out and got drunk.

She turned away from him, and lay very still on the bed, listening to his movements. In a little while the bed springs creaked, he reached across her and switched off the light. Darkness filled the room, except for a little moonlight squandered on the window sill.

She slipped into his arms and held him tightly. Anxiety made her hold him tightly. But it was without peace, without the sweet sense of rest she had found in his arms at first.

LATER, Margot awoke instantly when she heard movement in the hall. She got up quickly and quietly so she wouldn't disturb Al. She hurried to the narrow hall and down through to the kitchen where a light was burning. Bobbins was at the sink. "I wanted a drink of water, mom."

"Sssh. Daddy's fast asleep."

"I'll be quiet."

Margot stroked his dark hair, allowed her fingers to linger a moment on his round cheeks. His eyes were drowsy, but he smiled up at her.

She followed him back to his room; typically a boy's room. On the table beside the bed was a huge ungainly radio, not beautiful in design but powerful and deep-toned, that Al had made himself. Al, she thought sadly, could do anything with his hands—

Bobbins slipped into bed. "I didn't make too much noise, did I, mother?"

"No, darling."

His face screwed up with thought. "Dad works funny hours, doesn't he, mother?"

She affected unconcern. "Oh, not so funny. Lots of people have to work late at times."

He thought a moment, and when he turned to her there was an intensity in his expression. "Is it important, mother? What he does?"

She sank down on the edge of the bed and put her hands on his face, pulling it against her. "Yes. Important."

"Guys—"

"Fellows," she interrupted.

"Fellows were asking me." He wriggled from her arms so he could look at her. His face and voice were proud. "I couldn't tell them what it was, but I said it was important."

"That's enough to say, darling. Now—go to sleep."

He held her hand, his eyes grew dreamy. "When I grow up, I'm going to be like dad. I'm going to be a wonderful machinist, like him, and make the biggest engines and things in the world. And after awhile I'll be able to tell other people how to do it." He paused, asked, "That's what dad does now, isn't it?"

Margot moved restively, caught in the question. "Yes," she answered quickly. "Now you've got to go to sleep."

He sank his head into the pillow. "Night, mother."

At the door she turned and looked back, seeing the small mound his body made on the bed. From far off came the lonely cry of a train, a strange and desolate sound in the darkness. It roused a dark phantom that slipped through her mind.

And as the sound of the far-off train died and was lost, she knew something. She knew with a ferocity she had never felt before—Al would never be allowed to hurt his son.

AL was still asleep, even though it was after ten in the morning. Bobbins had long been gone to school, and the whole apartment was cleaned but the bedroom where Al was asleep. Margot sat in the kitchen and tried to make out her market list. With the anger of deep-rooted anxiety, she shoved the pencil down on the pad, breaking the point. It was only a small thing, but it seemed to her that it was symbolic. She sat there with the pencil in her hand and wanted to cry.

Margot got up and opened the back door, went out on the wooden porch three stories above the barren yard. Mrs. Flaherty was below, hanging clothes on a line suspended from the garage facing the alley to a hook on the first-floor porch. Margot paced back and forth on the porch, lifting her face to the cool air that swept in between the buildings.

Al had never once even suggested to her what he was doing. It was a tacitly closed subject, and Margot was afraid to open the door to it. It was as if she could belie its possibility by never mentioning it.

She went back into the kitchen, took a knife from the drawer and sharpened the pencil. It was possible these days to buy many things they couldn't afford before.

MARGOT finished making out her marketing list, and went into the bedroom to see if Al was awake. He was sitting up in bed, smoking a cigarette.

"Do I look strange in any way?" he asked.

"No. Of course not."

"Then why look at me like that?"

"Do—do you want some breakfast? Coffee?"

He smiled up at her. An odd smile, tense and sly, yet reminiscent of the gaiety that once had characterized him. "Coffee'll be enough for me," he said. "But I'll get it myself. You have some things to do, don't you?"

"Marketing. But I'll get your coffee." She made the coffee and was about to carry a cup into the bedroom for him when Al came through the doorway.

"I'm lazy enough as it is," he said. "Thanks a lot, darling."

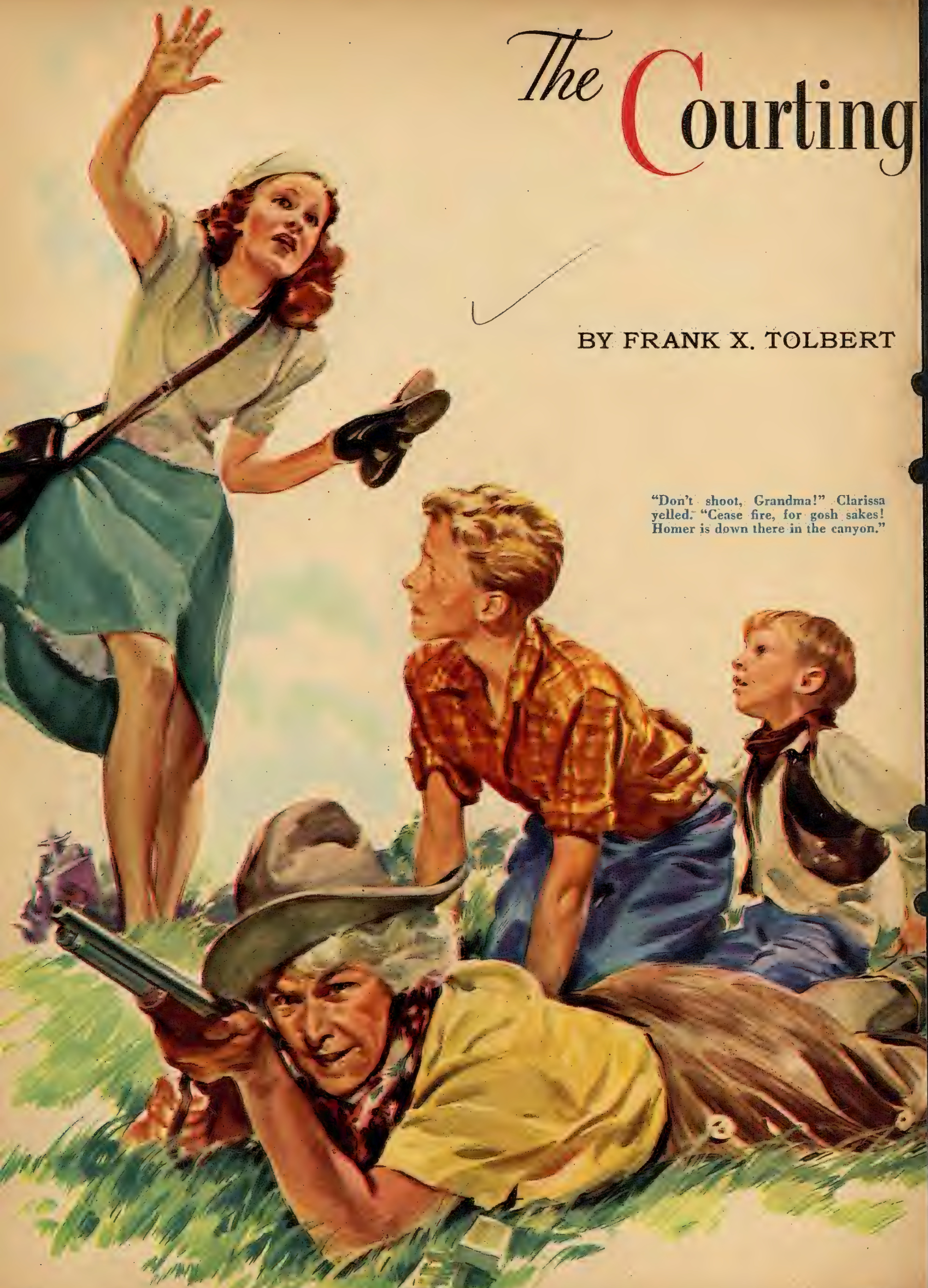
She sat across from him at the table. Perplexed, she watched him. The same Al, the Al she had married. Black hair, a bit thin on top, a wide mouth, lips a little thin but appearing gentle. His face thin, sallow, the features lean and fine. Quiet Al, who used to like to listen to operas and spend Saturday nights playing cards with her and having a few quarts of cold beer on hand.

(Continued on page 60)

When a man takes to coming home all hours of the night, his wife is entitled to think the worst. In Al's case "the worst" might have been preferable to the truth

The Courting

BY FRANK X. TOLBERT



"Don't shoot, Grandma!" Clarissa yelled. "Cease fire, for gosh sakes! Homer is down there in the canyon."

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

# of Clarissa

L5420-400

When a gal—even if she is from Texas—finds her fun in digging up your poor, dead uncle, you might think she would present certain problems as a wife. But Homer had to learn it the hard way

UNTIL she was nineteen, my cousin, Clarissa, had been more interested in bone collecting than in boys. So it was a real shock to us when she became engaged to a fellow named Homer McCook, Jr.

I suppose Clarissa and Homer first met at the University of Texas. She was a sophomore, majoring in archeology, and he was a graduate student in business administration when we first heard that they were going together.

Clarissa wrote Grandma Renfro that she planned to marry Homer as soon as the spring semester was over. She said that Homer didn't have a job as yet and suggested that Grandma Renfro make him general manager of our Hell-to-Catch Ranch.

"I hear that our ranch is getting in the red," Clarissa wrote, "now that Uncle Gummy Guadalupe has quit preaching full time and is trying to keep our books—when he's not too busy running for the state senate. And you couldn't have picked a worse foreman than that old fool, Goober Savaflavos. I'm sure that Homer can put the ranch on a paying basis. He's so efficient—and wonderful!"

I figured that Grandma Renfro would burst a gasket over this letter from Clarissa. My grandmother never had any use for the McCooks. And there was a picture of Homer's dad down in the Cimarron post office to remind her that she didn't like them. Homer, Sr., had been cashier of the Deaf Jones State Bank until he turned up missing, along with $150,000 in bank and county funds. And he'd never been caught.

Strangely, Grandma Renfro took Clarissa's suggestion pretty calmly. "Clarissa," said Grandma Renfro, "is wrong about the ranch being in the red. We're making lots of money, despite indifferent management. But she's right about Gummy and Goober. We could sure use a good, hardheaded business man around this lash-up, and Homer might be just our man."

Uncle Gummy Guadalupe was my preaching uncle. He was very religious and a prohibitionist, so he didn't team up very well with our foreman, Goober Savaflavos, a big, roaring, hard-drinking cowpuncher. These two had been the bosses of our Hell-to-Catch Ranch since my grandfather died, though they were under Grandma Renfro's general supervision.

BEFORE she'd gone off to the university, Clarissa had been a gay and companionable girl. It was when she came home after her freshman year at the university that the trouble started about her bone collecting. This archeology course she was taking had given her a passion for collecting old bones.

She spent her spare time riding in the canyons, looking for bones and artifacts, as she called them. Her room began to fill up with Indian skulls and buffalo bones. And she made several unsuccessful attempts to dig up Perchmouth McCook, Homer's uncle. Back in 1902 our cowboys swung Perchmouth from the cottonwood tree for hog and horse theft. They buried him under the big tree and put a small stone marker, and if you look closely you can still see: "PERCHMOUTH M'COOK, BORNED 1876, HUNG 1902."

Clarissa was a student of Perchmouth's criminal career.

"He must have been a very fascinating fellow," she said. "Perchmouth committed murders with a lot of imagination. From Uncle Gummy's description, Perchmouth must have had a dolichocephalic skull. But I'd sure like to take a look at his head bones."

Uncle Gummy caught Clarissa digging into Perchmouth's grave with a posthole digger a dozen times when she came back to the ranch after her freshman year at college. Every time he'd lean from his saddle and give her a few light cuts on her bare legs with his quirt. Then he'd dismount and lecture her fiercely. The lectures and quirtings didn't slow up Clarissa much, though. Finally Uncle Gummy spoke to Grandma Renfro about the matter, and Grandma Renfro made Clarissa promise, on her honor, not to bother Perchmouth's remains.

It was near the end of her sophomore year that Clarissa telephoned my grandmother she was bringing Homer, Jr., to the ranch on the following Saturday. Clarissa said that Homer would look things over and decide whether "he'd consent to becoming general manager of the Hell-to-Catch ranch." All of us got mad over this, except Grandma Renfro.

She just smiled and said she was going to have a big home-coming party for Clarissa. She sent invitations to all our kinfolks. And she arranged for Mr. Sneed to pick up Clarissa and Homer at the railroad station in Cimarron.

Mr. Sneed peddled "Hopkins products"—patent medicines and salves, stock remedies, razor blades, flavorings and extracts—and he was an institution in Deaf Jones County. He was a little dried-up grinny man and he usually smelled like lemon extract. He'd started drinking extract during prohibition and now liked it better than whisky. He was considered the leading practical joker of the county and he liked to stir up trouble with all the gossip he could pick up. He drove a Model T Ford truck, recklessly, especially after he'd been hitting the lemon extract.

By midmorning of the day for the home-coming party, all the kinfolks had showed up. The women were sitting in rockers on the front gallery, talking with Grandma Renfro. Fights were breaking out on the lawn among the fifty or so head of children. Will King Solomon, our famous Negro cook, had a couple of barbecued steers all fixed and they were a beautiful sight. Everything was in readiness for the party except that Clarissa and Homer hadn't arrived.

WHILE every one was sitting around, Goober rounded up two or three hundred bull calves. And the men relatives were put to work branding the calves. Goober figured the kinfolks might as well make themselves useful.

About this time some section hands, working a short distance away on the Santa Fe right of way, had taken off their clothes and were swimming in a deep dike along the railroad tracks, in full sight of all the womenfolks.

"I've told those peckerwoods be-

(Continued on page 48)

PORTRAIT G

BY ED PRELL

Say what you like about Charlie Grimm, the Cubs' manager, you can't take that record of nine first-division teams in nine years from him. You can't take his banjo from him, either

STAFF PHOTO

Good-Team Charlie

PHOTO BY JACK ALBIN

When Grimm lets go with a blast at the umpire, it has been known to peel paint from the stands, turn the grass brown, and weld two outfielders together.

PERHAPS no baseball man ever fired himself amid such splendor as surrounded Charlie Grimm on a July afternoon in 1938. He was aboard a sleek pleasure craft anchored in Belmont harbor, not far from Wrigley Field, Chicago—his habitat since 1925.

"Gentlemen," said Charlie in a rich baritone, "I have lost control of the Cubs. With me as manager, they cannot win. But I think they might get up there with Gabby Hartnett."

One of the gentlemen in this plushy setting was P. K. Wrigley, millionaire owner of the yacht and the Cubs. P. K. was surrounded by club officials. It was the serenest surrender in history.

Grimm headed for his 120-acre estate forty-six miles west of St. Louis, and the red-faced Hartnett pulled his teammates together for the stretch run and the National League title. They were a little less successful in the World Series, losing four straight to the Yankees.

In 1945 the manager of the National League champions was Charlie Grimm. The team was the Chicago Cubs. This sounds like double talk, but it makes sense. Grimm had never been further off, in a baseball way, than Milwaukee. In 1939 and 1940, when the Cubs were nose-diving under Hartnett, he broadcast the games from Wrigley Field.

So when the '40 season ended, Gabby lost his job, by request. As general manager, Wrigley hired a young Chicago baseball writer, James Timothy Gallagher, who chose Jimmy Wilson as field boss. Wilson picked Dick Spalding, a fellow Philadelphian, as No. 1 coach for his Cub debut in 1941. He thought his other aide should be a character with a bubbling personality and a big name.

"How about Charlie Grimm?" inquired Gallagher.

"Could we get him?" asked Wilson.

"I think there might be a chance. But there's something you should know. He might wind up getting your job if things go wrong."

"That's all right with me," replied Wilson, an honest, earnest gent. "I don't know anyone I'd rather step out for if it came to a change."

That's how Grimm returned to Wrigley Field in 1941. The third-base coaching line was his stage and he made the most of his role. The fans guffawed at the antics of their long-bodied, short-legged favorite. He mimicked the umpires, he slid toward third with Cub runners, and he faked a swoon when the game took a wrong turn.

Then in June came another quick-change switch. Young Bill Veeck, son of the one-time Cubs president, bought the defunct Milwaukee Brewers of the American Association. Charlie joined Veeck as field manager and part owner.

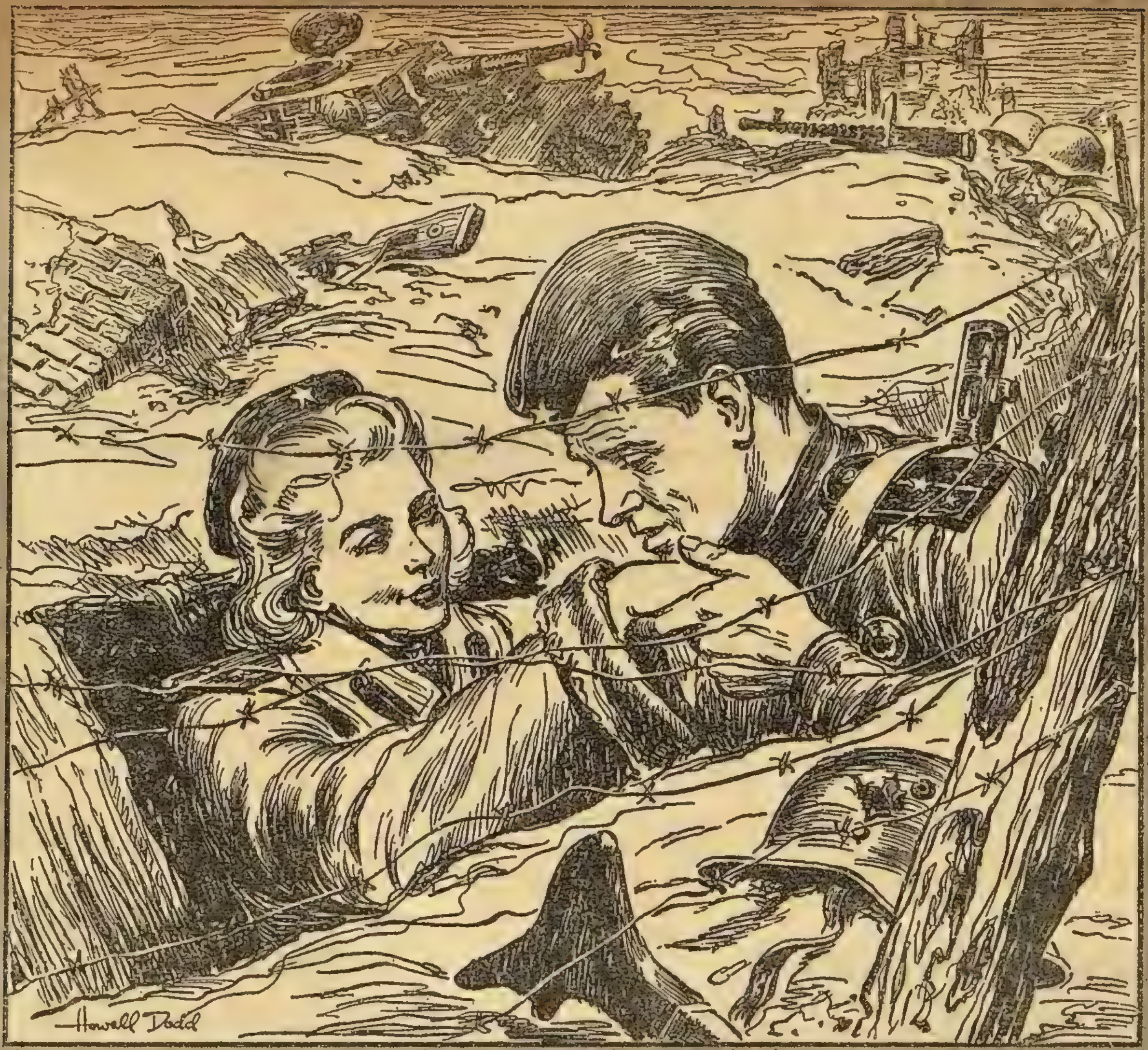
The Cubs, meanwhile, got no better fast. After winning their 1944 opener, they dropped nine straight, and Mr. Wilson suddenly was not the manager. Roy (Hard Rock) Johnson was moved up temporarily from coach and the disorganized club blew game No. 10. Grimm came arunnin' back as manager.

The Cubs gradually regained their health as Grimm's ebullient spirit took hold. They finished fourth, preserving his managerial record of bringing home the Cubs in the first division every year. Last season's triumph made it nine out of nine. Three years—1932, 1935, and 1945—brought pennants.

That's a hearty showing for a fellow who will bat you over the head with his $450 banjo if you suggest he has master-mind qualities. Other managers are trickier and faster on the mental trigger. He hits the jackpot because he has the most pleasant, vibrant personality in all baseball and a sway with players. They give him the last drop of sweat because his clownish pace in the coaching box and on the bench keeps them loose.

Charlie greets most visitors with a cheery "Hi, Bub!" He affects a W. C. Fields drawl, with a gaily exaggerated tone in his deep voice. Rub-

(Continued on page 54)



DAYS and NIGHTS

BY KONSTANTINE SIMONOV

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Eighteen-year-old Anya, a nurse behind the Russian lines, was afraid to die because she had never lived, never loved. And Captain Saburov wanted to live more than ever after he met her. This is a tender story of a love born amid the terrible struggle to hold Stalingrad, and Russia's greatest novel of the war.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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An exhausted woman sat leaning against the clay wall of the shed and in a quiet, tired voice told how Stalingrad had burned.

It was dry and dusty. A little breeze blew yellow puffs of dust along the ground. The woman's legs were bare and burned, and while she spoke she raked the dust with one hand onto her inflamed foot, as if trying to dull the pain. Captain Saburov looked at his own heavy, dusty boots, and automatically moved away from the woman. He was a very big man and seemed, in spite of his broad shoulders, almost too tall; his enormous, hunched figure and his plain, dour face made him look, in some subtle way, like Gorki when he was young.

He stood listening quietly to the woman, looking over her head at his troops unloading from their train directly onto the steppe beyond the last houses at the edge of the town.

At the far end of the steppe, the white band of a salt-water lake shone in the sun. Here, in September, they had reached the last railroad station east of the Volga, the nearest to Stalingrad—the little town of Eltonskaya. From here to the bank of the Volga they would have to go on foot.

The woman, sitting at his feet, kept on talking about Stalingrad. One by one she named the streets that had been destroyed and burned. Their names, strange to Saburov, were filled for her with some special meaning. She mourned them all, as if she were talking not about a great city, but about her own home, where all the things belonging to her personally had come to utter ruin.

About her own home she said nothing. Listening to her, Captain Saburov thought how seldom, all through the war, he had met people who mourned the loss of their property.

The battalion was finishing its unloading. He said good-by to the woman and, after drinking a dipper of water from a pail placed in the street for the soldiers, walked over to the railroad tracks.

The soldiers sat on the rails. They had taken off their boots and the cloth they all wore wrapped around their feet. Through the battalion there had spread a soldiers' rumor that after unloading they would begin to march, so all of them were hurrying to finish whatever they had not done. Some ate bread and dry sausage, others mended their torn tunics, still others smoked.

The train in which the commander of the regiment, Babchenko, was traveling should arrive at any minute. Captain Saburov walked along the tracks and looked at the men with whom he would go up to the front line the day after tomorrow. Many of them he knew well by face and by name. These were "the men of Voronezh," as he called those who had been with him in the fighting near Voronezh. Each of them was a man to be cherished, because you could command him without explaining all the little details.

By the last car he met his chief of staff, Lieutenant Maslennikov, supervising the unloading. Maslennikov reported to him that in five minutes it would be finished, and looking at his square wrist watch asked:

"Comrade Captain, may I check my watch with yours?"

Saburov silently took his watch out of his pocket. It was fastened to its strap with a safety pin. Maslennikov's watch was five minutes slow. Distrustfully he looked at Saburov's old silver watch with its cracked crystal.

Saburov smiled. "Never mind," he said, "change yours. In war the correct time is always that of your commanding officer."

Maslennikov carefully changed his and, saluting, asked if he might go. He was excited with his first taste of war. Everything assigned to him today by Saburov he had carried out with special accuracy and exactness.

"Yes, yes, go right ahead," said Saburov.

Looking at his red-cheeked, boyish face, so full of life, Saburov wondered anxiously what it would look like after a week of dirty, exhausting, merciless life in trenches.

A small engine, puffing, pulled up on a siding with the long awaited second train. The commander of the regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Babchenko, jumped down from the step of the car while it was still moving. He turned toward Saburov, who was hurrying to him.

"How is the unloading going?" he asked in a surly voice.

"It is finished."

Babchenko looked around him. The unloading obviously was finished. But the severity which Babchenko considered necessary in all conversation with subordinates demanded that he make some kind of observation in order to support his own prestige.

"What are you doing now?" he asked abruptly.

"I am waiting for your orders."

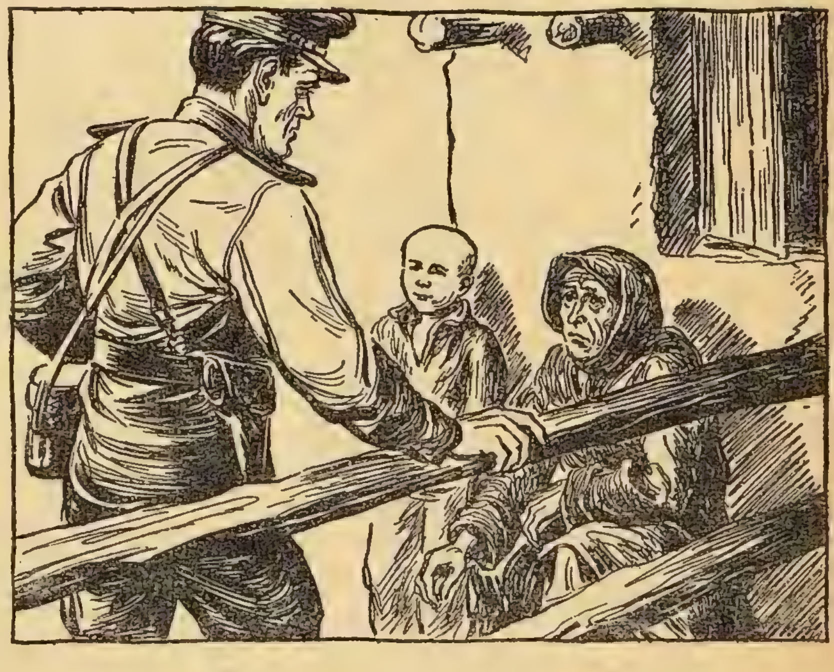
"It would be better to feed the men than just to let them wait."

"If we are going to move forward at once, I had decided to feed the men at the first stop for rest. But if we are going to spend the night here, I had decided to give them a hot meal here, in an hour," Saburov answered slowly, dragging his words a little, as was his custom, and with the quiet logic which particularly irritated the eternally hurrying Babchenko. "Do you want them to eat now?"

"No, let them eat at the first break. Get started, without waiting for the others. Order your battalion to form ranks."

Saburov called Maslennikov and ordered him to line the men up. Babchenko kept a sullen silence. He liked to have his subordinates sweat and run. But he never achieved this with the quiet Saburov. Turning around, he began to watch the column forming ranks.

Suddenly Babchenko said, still without turning towards Saburov, but in a different tone, "Just look what they are doing to our people, the swine."



Beside them, marching with difficulty along the tracks, filed a long line of refugees from Stalingrad, tattered, exhausted, many of them wearing bandages which were gray with dust.

Both men automatically looked in the direction in which the regiment was about to march. There lay the same low steppe as here, except that the dust, hanging over the little hills, looked like faraway puffs of battle smoke.

"The assembly point will be in Rybachi," said Babchenko. "Proceed by forced march and send messengers back to me." He turned back to his railroad car.

Saburov went out on the road. The regiment had already formed, but it was standing at ease waiting for the order to march. In the ranks the men talked quietly to each other.

Saburov walked to the head of the column.

"Battalion, march!"

The column moved. Saburov strode ahead.

Before the war the commander of the army at Stalingrad would probably have laughed if someone had told him the day would come when the entire mobile reserve which he could move around would consist of three hundred men. But today was that day. Three hundred machine gunners loaded in twenty trucks.

On the large, flat top of a bluff about one kilometer from the front line, the staff of the army was located in dugouts and trenches. The Germans had halted their attack, either postponing it until nightfall or just deciding to take a rest. The situation in general, and especially this strange silence, made it clear that by next morning there was certain to be a heavy attack.

The commander had sent Colonel Bobrov to meet and hurry up the division in which Saburov commanded a battalion. Bobrov met the battalion at noon. It had not yet crossed the Middle Akhtuba, a stream thirty kilometers from the Volga. Having asked Saburov the number of the division, and having learned that his commander was following some distance behind, the colonel quickly stepped back into his automobile. Its motor was still running.

"Comrade Captain," he said to Saburov, looking into his face with tired, quiet eyes, "I don't need to explain why your battalion should be at the crossing by six o'clock."

BY six o'clock in the evening Saburov was at the bank of the river. He had placed his battalion along the bank, ready for the crossing and had sat down to rest on a log lying half in the water. When he saw a cutter with its barge nearing shore he went to the wooden jetty at which it docked.

Past the soldiers crowding onto the dock, wounded were being carried from the barge. A young nurse moved from stretcher to stretcher. Following the severely wounded came a dozen men who still could walk.

The soldiers of Company One began to go aboard. Meanwhile an unexpected complication developed. A large number of people had collected on the bank who wanted to cross at once and on this particular barge going back to Stalingrad. Saburov quietly decided to take a man carrying a box of percussion caps for mines and an orderly with a keg of vodka, and to turn away the others, telling them they could come on the next barge.

Last of all, the nurse who had been helping the wounded as they were unloaded came to say there were still wounded on the other bank and that she would have to return with this barge to bring them here. He could not refuse her.

The steamer pushed off from the bank. Saburov sat on the poop, swinging his legs over the edge and holding on to the handrail. He took off his coat and laid it by his side. He unbuttoned his tunic and held it away from his chest until it puffed out like a sail.

"You'll catch cold, Comrade Captain," said the nurse who was standing beside him.

Saburov smiled. It seemed funny to him that in the fifteenth month of the war, crossing the Volga to Stalingrad, he would suddenly catch cold and get the grippe.

"You won't notice that you're catching cold," the girl said. "It's cold here on the river in the evenings." In her thin, young girl's voice there could be heard a kind of hoarseness.

"Do you cross every day?" asked Saburov, looking at her. "How many times?"

"That depends on how many wounded there are. We take them straight from the front line and move them across the Volga right away."

Saburov asked one of the empty and idle questions which he usually didn't like to ask: "Aren't you frightened to cross the river so many times?"

"Frightened?" said the girl. "When you're bringing wounded over, it's not so frightening, but when I go back there alone, then I get frightened. When you're alone, it's always more frightening, isn't it?"

"True," said Saburov, and he thought he also was always less afraid when he was with his battalion than in those rare moments when he was left alone.

The girl sat down beside him and swung her legs over the water.

"Do you know what's really frightening? No . . . you don't know. You're already pretty old, you wouldn't know . . . I get frightened that suddenly I'll be killed and there won't be anything left. I'm eighteen . . . I haven't seen anything yet, anything at all . . . I've dreamed how I would study, but I haven't studied." She stopped, then in a whisper continued: "I've dreamed of how I'd fall in love, how I'd get married . . . and there hasn't been any of that . . . "

"But if you had gone to school and traveled and had been married, do you think this wouldn't be frightening to you?" asked Saburov.

"No," she said with conviction. "For example, you, I know, are not as frightened as I am. How old are you?"

"How old do you think?"

"Well, maybe thirty-five or forty. Yes?"

"Yes." Saburov smiled and then he thought a little bitterly how useless it would be to say that he wasn't forty or even thirty-five, and that he also had not studied everything that he wanted to, and had not been everywhere he would have liked to go, and had not fallen in love as he would like to fall in love.

"So you see," she continued, "for that reason you oughtn't to be frightened. But for me it is frightening."

He patted her on the head and quickly took his hand away, not wanting her to think that he had misunderstood her frankness.

The Stalingrad shore was only two or three hundred meters away by now. At just that moment a shell fell into the water in front of them with a whine. Saburov started with surprise. The girl never moved.

"They're firing," she said. "And here I was talking with you and thinking: why don't they fire?"

Saburov stood up, took several steps to the stern of the boat, made a megaphone with his hands, and yelled at the barge: "Maslennikov, tell your men to take off their coats and put them down beside them."

The Red Army men standing with him on the little steamer understood that the captain's order referred to them, too, and they hurriedly obeyed.

The next shell plunged into the water right next to the steamer which had no chance to maneuver because of its barge. There was nothing to do but wait out the five minutes still separating them from the bank. The girl stood where Saburov had left her, and waited quietly. He went up to her.

"If something happens, can you swim to the shore?"

"I don't know how to swim," she said.

"Then stand nearer to me," Saburov said.

At just that second a shell hit the steamer. It landed, apparently, in the engine room or in the boilers, because suddenly everything surged and roared and someone flying through the air knocked Saburov off his feet. Then he was thrown upward and fell into the water. Striking out with both arms, he pulled himself to the surface. That part of the steamer on which the stack still remained keeled over and disappeared.

SABUROV has done well to tell the soldiers to take off their coats. His own boots, weighted with water, kept pulling down his legs, and at first he decided to kick them off. But the barge which was drifting toward him was so close that he was reluctant, soldier-fashion, to lose his boots, and decided that he could swim with them.

He saw the girl, several meters away from him, trying unsuccessfully to catch hold of a fragment of the boat floating in the water. He made several quick strokes toward her, and when she came up to the surface again he grabbed her by her tunic. Luckily, the barge was drifting almost straight onto them.

A half minute later he had grabbed a soldier's hand reached out to him from the barge. Holding on the side, he pulled the girl after him, and when he saw that strong arms were dragging her aboard he pulled himself up.

"Thank God, Comrade Captain," said Maslennikov, standing beside him. He was without his boots and without his tunic; unsure whether Saburov could make it or not, he had been ready to dive into the water.

"Wait," said Saburov, and turned back toward the river.

One after another the soldiers swam to the barge. Last of all they pulled out the captain of the tug, swearing a blue streak. The cap of the Soviet Mercantile Fleet with its broken visor was still on his head.

Another cutter hurried, puffing, from the bank. "Get ready to make fast," someone yelled from it in a thunderous, Volga bass voice.

"Count the men," Saburov said to Maslennikov then.

One of the soldiers threw his overcoat around Saburov's shoulders. "Give a coat to the girl," he directed. "Where is she?"

She was sitting there, several steps away from him, with someone's coat already thrown around her shoulders. She was wringing out her long hair.

"Eight men missing," Maslennikov reported in a whisper. There was a kind of hurt look on his face. They had not even crossed the river, there had been no fighting, and already eight men were missing.

The girl went ashore among the first, and by the time Saburov remembered about her, she was gone.

AT midnight, when Saburov had finally succeeded in placing his men along the ruined streets lying closest to the river bank, and when the soldiers, mortally tired, had somehow gone to sleep—some of them in the open under the rain—a messenger came up from Babchenko and ordered Saburov to go to the division commander.

Staff headquarters of the division were located near the shore, only ten minutes away. For the time being they were in a deep cellar illuminated by a "Bat" storm lantern suspended from a pillar, and by electric flashlights used whenever it was necessary to write something or to look at a map. After the complete darkness outside Saburov could not distinguish faces, but he understood from the rumble of voices that there were many people in the cellar.

"Saburov," he heard Babchenko say.

"Well, that's fine, now we're all here," said another voice.

Saburov made out Colonel Protsenko, commander of the division, standing next to Babchenko. Saburov had known him well for a long time, but he had not seen him for almost a month and a half, since the colonel had been severely wounded near Voronezh and sent to the hospital. The colonel clapped Saburov on the shoulder, asking, "Well, Alexei Ivanovich. You're still alive?"

"Still alive," said Saburov.

"Alive," Protsenko said. "Well, and I'm alive, too." Turning to someone in the darkness, he added: "We're old friends, Comrade General; we were together in front of Moscow . . ."

Suddenly shifting from a caressing, friendly tone of voice to one which was strictly official, he began to explain the night's assignment. Babchenko's regiment was to drive the Germans back from the outskirts of a factory settlement where they had that day come closest of all to the Volga.

"To each battalion I'll give an officer who knows the city and the layout. Comrade Officers!" Protsenko called. Out of the darkness came three men: two first lieutenants and a captain. "You are now under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Babchenko. The situation is tough." Protsenko turned and looked hard at Babchenko. "Very tough . . . it's night fighting, in a city you don't know. Tonight you will send up only one battalion, and the two others should be ready by dawn for support and for beating back the counterattack. The attack itself you will entrust to Saburov."

Turning to Saburov, Protsenko continued: "You must understand that at night it's not numbers, but surprise. Fight the way you did at Voronezh, and even better. That's all the good advice there is."

When Saburov returned to where his battalion was quartered, his orderly had set up a command post in the middle of a ruined house. You had to get there on all fours, but it was relatively dry and a lamp was burning. The orderly was an enterprising tommy gunner called Petya.

Saburov summoned his chief of staff Maslennikov and the officers of all three companies in his battalion. He gave each officer half an hour to choose from his company fifty men who were good with automatic rifles and who were sharpshooters.

"In front of us," he explained, spreading out a map of the city, "is this square. On three sides are houses already taken by the Germans—three big apartment houses, each one covering half a block. We've got to take back these houses tonight."

He divided his forces into three groups: the house on the left of the square would be taken by one group; the house on the right by another; he himself would attack directly across the square.

Saburov turned to Maslennikov. "You will stay in reserve. When you have reached our present front line, you stop, station all those who are not going with us, and wait for the dawn. You've got to place the men so that at dawn, just as soon as we have driven out the Germans, you will be as close to us as possible and can come and help us."

Before the start Saburov once more called the officers commanding the left and right groups to him. Taking out of his pocket a cigarette case in which there were four precious cigarettes, he handed one to each of his companions, taking a third himself. They squatted on their heels and lit their cigarettes under cover of the skirts of their overcoats. Then, shielding the light and smoking through their fists, all three stood up again.

What could he say to them? That they should go forward—they knew this. That they should not be afraid of death—they would still be afraid, just exactly as he would himself. With a quick impulse he quietly drew them to him by the shoulders, squeezed them both in his long, muscular arms, and just as quietly released them.

A minute later he moved forward with his own unit. Fifty or sixty steps he took along the square in silence, in his excitement holding his breath as if the Germans might hear him breathe. Then suddenly from the German side clattered a burst of rifle fire.

Time after time Saburov stood up, raised his men, ran several steps, and again fell flat on his face on the paving. When he came up to the wall of the house which was his objective, he saw that the first floor window was very high. His orderly, Petya, came up and hoisted him on his shoulder. Saburov clutched the window sill with one hand and with all his strength threw a heavy antitank grenade through the window. Then he fell back down to the street.

Inside could be heard a heavy explosion. Petya again lifted Saburov, who sat astride the sill and reached down his hand to Petya. The latter climbed up, reached down his hand to someone else, and together all three men slipped through the window into the house.

IN the next half hour Saburov's soldiers and the Germans bumped into each other, fired point-blank, wrestled, fired again, threw grenades. Gradually the fighting shifted to the inside courtyard, and then subsided. The Germans were either killed or had hidden themselves or had run away.

Saburov picked himself a place for a temporary command post in one of the basement rooms. A kind of order was restored in the area which had been won. To the neighboring houses telephone lines had been laid.

Maslennikov appeared, panting but happy. "Look what I got, while I was coming," he said, showing the edge of his trousers where there was a bullet hole. Saburov smiled.

"If that will always make you happy, then it's a safe bet you're going to be cheerful around here. Well, did you bring up the men?"

"I brought them."

"Without losses, I hope?"

"Three wounded."

"Well, that's nothing . . . As for me, my friend, I've got twenty-one killed," Saburov said quietly.

At dawn, after a two-hour silence, there began a battle which was not to stop for four days and nights. Only on the fifth day did Saburov finally realize that his side was actually breaking through to him.

Four more days went by with surprising swiftness. They were filled with the shriek of divebombers, the dull, thudding sound of shells, and the dry machine-gun crackle of German counterattacks. On the ninth day there was something resembling stillness.

Saburov lay down soon after darkness fell, but the telephone woke him after three hours' sleep. Then, as often happens during days of particular tiredness, sleep would not return. He swung his bare feet onto the floor, lit a cigarette.

Maslennikov was sitting opposite him and suddenly he began to talk. Saburov listened, sometimes thinking about what he was saying, sometimes surrendering to his own thoughts.

One year before the war Saburov had matriculated in history at Moscow University. On June 21, 1941, with a brilliance which surprised all who knew him, he had passed his first university examinations. Next morning he had heard Molotov's broadcast announcing the Fascist invasion. There had happened what everyone had been waiting for but what everyone, deep inside himself, did not really believe would ever happen. The war had started. It was the war which, in a year and three months, would lead Saburov—a man who had once wanted to become a history teacher, now a man who had broken out of encirclement three times, been decorated twice, and five times slightly wounded, here—to Stalingrad.

"And you, have you been in love?" Maslennikov was asking.

"Love?" Saburov could remember two or three women who had passed casually through his life, just as casually as he had passed through theirs. In these relations probably, they had been quits. He could remember no special disappointment and he had hurt no one. "I don't know," he said. "I guess I haven't been . . ."

He stood up from the couch and walked back and forth across the room. Suddenly he recalled the words of the nurse on the little steamer.

"Listen, Misha," he said. "You and I must not die. We mustn't get killed, under any circumstances."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I know simply that we mustn't."

AT five o'clock, the quietest hour of the day, Petya came to the door.

"The scouts have come back."

"Let them come in."

Only one man, Vassiliev, walked in. His tunic was smeared with mud and brick dust and spattered with blood. Besides his own tommy-gun, hanging around his neck, he was dragging a German tommy-gun.

"It looks as if you'd been pretty successful," Saburov said.

"Yes, I had good luck." Vassiliev leaned the tommy-gun against the wall, pulled a package of documents from inside his tunic, and put them on the table.

"Panasyuk went with you. Where is he?"

"The Germans killed him while were were crawling along between their trenches." Vassiliev edged the documents closer to Saburov. "But I killed one in exchange. Quietly, too," he added, and he pulled a flat bayonet halfway out of his boot top. It was spotted with blood.

"Sit down." Saburov picked up the documents.

Vassiliev sat down on the edge of the couch. Today he had described this room in detail to the Germans. By tomorrow, they would be taking measures to leave no stone of the building standing. He looked at Saburov and thought with regret that the Germans would be unlikely to get him here. When the shells landed, he would probably be up in the front line.

Saburov looked up from the documents. "Panasyuk was a good soldier. How did it happen?"

"A tommy-gun," Vassiliev said, "in the back. It cut him down. It was after I had got the German."

"How far had you gone? Show me on the map."

Vassiliev walked over to the table. "Here," he pointed to the spot.

"You did a good job."

"If you need something more, Comrade Captain, send me again," Vassiliev said.

He walked out. Saburov bent over the map and marked with little dots the route Vassiliev had followed.

"You know," he said to Maslennikov, who had listened silently, "this means they're not setting any special guard there. Maybe it would be possible to crawl through to them."

He stood up and walked back and forth across the cellar. Panasyuk, the missing scout, was one of those who had fought with him near Voronezh. Somehow, he had not liked the way Vassiliev had pulled out his bayonet. But, he thought, that didn't matter.

"How about our wounded, have they all been taken back?" he asked Maslennikov.

"They took them all out during the night. You know who came for them?" Maslennikov said. "That same girl we pulled out of the water. She's outside now. Let her sit down and rest here for a while."

"Let her rest, of course," Saburov said.

THE girl came in and stood shyly on the threshold. It seemed to Saburov that in these eight days she had grown even thinner.

"Sit down, sit down," Saburov said, bustling about. He was trying to be hospitable, but he did everything clumsily. "How are you?"

"All right." The girl smiled and sat down. "And you?"

"I'm all right, too."

Maslennikov put in cheerfully, "We're getting along fine. Look how it is here . ." He waved his arm proudly.

Saburov said, "The lieutenant and I are going out right away, so you lie down on my cot and rest." He saw that she was tired beyond belief. "I'm going out right away and won't be back until evening. I'll wake you up when you've got to go."

"I'll wake up myself," she said confidently. Then she walked over to the couch, sat down on it, bounced up and down on the springs and said: "Oh, it's soft; for a long time I haven't slept on anything like this."

"May I go over to Company One?" Maslennikov asked, trying to hold himself even straighter than usual in front of Saburov.

"Go ahead," Saburov said. "I'm going over there myself soon."

Maslennikov went out.

"Is he nice, too?" the girl asked.

"What do you mean—too?"

"I mean, like you," she said. "That is, not exactly like you." She smiled. "What I mean is that he is like me, still quite young, while you're grown-up."

"You've already written me down for an old man." Saburov shook his head.

"No," she said seriously. "It's just that I can see that you are grown-up, and we aren't yet. It's good that I saw you today," she went on. "Every time I took your wounded out, when they talked with each other, they kept repeating your name, and I didn't know that Saburov was you. And then I wanted to see you, to thank you. We were together on the little steamer and I told you all sorts of things. That day I was in a mood to tell everything, and then later it seemed to me that if I should suddenly see you again I'd want to tell you everything all over again." Covering her mouth with her hand, she yawned.

"Lie down," he said. "Go to sleep."

She stretched and lay down. Saburov took his overcoat from a nail in the wall and covered her with it.

"But what will you go out in?" she asked.

"In the daytime I always go without a coat."

"That's not true."

"Yes it is, I always tell the truth. Remember that in the future."

"All right," she said. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Somehow you seem much older . . . Have you a wife?"

"No." Saburov laughed.

"What are you laughing at?"

"You asked it in such a funny way."

"Why was it funny? I wanted to know, so I asked," she said, and her eyes closed.

Saburov stood for a moment looking at her, then sat down at the table and fumbled in his pocket. As if something very special had just happened which gave him the right to smoke his last cigarette, he took it out and lit it.

AT six that evening, after long mortar fire, the Germans attacked again. This time they came without tanks. They succeeded in seizing a small building.

Just before dark Saburov with fifteen riflemen crawled up to the little building and after a long exchange of shots recaptured it. It cost him several killed and wounded. Although he did not notice it at first, because of the confusion and his own exhaustion, Saburov's sleeve was ripped to the shoulder and his arm seared by a bullet. He had been hit by concussion blast from a bomb exploding against a wall close to him, and was half deaf.

He and Maslennikov returned to their quarters only when it had become quite dark. The lamp was burning on the table. Saburov looked casually at the couch. The girl was still sleeping. "She must be really tired, but she'll have to be wakened," he thought, and suddenly he realized that throughout the entire day he had not once thought about her.

"May I come in?" someone said.

"Yes, come in."

Into the room walked a short young man with one bar on the shoulder of his uniform. "Senior Political Instructor Vanin," he said, saluting a little carelessly. "I have been appointed your commissar."

"Glad to meet you," Saburov said, standing up and shaking hands with him. "Sit down."

Vanin shook hands with Maslennikov, too, and sat down on a squeaky stool. It took hardly ten minutes to finish the official part of the conversation. Then they smoked.

"Have you been in the city long?" Saburov asked.

"I came over from the other side of the river only this morning. I'm straight from the hosptial," Vanin said.

"Were you ever in Stalingrad before?"

Vanin smiled. "I should say I was. Before the war I was secretary of the Stalingrad Young Communists. You know, in front of this building there was a park, but now, I guess, there's little of it left . . . "

"Very little," Saburov agreed. "A few trees, and the posts for a volley ball net."

Presently Vanin and Maslennikov went over to the gramophone. Vanin picked up a record and said: "Let's try this one."

"Our comrade's off to distant lands,
With following winds from home he flies,
Blue in the haze are the town he knows,
A home, a garden, a pair of loving eyes."

Vanin walked away from the table into the shadow and listened, holding his head in his hands. When the record had finished, he wiped his eyes shamelessly and quietly.

"The girl is certainly sleeping soundly," Saburov said. "It's too bad, but she's got to get up."

He went up to the cot. What he had thought was the girl was nothing but his overcoat thrown on the bed.

"That's funny," he said. "Petya, where's the nurse?"

Petya said the girl had gone out two hours before.

"Where did she go? Across the river?"

"No. Comrade Captain, she's still here . . . Something has happened. This is how it was. Over there, in front, where the little garden was, there were groans coming from no man's land. Well, they came along to tell this to the soldier on duty, and she woke up. Her stretcher-bearer crawled out with her, and our Konyukov, too. He was on duty here and he went along."

"When was all this?"

"Just now—I mean, two hours ago," Petya said, looking at his watch.

"Call the guard." Saburov said, putting on his overcoat. "Stay here, I'll be back right away," he added to Vanin and Maslennikov.

The night was cold and clouds covered half the sky, but a half-moon was shining. The soldier on duty ran up to him.

"Where did they crawl off to?"

The soldier pointed with his hand.

Just then three figures appeared out of the darkness. Two were holding up the third, who was limping. Saburov walked up to meet them. They were Konyukov and the stretcher-bearer, holding Anya under her shoulders.

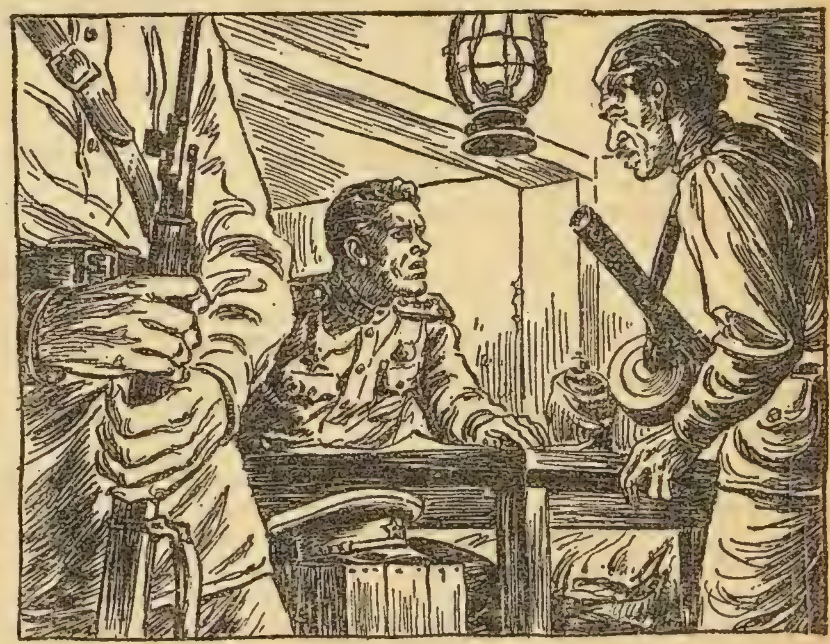
"Permit me to report," Konyukov said, continuing to support Anya with his left arm and saluting with his right.

"Later," Saburov said. "Take her into my room. Or no, lay her down here, in the guardhouse."

They called a small recess between a staircase and a wall the guardhouse. In this recess there stood a table and a stool for a telephone operator. In the corner a mattress lay on the ground. The orderly and Konyukov placed Anya on it, Konyukov's overcoat under her head.

"Well, have you fixed her up?" Saburov said, standing outside.

"Yes, Comrade Captain," Konyukov said, coming out of the room. He dug into a pocket and pulled out a package of documents. Saburov snapped his flashlight on. They were the documents of Sergeant Panasyuk.



"Where did you find him, closer to the Germans or closer to us?"

"Permit me to report. Right in the middle. It's clear he was crawling along, the poor fellow, and couldn't make it, so he started to call. When we crawl up to him, he's still living, wounded. Then a shell got him for good, and got her in the leg, and she also got hit by the stones. She wanted to drag him out, but then she lost consciousness herself."

Saburov walked into the guardhouse. Anya was lying quietly on the mattress. She opened her eyes.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" Saburov asked. He wanted to reprove her for going out so foolishly.

"They hit me," she said, "and then I got a rap on the head. But the wound, it's nothing, I think. If they hadn't wounded me we would have got him out of there. But the two of them couldn't manage alone . . . For he was killed."

Saburov looked at her and realized that she was talking only to forget her pain, and that she was ashamed at having been wounded so stupidly and unnecessarily. She's just a little girl, he thought.

"Never mind," he said with unexpected softness in his voice. Moving up the armchair, he sat down next to her. "They'll take you across the river right away; you must get well quickly, and then you'll soon be taking the wounded out again."

She smiled. "You're talking now just the way we always talk to the wounded. Please give me a cigarette."

He rolled one, and in the flicker of the match her face seemed to him beautiful.

"Well, are they going to take me right away?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, trying to give the "Yes" the same dry, superior officer's tone with which he had spoken earlier, but this time it didn't come out.

"Don't forget me. I'm going to get well quickly. I feel it, so you think of me."

"How could I not think of you?" Saburov said gravely. "I'll certainly think of you . . . "

When the stretcher-bearers came in to take her away, he realized that he had not yet said anything of what he had terribly wanted to say to her in these minutes.

To his own surprise, he bent over her, and putting his hands behind his back so as not to hurt her through any careless movement, he pressed his cheek close to her face. Then he kissed her on the eyes, on the forehead, and on the lips. When he raised his face, he saw she was looking at him with wide eyes, clear and understanding, and it seemed to him that he had not simply kissed a helpless girl, who was unable to move or to protest, but that he had done this with her permission—that she had wanted it, too.

Saburov returned to his quarters and ordered Petya to summon Vassiliev at once.

"You told me Panasyuk was killed on the German side of the line," Saburov began when the scout appeared. "He was found badly wounded between the lines. How do you explain that?"

"I don't know, Comrade Captain. If he's alive, he could explain better."

"He's dead, but he was killed later."

"It must be that he came to and crawled back."

"I can understand that much without your help," Saburov said. "How do you explain that you deserted a wounded comrade inside the German lines?"

"I thought he was dead. He wasn't breathing."

"Next time, listen better," Saburov said coldly. "It's better to bring back a dead man than to leave one who's still alive."

"If I had only known . . . but I didn't know. Now I'll kill three Germans in return, just for Panasyuk. I give you my word, Comrade Captain."

"Good," Saburov said. "Now go."

THE Germans had finally succeeded, after three days of shooting, in destroying the room in which Saburov had earlier set up his quarters. Now he had moved to the basement, into what had been the furnace room. The entire battalion had moved underground and life became neater and more orderly.

Then the Germans came out upon the shore of the Volga, to the left of Protsenko's division—on the day of Protsenko's promotion to general. Days and nights of fighting followed. Saburov's battalion went in with full ranks. On one of the toughest of the days Colonel Babchenko was killed.

A small, half-destroyed storage building stood apart from the other buildings occupied by Saburov, somewhat in front of them and to one side. It was at this building that, on the day of Babchenko's death, the Germans directed their attacks. When four or five tanks had succeeded in coming flush up to it, they took cover from artillery fire behind its walls and began to pump shells directly inside it. German riflemen followed and in fifteen minutes the last shot sounded inside the little building.

Saburov's first impulse was to try to take the building back at once, in full daylight. He made a sober decision instead: to concentrate all his fire behind the building, thus giving the Germans no chance to bring up strong forces before darkness, and to time his counterattack with darkness itself, when determination and familiarity with storming operations at night would serve for him as substitutes for the manpower he lacked.

He talked on the telephone with his companies and then lay down, having left an order to be wakened at five, just before it would be dark.

No sound woke him, but a feeling of being stared at. In front of him stood Anya. He sat up.

"I asked your orderly to wake you up," Anya said, "but he didn't want to. I've been here a long time. I've got to go. But I wanted very much to see you."

"Sit down," Saburov said, moving over on the cot. Anya sat down.

"I see you've recovered completely."

"Yes, completely," Anya said. "You see, I was only slightly wounded. You know," she added quickly, as if not to let him talk, "I've found my mother. She's over across the river in a village, living in a peasant house, near where our medical aid station is located, and I spend the nights there with her. That is, not the nights, because I sleep in the mornings when I get back from crossing the river. I told mother all about you."

"And what do you know about me?"

"A great deal," Anya said. "I even know how old you are. You told me the truth that time. You're twenty-nine. Your orderly told me so."

"I'll have to discipline him for revealing a military secret," Saburov said. "What else did he tell you?"

"Nothing else. I didn't have time to ask him. We're moving the wounded all into one place. Have you many?"

"Yes, a lot," Saburov said, frowning. He added in another tone: "I am very glad to see you."

"I am, too," Anya said, and looked straight into his eyes.

He understood then that she had forgotten nothing of the little there had been between them, little indeed, but very important.

He put his hand on her head, just as he had on the steamer, and pulled her gently toward him and said, "You know, I thought you would come."

She said, "A day comes and you've been waiting terribly for something on that day, and then it happens. Today I've been waiting since morning to see you. During the daytime the shooting was fierce but I hardly noticed it. Maybe that means that if I keep on coming to see you I will become brave; what do you think?"

"But you're already brave."

"No, not so brave, usually, but today I am." Then she gave a start. "It's time to begin moving the wounded; I must be off."

He was glad to hear her say "I must be off" because he saw from his watch that it was time for him to get ready for the attack, and he was glad that she would be the first to go. He wanted to say that she should be more careful, but how could she be? It would be simply stupid to say this to her.

When she had gone, Saburov sat quietly for a moment. Then he stood up and put on his overcoat. He wanted to finish the attack on the warehouse as quickly as he could, not only because this would be good to do anyway, but also because only afterwards could he see Anya again.

Thoughts of love stayed with him while he was giving his last instructions before the attack, and after it had begun. They stayed with him while they crawled through the ruins at the start, and later as they were running under fire, and even when, having thrown two grenades in front of him, he broke with the others into the warehouse and plunged into that special chaos of close firing, shouts, and groans which is called hand-to-hand fighting.

He recaptured the warehouse at a total cost of one killed and five wounded.

ANYA ran in again late in the evening. She was in a great hurry but, short as their meeting was, Saburov knew that from that day on they would see each other as much as possible. When she had run out again, he felt anxious for her. And he realized that now, probably, he would always be afraid for Anya.

All his chores for the day and night were finished. He had only to wait for eleven o'clock. He had ordered the scout Vassiliev to come then, and they were to go on a reconnaissance expedition in preparation for next day.

Vassiliev, when he appeared, had his rifle, two grenades tied in a neat linen bag to his belt, and the flat bayonet hung next to them. He wore no overcoat, but a tightly buttoned, padded jacket.

"Let's go," Saburov said standing up. "Petya, ask Petrov to go with me." Petrov was a tommy gunner who accompanied Saburov on those occasions when Petya stayed at headquarters.

Saburov took his rifle from the wall, put on a padded jacket like Vassiliev's, and put in his pocket two of the lemon grenades. He leaned over his cot, looking for his cap which had fallen behind it.

Vassiliev looked at his back. He had never noticed before the width of Saburov's shoulders, or the length of his arms. Besides, Saburov was pushing off a little ahead of schedule, and this worried Vassiliev.

They went out, Vassiliev in front, then Saburov, Petrov bringing up the rear. The night was raw and dark. A drizzling October rain was falling. Vassiliev looked at the luminous face of his watch; it was half-past ten. He smiled at his thoughts.

They clambered through to Company Two and there Maslennikov met them in the ruins of a building. He had found some kind of pretext to be at the spot from which Saburov would set off.

When the three were ready to start, Maslennikov took Saburov's hand, and said quietly: "Alexei Ivanovich."

Suddenly Saburov understood. Maslennikov had come up to him to embrace him. Saburov embraced him first, then quickly turned around and walked away. Maslennikov looked after him. Not foreboding about what might happen but a kind of unaccountable grief, which comes often at the front, had been heavy in the young soldier's heart since early morning when he had learned about this reconnaissance expedition.

THE distance between the Russian and German lines sometimes widened to two hundred yards, sometimes narrowed to fifty. When they had crawled to within fifty paces of their goal, they suddenly heard the familiar drone of a U-2 night fighter, sounding like a motorcycle. Like peas from a pod, a handful of little bombs whistled through the air and exploded all around them.

Vassiliev was crawling in front with Petrov next to him, and Saburov, ready to fall on his knees as they had done in order to creep forward, was standing by a half-destroyed wall. The nearest bomb fell right next to the wall, in a corner. The wall rocked and crumbled to the earth, covering Saburov with bricks. They fell on him from the side like a pyramid of children's blocks.

In his whole body there was a terrifying feeling of constriction, as if he were bound all around with rope, leaving only his left arm and his head free. A piece of brick had fallen on his face, and blood was running into one eye.

"Petrov," he whispered. No one answered.

"Vassiliev," he whispered again.

"Here I am," Vassiliev said somewhere behind him.

In the flash of the first bomb Vassiliev had seen that they were quite close to the spot where the Germans were expecting them. The next second, a huge bomb fragment had split his hip open. He felt himself all over, then stretched out his hand and struck against the bloody head of Petrov. Through his teeth he screamed, and he squirmed away from the dead man.

"Wounded?" Saburov asked.

"Yes," Vassiliev answered. "And you?"

"I don't know," Saburov said very low.

Vassiliev could make out in the darkness only the captain's head and the heavy pile of bricks. He asked, in spite of himself: "Aren't you crushed?"

"I don't know," Saburov said again. "Have you got a first-aid kit? You'd better bandage yourself, or you'll bleed to death."

The thought of dying frightened Vassiliev so badly that for a long time he could not get his trembling fingers to obey him.

"Move over a little," Saburov said.

Vassiliev moved over and Saburov helped with his free left hand.

Vassiliev began to think what he should do now. Everything was quiet around him. He did not know if the Germans had already arrived at their trap or, if they had come, whether the bombs had killed them, too.

"If the Germans find us," Saburov said, breathing hard, "you must shoot me first, understand?"

"No," Vassiliev said.

"Never mind," Saburov said. "That's just in case. You help me unload these bricks, and I'll crawl out."

"No," Vassiliev said again. He moved away so that Saburov could not reach him with his free arm. "You won't crawl out."

"Why not?"

"Because I'll kill you first. Because you're a fool. I was leading you to the Germans. They're coming here. At eleven sharp. They're coming right away, and then everything will be over, Comrade Captain." He moved up his tommy-gun so its muzzle was aimed straight at Saburov's face.

"So I'll kill you. That's all."

Saburov was silent. He understood at once what had happened today and what had happened before. He remembered his command posts, knocked out one by one by German artillery, and he remembered the dead Panasyuk, and the gesture with which Vassiliev had pulled the bayonet out of his boot top. He remembered all Vassiliev's returns, always with documents, and with captured guns.

"You son of a bitch," Saburov said suddenly.

He began to swear as he had never sworn in his life, first raising and then lowering his whispering voice. He called Vassiliev every dirty name he could think of. With an unconscious, unnatural cunning, he started to lower his whisper little by little so that Vassiliev might move a little bit, only a centimeter, maybe two, nearer to him. Vassiliev could not get used to Saburov's talking now louder, now softer, and he kept moving a little closer to hear him, and then moving back. But each time—and Saburov felt this—the distance was growing smaller by a tiny margin. At last he turned his face towards Vassiliev and spat right in his face. Vassiliev raised his hand to wipe his face, and Saburov knew that he had hit him. He spat again. Vassiliev moved closer, raised his arm, and with his fist struck Saburov in the mouth with all his strength.

This was his mistake. Saburov lunged forward with his arm, grabbed Vassiliev by the shirt, pulled him down on top of him, let go for a second, then closed his hand around the spy's throat. He squeezed so hard that Vassiliev automatically dropped his gun and moved both hands to his throat, trying to break the fingers closed around his neck. But the fingers didn't break. They closed tighter and tighter until Saburov knew that what he was holding in his fingers would never move again.

He closed his eyes, and sometimes losing consciousness, sometimes coming to, he lay there for minutes. Then, biting his lips with the pain, he moved his free arm up to the top of the pile of bricks and quietly pushed the top brick to one side. He only knew that while there was any glimmer of life inside him he would continue this same movement—draw up his arm to his body, take a piece of brick, and move it to one side.

BEYOND the window fell the first wet, heavy snow of autumn. In the hospital wounded men were brought in and taken out; sometimes one cried out in pain, but after Stalingrad all this seemed silence to Saburov.

He could remember how he had strangled Vassiliev, and how he had then begun to move the bricks, but nothing more.

On the eighth day, in the morning, Anya ran into the ward with light, quiet steps and slipped between the rows of cots to sit down at his feet. Her eyes were looking at him as if she had been running, running a thousand versts straight to him. She told him how Maslennikov had grown worried over his long absence, had followed him, and had found him lying unconscious half-way between our positions and the spot where the bodies of Petrov and Vassiliev were still lying. It must have been that he somehow took the bricks off his body and crawled out. They had brought him back to the battalion, and she had seen him on a stretcher.

"I was terrified that you were dead. I began to kiss you. Then you opened your eyes and closed them right away. I went on kissing you, but you didn't open your eyes any more."

"Why didn't you come for so long?" Saburov asked her hungrily.

"You know, I couldn't," she said in a guilty voice. "I went back across the river again and the next night they destroyed the ferry crossing. And then so many wounded had piled up that I had to stay with them there until we could ferry them all across. Six whole days. But you feel better, don't you?"

"Yes," Saburov said. "I sat up today and I even tried to walk."

"I've got a medal, too, now," she told him.

"No!" he said. "Show it to me."

She opened her white hospital gown and he saw on her blouse the Order of the Red Banner. It was not dirty, with its enamel chipped, as his was, but new and shining.

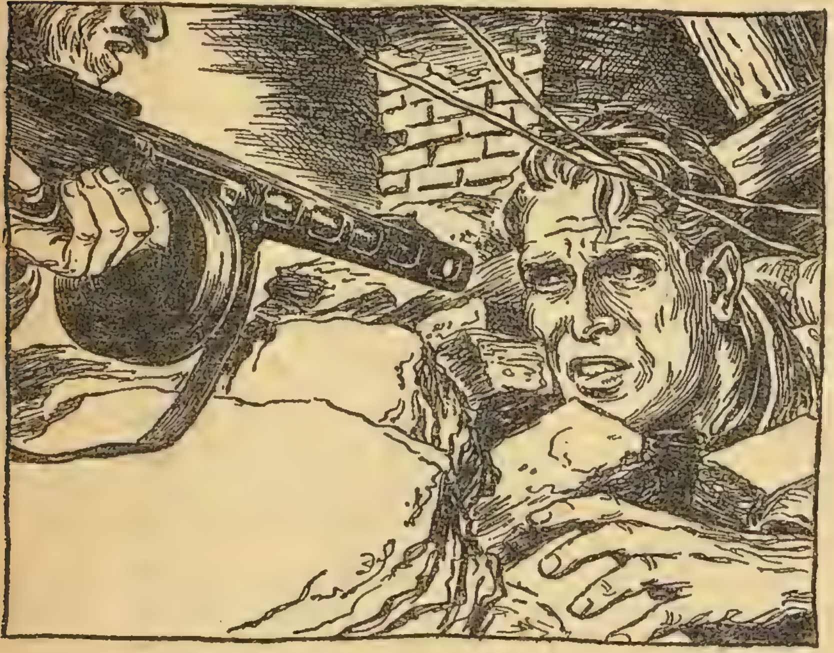
He hitched himself up on the pillow with his elbows.

"Dear," Anya said, putting both her hands on his shoulders but at the same time holding him back. "Dear," she repeated.

He took one of her hands from his shoulder and kissed it for a long time.

"Anya," he said. "Anya, if it weren't for the war . . . " He wanted to say that if it weren't for the war he would take her far away from here at once and never again let her go.

"If it weren't for the war, we would never have met each other? Of course, it's so," she repeated firmly, as if she were afraid he might disagree.



"Yes," he said.

Then she tore herself away from the cot, took a step towards the door, returned to kiss him on the lips with an awkward child's kiss, and ran out.

A LITTLE later Anya stood before the head doctor and asked a favor with such fierce hopefulness that he finally said, "Yes, that will be all right."

That afternoon they moved Saburov in the doctor's car to the house where Anya and her mother were living. It was in a settlement at the edge of one of the many streams of the Volga watershed, and the little peasant hut growing out of the ground seemed to Saburov almost as quiet as the hospital itself.

At sight of him Anya's mother at first threw up her arms then said "Good Lord," then, "How do you do?" And he saw that she was the woman who had talked to him by the railroad track at Eltonskaya.

It seemed to Saburov that he had landed in a family he had known for a long time and in which he felt very good indeed.

When they had made him comfortable in the big bed, the mother went out. Anya drew over a little bench and sat down beside him. He held out his hands to her; she took them in hers and sat for a long time looking at him. Tears welled up in her eyes.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing." Without letting go his hands, she dried her eyes on his shoulder. "I'm terribly happy."

She moved the little bench away, sat on the bed next to him, buried her face on his chest and cried, then raised her face, smiled, and again buried her head.

Slowly he ran his fingers over her hair. Then he pressed her close to him with both arms, without saying a word. Hearing steps, he barely turned his head an saw that the mother had come in. Automatically he made a movement to release her, but Anya lifted her head, smiled at her mother and drew herself even closer. The feeling went through Saburov's heart that this was for good, something permanent.

The whole day went by as in a dream. Anya's mother came in and went out, preparing dinner. Anya ran off to the hospital for some vodka. She was determined that he should have a drink before dinner, even if only a very little one. All these details—how she ran out and in, how she mixed the vodka, how she screwed up her eyes—filled Saburov with tenderness for her.

When they had finished eating and the mother had begun to clear the table, Anya sat down on Saburov's bed close to him.

Presently Saburov, exhausted from long sitting and talking, leaned back on his pillow and relaxed. Anya took out a short sheepskin coat and a pillow, and began to make a bed for herself on the bench by the wall. Saburov watched her quietly. The mother came in and said goodnight. Then Anya came over to Saburov, embraced him, and listened to his heart. In a whisper she said, "It's beating," as if there were something wonderful and extraordinary in this. But what was wonderful was the silence around them and that they were alone.

He felt that she had fallen in love for the first time and that all her love was now for him, and that everything else was drowned in it—all feelings of fear, of shyness, or of confusion. He pressed her to him until his arms and his chest hurt, but this only made him glad.

"Do you know," Anya said, "my heart is beating just as strongly as yours is. See, listen."

And after all that followed had taken place, she whispered honest and simple words into his ear, and he knew again how much he loved her, and that he would rather cut off his hand than hurt her. But now he was not hurting her nor offending her, he knew, either by the way he kissed her or by his holding her still closer and tighter to him.

THE sound of the samovar woke him the next morning. It was strange to look around and see this room, with the mother bustling around the table, just as if nothing had changed at all. Anya looked in from the entrance passage.

"Have you waked up?" she said. "I'll be with you right away."

Saburov closed his eyes and remembered everything in order, minute by minute, from yesterday morning. Besides the words of love which had been said to him, the evidence of that love, there was something else which made him believe without limit in her love for him. This was the way she had touched his broken, hurting body. No one could have told her, not even a doctor, but she knew by some instinct where he hurt and where he did not hurt, how you could embrace him and how you could not. In her caressing hands there had been so much love and tenderness that when he remembered about them he felt warm and good.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Anya pulled on her boots, put on an overcoat, neatly darned in three places where shell fragments had pierced it, and clapped a cap on her head. Then with quick, decisive steps she walked over to the bed, pressing her lips severely together, kissed Saburov, and walked out of the hut.

From now until tomorrow he would know nothing about her. For the first time in his life he experienced that day and that night the physical torment of waiting. He remembered thousands of dangers which before he had not even noticed.

A sensation of time having stopped remained with him through all the ten days which he lived here before his return to Stalingrad.

HE went back in the first days of November. Only a little snow had fallen and the snowless wind whistling through the ruins of the buildings was cold as ice.

The first thin ice was floating on the Volga. The crossing had become almost impossible. Everyone waited impatiently for the river to freeze and hold. Although the army had laid up some reserves of provisions, shells, and bullets, the Germans kept on attacking without a break, fiercely, and the reserves were melting with every hour.

Anya was never far from Saburov's thoughts, but he had seen her only once since his return. Then she had come in when he had just returned after the repulse of a routine German attack, and was sitting in his dugout with Maslennikov. She had walked quickly up to Saburov and before he could even stand up, had thrown her arms around him and kissed him several times. She had then gone up to Maslennikov and shaken hands with him.

Maslennikov had gone out. Neither Saburov nor Anya made any effort to hold him. For ten minutes they sat side by side on the little cot, their arms around each other, leaning against the wall. He did not ask her where she was going (he knew it was to get the wounded); nor did he tell her how many wounded there were in his battalion that day (she knew this, too, herself); he did not even ask whether she had eaten. He had a feeling that these ten minutes were theirs to sit here and to be quiet. When she got up to go, he did not try to hold her.

She had not come again, but the next day another nurse had come for the wounded and had brought Saburov a little note, written in pencil on a torn piece of paper. It said: "I am with Remizov's regiment. Anya." Colonel Remizov was now Saburov's commander.

Saburov was not hurt that the note was so short. He knew that no words could express the size of what there was between them.

ONE night as he was just ready to sleep General Protsenko telephoned for him to come to headquarters.

"How do you feel?" Protsenko asked in greeting.

"I've recovered entirely," Saburov said.

"I want to give you an assignment, Alexei Ivanovich," Protsenko said. "They've cut off Remizov. I don't know how things are with him there; who's alive and who's dead, how many men are left, what they can do and what they can't do. And I've got to know—today. When the Volga has frozen we'll be able to go around on the ice. But today we'll have to get there along the shore. I've checked it. In theory, it's possible to get there, because the Germans have gone right up to the edge of the bluff above the river, but they haven't gone down to the water's edge. So you will have to pass below the bluff, underneath. And you'll have to do it . . ." Protsenko paused, looked at Saburov's tired face, and added roughly, "tonight and no later.

"I need someone to go not simply as a messenger, but someone who can help me learn everything exactly, and if everyone has been killed, take over the command himself. So, depending on the situation, I'll either expect you back tonight, or if you stay there, I'll expect someone whom you'll send."

Saburov made the dangerous trip successfully. He found Remizov in a tight little dugout, lying flat on his face on a cot, with pillows under his head and chest because he had a bullet wound in his buttock.

"How do you do, Saburov? How is it there with you?"

"Everything in order," Saburov said, "except for the fact that the only way to get from General Protsenko to Colonel Remizov is to crawl here on your stomach."

"It's worse when you have to lie on your stomach," said the old man, and he swore at length and with imagination. "Well, what are your orders from the general?"

"To investigate the situation and report back."

"Well," Remizov said, "we gave up a piece of the shore. The commissar of the regiment has been killed. Two commanders of battalions have been killed. I, as you see, am still alive. We must restore the situation. We shall have to restore it from both sides, that's understood. That means, get yourself warm; it means you'll have to go back again. Or you can stay with me, and I'll send an officer back."

"No, I'll go back," Saburov said.

Saburov had an exceptionally good memory. On the way back he remembered each beam, plank, and pile of stones behind which it was possible to take cover.

WHEN finally he staggered into Protsenko's dugout everything went black in front of him and he collapsed on the bench. Then he opened his eyes and tried to stand. But Protsenko put his hand on his shoulder and pushed him back.

"Give him some tea, as quickly as you can," Protsenko shouted. "Is Remizov still alive?"

"Alive, only wounded. Here is a message from him," Saburov pulled the envelope from under his jacket.

"Did they shoot you up badly?"

"It was pretty heavy."

"In daytime there's no way of getting there?"

"In daytime it would be impossible," Saburov said. His eyes were closing with fatigue.

Protsenko said to his chief of staff sitting beside him, "Be a good fellow, sit down and write out an order to Remizov. Get everything in it the way we decided; the exact time for the attack, and the rocket—everything."

He turned to Saburov. "You should lie down for a little. That's a command."

Saburov used the last strength that was in him to lift his legs on to the bench and just as he was, lying in his boots with his face to the cold, wet wall of the dugout, fell asleep immediately.

Protsenko paced slowly up and down the dugout dictating the text of his order to the chief of staff. Sometimes he turned around and stared at Saburov. "It's hard to ask him to make that trip for a third time in one night. But we've got to. The order must get there. . . . Alexei Ivanovich," he pushed Saburov.

"Yes." Saburov stood up with an air of being ready for anything

"Here is the order. Take it," Protsenko said. "As soon as you get there, let them give us at the same time one green rocket and one red rocket over the Volga. And if they haven't any rockets, then three volleys into the air in the same direction with tommy-guns and at the same time. You won't go to sleep on the way, will you?"

"I certainly won't," Saburov said. "The Germans won't let me."

Then Protsenko went out and quietly gave some kind of order. Two minutes later a copper tray was brought in on which there were cups of tea, a handful of biscuits, and a freshly opened can of cherry jam, secured from God-knows-where.

Saburov drank a cup of the steaming tea, and again he wanted desperately to sleep. After his second cup he roused himself a little. The jam tasted wonderfully good. Protsenko ordered a third cup for each of them and then Saburov set out.

He had a curious feeling that he would get through this time, too. So it worked out; he clambered to the ruins on the other side, and not a single shot had been fired along the entire route.

When they fired the signal to Protsenko the sky had already begun to grow gray with dawn.

Then Remizov said firmly, like a father, "I won't let you go. Up to three times it's all right to try your luck, but no more. We'll break through tomorrow night, and then you'll be back again."

"But my battalion is there without a commanding officer," Saburov said.

"I've got two battalions here without commanding officers," Remizov answered. "Go along now and sleep."

THE next afternoon Saburov was standing near the dugout at one of Remizov's posts when behind him a familiar voice said, "Where is the battalion commander?"

Saburov turned. "Anya," he said, and he moved toward her. He reached out and drew her to him. "Anya, is it really you?"

She stood silent, and without moving her head, raised her brimming eyes to his. Finally she said, "When did you come?"

"Last night."

"We were all wondering who would come from Protsenko. But I never thought it would be you. Tell me, how are you?"

"I'm fine. Tomorrow we'll all be together again; the regiments will all join up with Protsenko."

"I know," she said. "I heard. Have you any wounded men?" She turned to the battalion commander, who had come up.

"Yes, two."

"All right," she said. "We will carry them back to the ravine right away."

She reached up, took Saburov's face in both hands, kissed him quickly on the lips, and let her hands fall. "How good it is!" she said. "I have been very much afraid."

"I, too," Saburov said.

"Come with me a little along the trench," she said. "The stretcher bearers are waiting for me there."

As he walked away behind her, he noticed that she had on a different overcoat and asked about it.

"They gave it to me from a soldier who had been killed," she said. "My old one was ripped to ribbons. I was hot, one evening, when I was moving out wounded, so I took it off and folded it up. And then a shell had to land right on top of it."

Saburov held her hand in his. He noticed the ends of the sleeves had been turned back. The rough cloth had left red marks on her wrists.

"Look how it's rubbing you," he said. "You tell them to give you a new coat." He kissed the red welts tenderly.

"All right. Go," he said after a moment. "I'm going to ask Protsenko if we can't be together."

"He won't refuse," Anya said. She stuffed her hands deep into her pockets and strode off along the trench.

"MAJOR ANNENSKI," Remizov said that night to his chief of staff, "I am leaving you in command of all the rest of the sector. I am going myself with the assault group." He turned to Saburov. "If you go with me, you'll get back to your own men sooner."

"If you will allow me to go with you, I'll be very pleased," Saburov said.

Remizov tied two grenades to his belt and took his automatic rifle. The attack was supposed to begin exactly at ten, and it was now ten minutes before the hour.

The old man shook hands with his chief of staff. "Don't get lonesome. Come on, Captain, let's go."

Five minutes later they were sitting with the assembled assault group in a narrow little ravine leading down to the Volga with many trenches dug along its sides.

"It's time," Remizov said. He called the officer who was to lead the attack and asked if everything was ready.

"Everything," was the answer.

Just at that moment something far in the distance on the left bank of the river roared, flashed in the sky, and flew over their heads, whining, rumbling, and screaming. To the left and quite near could be heard a lot of grenades going off. To the right there was only shooting.

Remizov said angrily, "Their officers must have been killed. Saburov, go on over there. Since we can't hear grenades it must mean they're all lying down. Go as fast as you can. Take any measures you want to."

Saburov crept out of the sentry box and crawled to the right, through the darkness. It turned out that the officer on that flank actually had been killed. A German heavy machine-gun standing in the middle of the ruins made it impossible to go forward. No[illegible]ree sappers were crawling along a detour to place a charge under the ruins of the building on the second floor of which the machine-gun was standing. The others were waiting for the blast before moving farther. A sergeant was running everything quietly and efficiently.

Saburov sent a soldier back to Remizov to report. He lay by the sergeant's side and waited.

When a deafening explosion sounded in front of him, just about where the German machine-gun had been hidden, Saburov stood up and, firing his rifle as he ran, led his Red Army men into an attack.

Twice during the night he was splattered with clods of earth from shells that landed near him. The sleeve of his jacket was ripped by a rifle bullet which lightly seared his left arm.

The night's assignment was carried out and the division again united, but the chief peril came to this small and open area the next day. At eight in the morning the first German attack began. At seven in the evening darkness finally stopped the fighting.

If Saburov had been asked at some later time to describe what had gone on during this day, he could have told it in very few words: the Germans fired, we crouched in the trenches; then they ceased firing, we stood up and fired at them; then they retreated and began to fire, we hid ourselves in the trenches, and when they stopped firing and began to advance, we fired on them.

When the last attack had been beaten off at seven o'clock in the evening, there was a short hush, and you could feel a kind of celebration in the air, as if something extraordinarily important, even sacred, had just taken place. Saburov felt that they had beaten the Germans today—they had proved themselves stronger.

At half-past seven one of Remizov's lieutenants came to replace Saburov, saying, "Protsenko has summoned you."

Saburov walked back along the communications trench. Two or three times he had to climb over the bodies of his own soldiers and he almost collided with Protsenko, who was standing near the edge of the ravine. He was in the same jacket he always wore, but he had on a general's cap.

"Saburov!" Protsenko shouted. "Saburov, is it you?"

"I, Comrade General," Saburov said.

Then Protsenko drew himself very erect, and said in an official tone: "Comrade Saburov, I thank you in the name of the High Command. I have recommended you for decoration, for the Order of Lenin. You have earned it, and I wanted you to know about it."

"Thanks. Thanks a lot," Saburov said without thinking what he was saying, and they both smiled.

"Well, so you're still alive, and all right." Protsenko embraced Saburov and patted him on the shoulder. "Of your three buildings the Germans took back one, the one built like a right angle." Protsenko, it could be seen, felt some kind of personal guilt before Saburov, because he had taken men away from his battalion and taken Saburov himself. "But the division is all together; that's worth more than your building. Yes. By the way, I passed half a day at your battalion. You've got married, they told me."

"Yes, I've got married."

"Have you got a regular hospital assistant in your battalion?"

"No longer," Saburov said. "He was killed."

"Well then," Protsenko said, "I'll appoint Anya hospital assistant attached to your battalion, but only on condition that you invite me to the formal wedding when you have it. Well," he added, "get on back to your battalion."

WHEN Saburov walked up to the dugout he saw Petya's familiar figure in the trench next to it, and something turned over in his heart. He felt as if he were coming home.

"Comrade Captain!" Petya said happily. "We've been waiting for you."

"I must say you fixed up quite a present for my return," Saburov said, trying to hide his pleasure at seeing Petya. "You gave away a building."

"They ganged up on us, or we wouldn't have lost it. We just didn't have the strength. And they were pushed back, too," Petya said, offended. "The commissar and Maslennikov have been waiting and waiting for you."

Saburov found them in the dugout. Vanin shook his hand for a long time, and Maslennikov threw himself on Saburov, embraced him, held him away, looked at him, pulled him back, kissed him and pushed him back on his stool—all of this in less than a minute.

Petya was summoned to pour vodka for them.

"To Saburov!" Maslennikov said. "To his becoming a general and soon!"

Vanin lifted his cup and added: "To Saburov! To his becoming a teacher of history, and soon!"

When Petya poured them each another drink, Vanin said, "Petya never makes a mistake; he always pours out exactly one hundred grams even when the cups are different, or when one of us has a cup, and another a little glass, and a third some kind of mug. Can you explain the secret?"

"I don't pour by eye, Comrade Senior Political Instructor. I hold the flask at a definite angle and then with the sound I count: one, two, three, four, five—finished—one, two, three, four, five—finished."

"What a man!" Maslennikov said. "After the war you'll be working in a drugstore."

"Never, Comrade Lieutenant," Petya said. "Never."

"What are you going to do after the war, Petya?" Saburov asked.

"I'm going back to work as a supply agent," Petya said. "I'm going to do amazing things with supplies."

"I have an idea you've had a drink or two, Petya," Saburov said.

"Yes, Comrade Captain, when you were drinking to victory, I was drinking, too. Yes, I've had a little to drink," Petya said, and then he paused. He did not add that the vodka had had an effect on him it seldom had because the food reserves were nearing their end and Petya, saving them for the officers, had eaten only two rye biscuits the entire day. "Sometime, when this war is over, they're going to tell me: 'Petya, rustle up for the workers' dining room some oysters, and some Chablis.' And for dinner there'll be oysters and Chablis."

"Have you ever eaten oysters?" Saburov asked.

"No, I've never eaten them," Petya said. "I just wanted to say whatever would be the last thing in your minds right now. May I pour you another drink?"

"No," Saburov said, "we've had enough." He leaned his head on his arms and thought. Petya had been talking just now from his heart; these had been his dreams. And dreams are never ridiculous.

PRESENTLY Saburov took Petya and went out to look over the position. Maslennikov stretched out on the cot and immediately fell fast asleep. Vanin sat down at the table, and was working on his political report when Anya walked into the dugout.

Vanin stood up to greet her and held out his hand.

"Where is Captain Saburov?" she asked.

"He has gone out to the companies; he will be back soon."

"Hospital Assistant Klimenko, appointed to your battalion as military hospital assistant, has arrived at her appointed post," Anya said, saluting. Then, letting her arm fall, "Will Alexei really be back soon?"

"Very soon."

Then Vanin said, "I'm especially glad you will be with Alexei Ivanovich, when all around so much is going on that's terrifying. How did you come, straight here with all your things?"

Anya smiled. "Here are my things." She pointed to her big first-aid kit. "This is all I have." She took off her coat and sat down at the table.

Maslennikov stirred, then sat up swiftly, groped for his boots, pulled them on and walked over to greet Anya.

"Here you are," he said, just as if they had been expecting her for a long time.

They talked until Vanin went out to check the guards.

"You should lie down," Maslennikov said to Anya. "We'll fix you up a cot tomorrow, but meanwhile lie down on mine." He wanted to make her understand that he was her husband's most loyal friend, that she could rely on him completely.

Almost at once she fell fast asleep. He sat alone at the table in a heavy silence broken only occasionally by the sound of distant firing. He looked at Anya, and a youthful longing for love—not for her, but just for love—filled him.

He dozed off, sitting on the stool by the table, and woke only when Vanin came back.

"It's already six," said Vanin. "Saburov must have got through to the building Konyukov is holding. I looked everywhere else. There's a restless soul for you."

IT was correct that Saburov had gone over to Konyukov's building; and a night attack by the Germans kept him there until nearly daylight. Then he started back with Petya. Hardly had they begun to crawl across the open space when heavy machine-gun fire began, pinning them to the ground. There was nothing to do but go back to Konyukov.

In the afternoon the Germans began to hammer away with about a dozen heavy mortars against the building itself, and through it toward the sector where the other companies were located.

At exactly four o'clock—Saburov happened to look at his watch—the Germans, judging only by sound, since they were not visible behind the debris, broke into the battalion headquarters. After a minute of threatening silence, five or six grenade explosions could be heard there all at once, then two more, and then five or six. At this moment Saburov had a feeling which he tried his best to shake off. It was anxiety mixed with some ill-defined anticipation of disaster. He wanted to be back at the battalion.

And at that very moment there actually had taken place the greatest misfortune he could possibly have feared.

Unexpectedly, after a very short mortar barrage, the Germans, running, without hiding, between the stones and piles of brick, had thrown themselves directly at Saburov's command post. This was the minute of suspicious silence which Saburov had noticed.

At the post there were only Maslennikov, who had come in to telephone to regiment headquarters, two machine gunners behind their weapon at the entrance to the dugout, and three or four communications men sitting in their own dugout. At this moment Anya happened to be bandaging the injured arm of one of them. When the Germans appeared, the machine gunners paused for a second. Their cartridge belt had run out and several Germans managed to throw themselves onto the ground right next to the dugout and hurl several grenades.

The soldier whose arm Anya was bandaging suddenly turned from her, pulling the bandage from her hand. He fell full length on his back, killed instantly by a splinter from a grenade.

As Anya bent down, the second communications soldier shoved her hard so that she fell to the bottom of the trench. When she opened her eyes, she saw that the soldier had grabbed his tommy-gun and had raised himself above the trench, firing as fast as he could. Her face was against the rifle of the killed soldier lying on the bottom of the trench. She picked it up, put it on the parapet of the trench, and raising herself like the other soldier, began to fire without seeing what she was shooting at.

Then she saw Maslennikov jump out of the dugout to her left and run forward, throwing grenades. A machine-gun clattered again, something flew at them from in front, the soldier dove back into the trench, Anya did the same, and above them sounded three or four heavy explosions.

The soldier stood up again and began to fire. Anya had exhausted the clip of bullets in her gun. There was another clip hanging from the belt of the fallen soldier. She quickly moved across the trench, bent over, and unfastened it. Maslennikov had jumped out of the trench and was again throwing grenades, yelling something. She thought to herself how brave he was.

When she bent down again to pick up the rifle, something arched over her head and fell into the trench between her and the soldier who was still firing. It was a German grenade—she had seen them many times before. She suddenly thought how like a top it was with its long wooden handle. The soldier dropped his rifle and fell to the bottom of the trench. Anya, without thinking at all about herself, was really frightened. In cases like this you had to pick up the grenade and throw it back. She seized it by its handle, which was still turning. The grenade exploded in her hand and Anya fell unconscious.

When Maslennikov jumped back into the trench, he saw Anya lying between two dead soldiers. Clutched in her hand was a piece of wooden handle. Maslennikov bent over her. Blood was coming from a small cut high on her forehead. She was still breathing weakly. Her tunic was ripped in several places and torn completely away at the shoulder and over one breast.

By pure coincidence almost the entire grenade had exploded in one direction. The soldier who had thrown himself down was literally riddled with splinters. Only a few had hit Anya.

A light snow was falling into the trench on her face, on her overcoat, on the bare head of Maslennikov, who had snatched off his cap when he first leaned over her. He carried her to the dugout and placed her on his cot. He laid her enormous kit bag under the bed. Then he walked backwards, still looking at Anya, picked up the telephone, and reported to the chief of staff of the regiment that he needed a doctor or another hospital assistant, if this was in any way possible.

Then he sat on the cot beside Anya. He took out his handkerchief and kept wiping away the blood from her face. He had often seen ugly, heavily-bleeding wounds which men survived; he knew that an inconspicuous wound like this more often killed a man.

He thought about how Saburov would come back, and what he would say to him. Then he remembered a present from the People's Commissariat of Defense still lying in his bag—several bars of chocolate, some biscuits, some powdered milk. He had never touched this because he had planned to make it his present when Saburov and Anya should have their wedding.

He noticed that his handkerchief was soaked through. He threw it away, reached into his bag under the cot and found a clean one. Getting up from his knees, he saw the doctor walk into the dugout.

"Ah, it's Anya Klimenko," and the doctor pushed back his sleeve over his watch and took Anya's hand, feeling her pulse. Then he unfastened her belt and cut the tunic away. The wound on her breast made him frown. He quickly bandaged her, and said: "She needs to be taken away immediately. We must operate."

He shouted through the door: "Stretcher-bearers!" and some came in. When they started away with Anya Maslennikov walked out behind them. For several minutes he stood there in a kind of stupefaction, watching them. Then, suddenly and quite close, he heard rifle fire. He thought with relief that something was starting again and he would no longer have to think, but only run, command, and shoot. He jumped out of his trench, ran to the next one, and threw himself beside the machine gunners who were already firing on the attacking Germans.

SABUROV returned to the dugout immediately after darkness had set in. Maslennikov was there alone, sitting at the table and writing a report.

"Where is Vanin?" Saburov asked, sitting down.

"He went to regiment headquarters, to see Colonel Remizov about something."

The eyes of both men happened at exactly the same moment to fall on the bulky first-aid kit lying half under the bed. They looked at it, then at each other.

"Anya's?" Saburov asked. But he knew it was. "Where is she?"

When Maslennikov hesitated Saburov's heart grew cold.

"She was here," Maslennikov said. "She came yesterday, just after you left. . . . She was wounded today . . . and taken away."

"When?"

"At four o'clock. She's badly wounded, but the splinters are small," Maslennikov said. It [illegible] that Saburov ought to find it important that she had not been disfigured. "In the breast, the shoulder, and on the forehead, too. But that one is only a scratch."

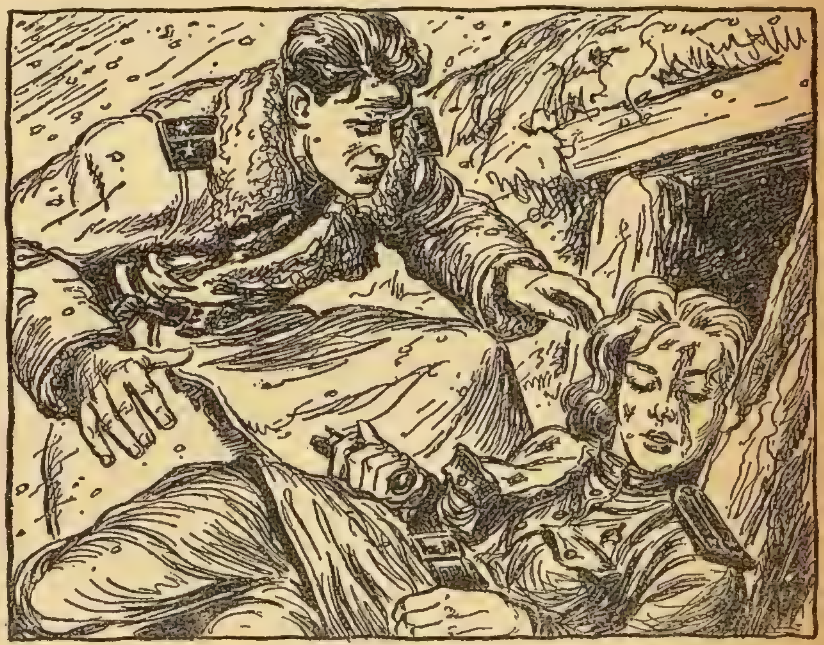
Saburov remained silent.

"Vanin will probably find out something about her," Maslennikov continued. Then he went out.

After several minutes, Saburov went over to Maslennikov's bed and sat on it. He noticed a blood stain on the blanket and thought they had probably put Anya down here. Then he lifted the bag to the bed. Slowly he took out one thing after another. The last things were two soldiers' shirts, big ones, not her size. One of them had its sleeves sewed back just as her overcoat had been when he kissed her wrists where they had been rubbed sore. This had been the last time he had seen her. He fell face down on all the things strewn across the cot and cried, no longer aware of anything around him.

When Vanin ran into the dugout from Remizov's, about a half hour later, Saburov was sitting at the table. He greeted Vanin with the look of a man who has lost something without which he could not imagine living, but who still has decided to go on living.

Vanin sat down across from Saburov. "The wound is severe. They only bandaged it here and are sending her across to the other side."



"Do you mean the Volga has finally frozen?" Saburov said.

"Yes, it's frozen. Today they are sending across the first wounded."

"I see," Saburov said. "Well, that's that."

Then he took off his boots, lay down on the cot. He lay with his eyes open and recalled the entire day, remorselessly and in every detail, this day during which—who knows—perhaps nothing would have happened if he had been here the whole time and not a hundred meters away.

It was at about this time that two orderlies were carrying Anya on a stretcher across the Volga.

THE first three days after Anya's injury went by as furiously for Saburov as all days in Stalingrad.

No man in his own heart can ever believe in the endlessness of anything. Saburov was like all those who were then in Stalingrad: he could not even guess when this siege would end, but he never imagined that it would go on forever. And in him a feeling that great and surprising events hung over them was growing.

During these days he felt a pain in his heart. He felt convinced that if Anya had died, and he was almost sure she had, there would never again be any kind of love in his life.

But he tried to overcome his suffering, and to carry himself just as he always had.

On the fourth night, Saburov had received from regimental headquarters an Order for Konyukov and several medals for men in his garrisons, and he crept through again to Konyukov's building to award these decorations.

Wh[illegible]ck it was almost morning. Vanin was out with the companies and Maslennikov was sitting at the table although he had no work to do and could have gone to sleep. Saburov walked in silently, nodded to Maslennikov, and just as quietly pulled off his boots and his blouse and lay down on the cot.

Maslennikov handed him a cigarette case with tobacco. Saburov rolled himself a cigarette and lit it. He had noticed and was grateful for the sensitive and tactful silence which Maslennikov observed, a rare gift which comes only from sincere friends at times of unhappiness.

Saburov suddenly felt a surge of tenderness towards this man sitting beside him. He sat up, stretched out his hand to Maslennikov, and grasping him firmly by the shoulder pulled him toward himself.

"Mishenka, we'll see each other again sometime, you know, and we'll have something to remember, no?"

"Of course, we'll remember," Maslennikov said after a short silence, "that here we sat on the 18th of November around an iron stove in Stalingrad and smoked this foul tobacco."

Saburov said in surprise, "If today is the 18th of November, it means I'm thirty years old."

To Maslennikov, thirty years was very old indeed. "Well, how shall we celebrate your birthday?" he asked.

"How?" said Saburov. "We'll sit here and keep quiet."

He sat for a long time and said nothing. Then he lay down on the cot and suddenly, almost at once, fell fast asleep with his hand hanging from the cot, still holding the cigarette which had gone out.

When the telephone woke him it was quite dark. He stumbled in his bare feet across the dirt floor to answer it.

"This is Protsenko." In the voice excitement could be heard. "Go outside and listen."

"What's happened, Comrade General?"

"Never mind. Report to me whether you heard it or not. And wake up your men. Let them listen."

Saburov looked at his watch: It was six o'clock in the morning. He hurriedly drew on his boots and without putting on his tunic he ran out into the open.

SNOW was falling, dropping a white shroud over everything beyond a few paces from him. He stood there for a minute or two until he heard, far in the distance, a kind of unbroken rumbling coming from his right, from the north. The sound seemed to shake the earth with little tremors. It produced a feeling that something monstrous was going on, a kind of hell of firing such as no one had ever seen or heard before.

"Is this really it?" he thought, and he turned to a soldier standing next to him. "Do you hear anything?"

"Comrade Captain, of course I hear it. It's ours. You can tell by its voice."

"Has it been going on long?"

"For about an hour," the soldier said.

Saburov walked quickly back into the dugout and woke up Maslennikov, then Vanin. When he had sent them out to listen, he asked the telephone operator to get him Protsenko.

"Comrade General, I am reporting: I heard it," Saburov said.

"Ah . . . everyone's heard it. I woke them all up. It's started, old man, our offensive has started. I shall see again the Ukraine where I was born, I'll stand on Vladimir Hill in Kiev. Can you believe it?"

"I believe it," Saburov said.

"Did you hear it?" Saburov asked Vanin and Maslennikov solemnly as they came in.

For fifteen minutes they sat there without moving, dazed by this feeling of happiness.

Then Maslennikov said, "Maybe we could have a drink to the attack?"

"The first thing in the morning?" Saburov said in surprise.

"If we want to we can pretend it's evening. It isn't light yet," Vanin threw in.

"Petya," Saburov shouted. But Petya did not answer. "Petya!" he shouted again.

Petya was standing outside. He had heard Saburov call him the first time, but he had paid no attention to it, he wanted so badly to hear the sound of the cannonade. Saburov had to go out and get him. Then Petya brought them a tray with three tin cups and an open can of meat from which three forks stuck out fanwise.

"Pour one for yourself," Saburov said. Petya got his own cup, which, judging by his speed, had already been poured.

Clinking their cups together, they drank in silence. There was no need to say anything.

A half hour later Protsenko telephoned, and in a voice which had grown a little calmer but was still excited said he had received from headquarters an official confirmation that Red Army troops had gone over to the offensive to the north of Stalingrad at five o'clock in the morning after a powerful artillery preparation.

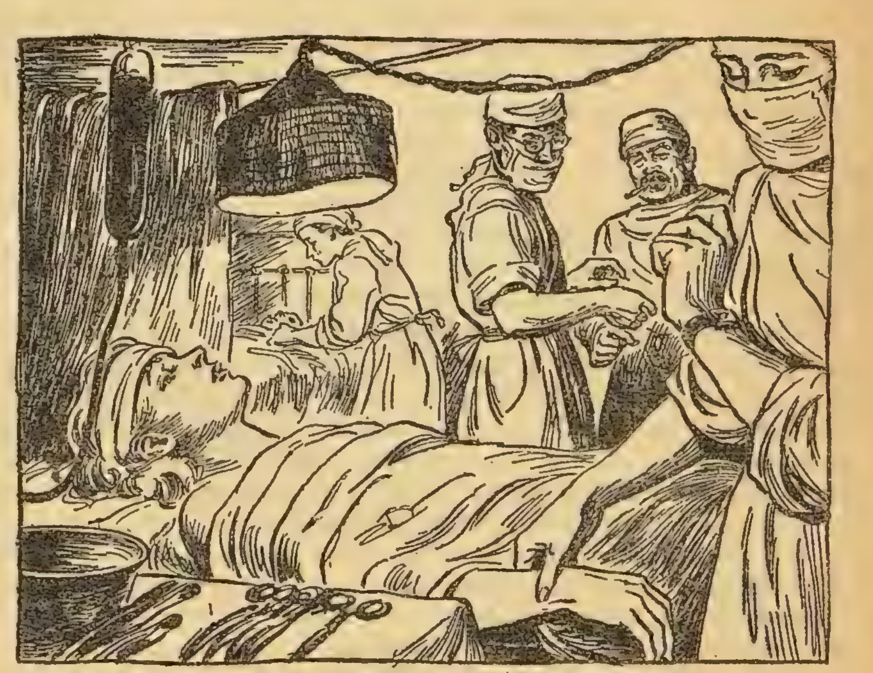
SABUROV telephoned Colonel Remizov for permission to come over and see him, saying, "I have a plan for a small operation."

"Operation?" Remizov said, and his smile could almost be heard over the telephone. "Are you jealous of the laurels of the attacking armies?"

"I guess I am," Saburov said.

"Well, don't come over here, I'll come to see you."

Remizov arrived only a half hour later. His face reddened by the cold wind, and its gray moustaches, made him look like a kind of jovial Santa Claus. He sat down next to Saburov to drink the hot tea Petya brought him.



"Well, what's your plan?" he said when he pushed his mug to one side.

"To capture tonight that building I used to hold beyond Konyukov's. To attack straight out of Konyukov's besieged building, where the Germans don't expect anything except passive defense."

Saburov went on to explain how he planned to send soldiers up to Konyukov during the night, and how they could carry mortars up and perhaps even take a few small cannon in their arms. In a half hour they had finished their preparatory plans and then they telephoned Protsenko.

"Comrade General, I am at Saburov's right now," Remizov said. "We have worked out a plan for an offensive operation with his battalion."

Protsenko said quickly: "Both of you come to see me at once."

They set off for Protsenko's headquarters and there, for the second time that morning, Saburov outlined his plan for capturing the building.

"Good, good," Protsenko said. "We'll begin our attack with this operation. Saburov will go all the way into the besieged building; you, Remizov, only up to Konyukov's building, and maybe I, myself, will come up as far as the command post. Well, on your way."

It was midnight before Saburov had assembled in the building his own men and Remizov's and a unit of thirty men who had come up from Protsenko. He divided them into small groups and began to send them up to Konyukov's building. Last of all, he went up himself with Remizov. He felt almost no excitement. He was trying desperately to think whether anything had been forgotten.

At last the mortars roared out, the cannon began to fire, and the assault groups led by Saburov and Maslennikov moved forward. The Germans were ready for an attack from anywhere at all except from this besieged building which had seemed to them completely blockaded. They began to fire desperately.

The shooting was blind, grenades exploded directly under foot. Once Saburov fired point blank with his tommy-gun; several times he collided with masonry in the darkness and fell flat. Finally, having run through all the ruins in the cellar of the building, he came out on its western side, and breathing hard with fatigue, ordered one of the soldiers next to him to pass on word that the cannon should be dragged up as quickly as possible.

News that the Russians had seized the building so excited the nearest German commanders that they assembled all the men immediately available and sent them into a counterattack without waiting for the dawn. The first counterattack was driven back. Then a half hour later the Germans made a second.

Maslennikov crawled up to Saburov. "Alexei Ivanovich," he said quietly.

"Well?" Saburov turned away from his tommy-gun.

"Alexei Ivanovich, is the big offensive going all right?"

"It's going well," Saburov said and he turned back to his tommy-gun; it seemed to him something was moving in front of him.

ALL at once several Germans jumped through a breach in the wall to their left; they had found an undefended place in the wall of the building. Saburov fired until his ammunition ran out. He moved his hand to his belt where a grenade should have been hanging, but it was not there. He had given his last one to Maslennikov. By this time the Germans were almost on top of them. From behind Saburov's shoulder Maslennikov threw the grenade, but it failed to explode. Then Saburov took his tommy-gun by the barrel and swung its butt end with all his might at a black shape moving past him. There was a crunching sound, and a groan. He had swung with such power that he could not keep his balance, and dropping the tommy-gun he fell flat. This saved his life. A long burst of tracer bullets flashed over him.

Maslennikov, who had fired several times with his revolver in the darkness, saw a German waving his gun over Saburov's prostrate figure. Throwing away his empty revolver, Maslennikov jumped from the side on top of the German, grabbed him with both hands around the throat, and they both swayed and then fell onto the stone floor. They rolled over several times, each man trying to pin the other's arms. Then Maslennikov's left arm slipped down between two stones; he could hear it break, and then he could no longer move it. The last thing he was aware of was something hard and cold pressed against his chest. The German had succeeded in pulling his revolver out from his belt, pressing it with his free hand against Maslennikov's body and squeezing the trigger several times.

Saburov had jumped up and seen the black tangle rolling on the ground. Then he had heard shots, the knot untied itself, and a large unfamiliar form began to stand up from the ground. Saburov had no weapon. He snatched the ammunition clip from his belt and swung it with both hands on the German's head—once, twice, and a third time—with all the strength he had.

By this time soldiers had run in from the next section of the cellar and the counterattack was beaten off.

"Misha," Saburov cried out. "Misha." He knelt and pushed away the dead German. He fumbled over Maslennikov with both hands. On the left, over the heart, the wet blouse stuck to his fingers. He lifted him as Maslennikov had lifted Anya four days before and carried him, stepping carefully across the stones.

In a part of the cellar where a piece of concrete ceiling had been left and where it was possible to light a match, he sat down on the floor, still holding Maslennikov's body in his arms.

"Misha," he said again. Then he lit a match and cupped it quickly in his hands. [illegible] he could see for a moment Maslennikov's white face, with his curly hair thrown back, and one lock, wet and limp, hanging over his forehead.

Saburov straightened the lock. He shuddered, and still holding Maslennikov in his arms, he began to cry bitterly.

An hour later, when the last German counterattack had ended, and when it had become clear that the Germans had decided to postpone their next attack until the morning, Saburov summoned the commander of a sapper platoon which had taken part in storming the building and ordered him to dig a grave for Maslennikov.

"Here?" the sapper asked in surprise, knowing that whenever it was at all possible the bodies of officers who had been killed were taken somewhere to the rear, out of the fighting.

"Yes," said Saburov.

He led the sappers to the very center of the building where pieces of the superstructure still loomed above like a black cross.

"Here," he said, striking his boot with a hollow noise against the concrete floor. "Drill a hole here, put in some dynamite, explode it, and then bury him."

His voice was unusually rough. The sappers quickly obeyed. When they lowered Maslennikov's body into the hole Saburov jumped down and stood beside it. He took off Maslennikov's coat and covered the body so that only the face could be seen. The dawn was just barely breaking and when Saburov leaned over he could see Maslennikov's face. He took all the papers he found in Maslennikov's pockets and unfastened his Order.

"Who has a rifle?" he asked as he got out of the grave.

"We all have."

"Well, then, a volley into the air, and then cover the grave. I'll give the command. Ready! Fire!" He had reloaded his own revolver and he fired with the others. The little volley sounded dry and quiet in the cold air.

"Now cover it up," Saburov said, and he turned away.

Finally he squatted on his heels, took a notebook out of his pocket. "Maslennikov has been killed," he wrote. "I am staying here. If you agree, I think it would be wise for Vanin and the staff to move, too, nearer to me, up to Konyukov's building. Saburov."

He called a soldier and ordered him to carry the note to Remizov.

"Well, now we shall fight," Saburov said in a rough voice. "Now we shall fight," he repeated, not speaking to anyone in particular.

IN a peasant hut being used as an operating room, Anya was lying on a stretcher. She had already gone through one operation, but they had not managed to remove one deep splinter. During these days she had alternately recovered consciousness and lost it. Right now they were waiting for the chief surgeon who had agreed to do a second operation on which all hope depended now.

"What do you think, Alexander Petrovich, will she live?" a young woman doctor asked.

"In theory, no, but I think we can pull her through," the assisting surgeon said. He rolled a cigarette.

The door opened and from the other half of the hut, bringing with him a blast of cold wind, a short, stubby man walked in with quick steps, holding his hands in front of him. Their thick red fingers, obviously, had just been washed with alcohol. Under his heavy grayish-brown moustache a cigarette was hanging in the corner of his mouth.

"On the table," he said looking to one side where Anya was lying on the stretcher. "Somebody light my cigarette."

They brought him a match and he leaned his cigarette into the flame, still holding his hands in front of him.

"They say," he said, walking up to the operating table, "our troops have gone over to a general offensive. They have captured Kalach and they are encircling the Germans beyond Stalingrad. That's all. That's all." He made a decisive gesture with his hands. "Details later, after the operation. Somebody take my cigarette. Give me light."

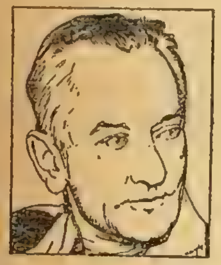
THE END

'Paule 377 L5602-10

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

AFTER years of writing successfully and entertainingly about other people, **Gene Fowler** has written a fascinating autobiography of the first thirty years of his own life. **A Solo in Tom-Toms** is the always engrossing story of a boy brought up by his Western grandparents.



Gene Fowler

Gene Fowler had a father, one Charles Devlan, who, four months before his son was born, quarreled with his mother-in-law and walked off into the mountains. Gene's pretty mother married again, and during the boy's childhood he was called by three different surnames, a fact which so prejudiced him against names that today he never can remember them with any feeling of certainty. He writes: "Grandfather once remarked that I reminded him of Hazy Austin. I did not know then, nor do I now, if the old prospector drew the analogy from life, from folklore, or from literature.

" 'Son, you air like Hazy Austin,' he said. 'Hazy got drunk from a jug while driving his hosses and buckboard out of Telluride one night. He fell asleep in the wagon. When he woke up in the morning, his hosses had been cut loose and wandered off. He looked around, then said: "If I'm Hazy Austin, I've lost two hosses. If I'm *not* Hazy Austin, I've found a wagon." ' "

Gene's mother died when he was still a boy, and it was his strong-minded, abstemious grandmother who was the strongest influence in his life. Mrs. Wheeler had a saying that there were three kinds of people who couldn't handle strong drink: the Indians, the Irish—and everybody else.

When her grandson left a twelve-dollar-a-week job with a telegraph company for a six-dollar job on a newspaper, she said: " 'You are not, shall we say, an expert at figures. Now mark you, I never have taken you to task for being backward at arithmetic, but there is something you simply should be told. Believe it or not, twelve dollars is more than six. Incredible as you may think it, twelve dollars is exactly twice six.' "

A Solo in Tom-Toms is an entertaining picture of the colorful West of thirty years ago, as well as an honest and exciting self-portrait of one of the country's best-loved newspapermen.

The Viking Press, New York. Price $3.

THE **Skinny Angel**, by **Thelma Jones**, is the tender biography of the author's totally unlike father and mother.

Thorwald was a good but humorless school teacher. Alice was a merry, sympathetic human being. Thelma Jones writes that shortly before the birth of her mother's second child, Alice said to her husband: " 'The doctor says I'm fine and that the new baby will probably be here the last week in May.'

Thelma Jones

"Father's smile faded. . . . He rose and leaned dramatically across the table.

" 'Did you say the last week in May? You can't. I won't have it. It's preposterous—utterly preposterous. Why, Alice, do you know what you are selfishly proposing to do? The last week in May is *Commencement Week!*"

Alice whooped with laughter, as she was to do for the remainder of her life with her beloved and admirable but painfully serious and impractical husband.

Whittlesey House, New York, London. Price $2.75.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

W	A	C	■	M	I	N	N	E	H	A	H	A
A	R	E	■	S	N	O	O	T	■	D	O	N
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Last week's answer

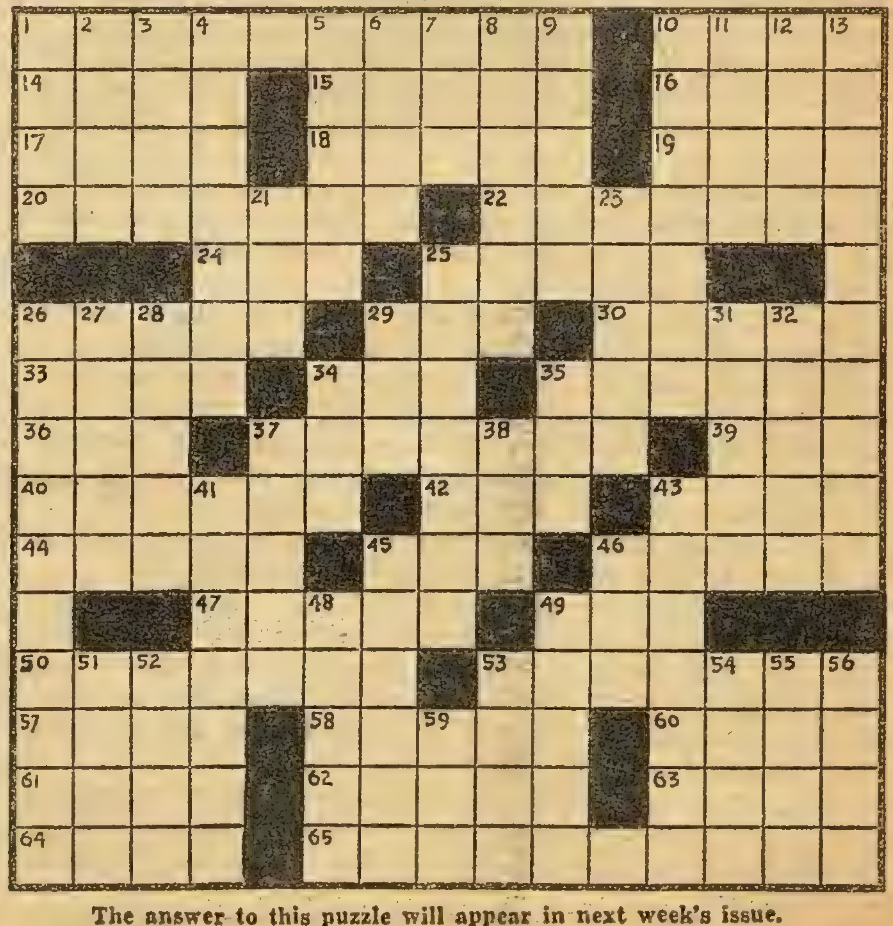
7/13/46

HORIZONTAL

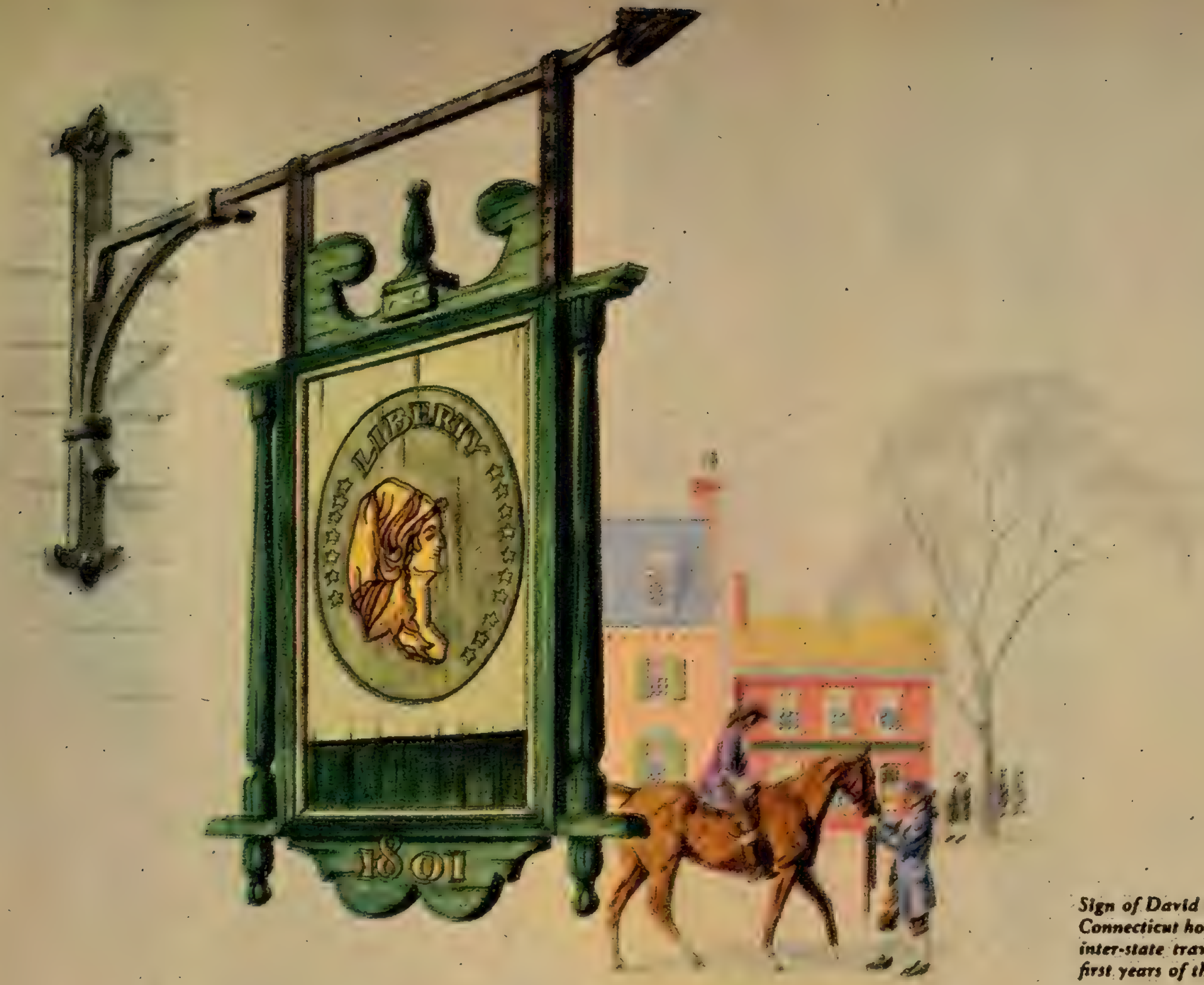
1 Tomato-raising tomato
10 Foolhardy outbreak
14 Shake a stick and this bum will let out an awful blast
15 Breadspreads
16 Empty at both ends and half nuts in the middle
17 "What's Hayworth, ——?"
18 Employers
19 Night light
20 Undecipherable thing on post card
22 Coupé wrestlers
24 Sektry UNO and INO
25 He waves, you don't see him, you go bye-bye, I Conn tell you
26 Garbage collector
29 Heinz hound, contains 57 varieties
30 These gals haven't got a rag to their backs
33 Kind of elf
34 What great-grammaw waved at great-grampaw
35 Top dressing
36 What the Fijis did to the missionary
37 Ginberry
39 Big thing about the Midwest
40 He carried a pack during the Revolution and sold out to the Yankees
42 Office of Reducing Administrators (abbr.)
43 There's a serious shortage in this dept. at Wellesley
44 "What's Hayworth, ——?"
45 International League (abbr.)
46 Its theme song is: Man-Hunting We Will Go!
47 Some pointers on the moon
49 She cackles and hasn't a tooth in her head
50 Weak things husbands greet wives with at 2 A.M.
53 Underbrush (pl.)
57 What Spaniards spat into over the bridge (pl.)
58 Could you call a gal with an unwilling suitor this bored?
60 French lady friend
61 This expression ain't in no refined girl's vocabulary
62 It's made of mud and injunuity
63 The OPA of yesteryear
64 Fatherly things that visit the young folks
65 The fate of your Liberty and mine is in his hands

VERTICAL

1 Esther Williams puts a lot in her swimming
2 He loved Rosie
3 Hangs till it falls
4 The outlook for this is extremely spotty
5 Puss paint
6 Lees, or —— (anag.)
7 Ball-bearing object used in driving
8 Sleepy state
9 He lost his head over the queen, then lost his head
10 You get many views, mostly air, from here
11 Pay tribute to the dealer's pot
12 Shining example of glamor hamor
13 Reason why nags don't bet on humans (two words)
21 Many an old chest's filled with it
23 He was a howl on the radio
25 Underlying causes for the Unhappy Postman
26 Washboard weepers (two words)
27 Entrancing order
28 Anyone can raise four crops of these a year
29 Fat thing your butcher likes you to bring round
31 Nice things to have with peaches
32 Heavenly housing projects
34 It flies during peacetime battles
35 Splittin' image of 46 Vertical
37 Two-faced guy
38 Expert with a club, beats everybody
41 Flyers, go on short hops, plague farm lands
43 Place where men are men and women Buttes
45 uʍop ɟo puᴉʞ
46 Splittin' image of 35 Vertical
48 It's been a smash hit on the road
49 Got an edge on
51 Caesar's unlucky number
52 Pittsburgh's leading sock maker
53 If gobs are sailors, are these noisy Waves?
54 Male lime (anag.)
55 Gaels blow about it
56 Ears burn (anag.)
59 Solemn promise



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.


LIBERTY
1801

Sign of David Bissell's Tavern, Connecticut hostelry catering to inter-state travelers during the first years of the Republic.

Signs of Old-Fashioned Hospitality

To many, the very name of William Penn Whiskey brings a suggestion of other days—of bars lighted by candles, and taverns warmed by old-fashioned friendship! For that's the kind of a whiskey William Penn is. Down through the long years its ripe bouquet and rich, mellow flavor have been as dependable, and as comfortable to have around, as a faithful old friend. Enjoy William Penn for yourself . . . sometime soon.

William Penn
ORIGINATED IN 1888
William Penn
Blended Whiskey

William Penn

JUST AS FINE AND MELLOW AS CAN BE

Blended Whiskey—86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits. Gooderham & Worts Ltd., Peoria, Illinois

THE COURTING OF CLARISSA

Continued from Page 29

fore not to swim in that dike," said Grandma Renfro, enraged, and she called for Will King Solomon to fetch a .30-caliber Winchester rifle.

My grandmother got down into the prone position on the lawn and began firing at the swimmers in the dike. Water kicked up all around the men. Grandma Renfro wasn't trying to hit them. She was just teaching them a lesson in manners.

She was still firing and the men were running for the heavy brush at the head of Red Deer Canyon when Mr. Sneed's truck appeared out of the river bottoms. The little car was moving so fast that it seemed to be hitting only the high spots on the road. Before the truck had stopped in front of the ranch house, my cousin, Clarissa, jumped out, yelling: "Don't shoot, grandma! Cease fire, for gosh sakes! Homer is down there in the canyon."

OUTSIDE of being a little on the tall rawboned side, Clarissa was one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen. And she certainly looked beautiful as she jumped out of the truck and charged toward us, carrying her high-heeled shoes in one hand. Her long red hair was whipping in the wind and she had an angry look around her mouth.

Grandma Renfro jumped to her feet, holding the Winchester under one arm, and started kissing and one-arm hugging Clarissa. And it was a couple of minutes before Clarissa could explain how Homer McCook, Jr., had gotten out of the truck trustingly, to open a gate into Hell-to-Catch pasture and Mr. Sneed had played one of his practical jokes. Mr. Sneed drove off, leaving the McCook boy standing in the gap.

Clarissa had been so angry that she broke a gallon jug of sheep dip over the Hopkins man's head. But Mr. Sneed was full of lemon extract and was feeling no pain. He had just laughed over his practical joke and stepped on the gas.

And now, said Clarissa, poor Homer was having to hike in the mile or so to the ranch house and had probably taken a short cut through Red Deer Canyon. If so, he was in Grandma Renfro's line of fire.

As she spoke, a tall figure appeared over the railway embankment and trudged up the hill toward the ranch house. It was Homer McCook, Jr. His gray flannel suit was torn and dirty. He was picking cactus thorns from his backside as he walked along. He was picking them with his left hand. Through some hereditary quirk, all male members of the McCook clan that I ever knew were left-handers. When he drew nearer, I saw that he was a thin, rather good-looking young fellow. He had a way of looking at people through squeezed eyelids as if he were sizing them up for their value on the hide-and-tallow market.

He gave Mr. Sneed a dirty look. He arranged his face into a smile and he greeted Grandma Renfro:

"I know you're Mrs. Renfro, and I'm very glad to know you. Some fool was shooting my way, down in the canyon, and I ruined my clothes when I fell among some cactus while taking cover. It may have been a hunter. But I'm not so sure, for two nude men were running up the canyon as if the devil were after them."

"Don't let it worry you any, son," said Grandma Renfro, holding the Winchester behind her back. "And welcome home! We've invited all the kinfolks over and we're going to have a big party. But we don't want to interfere with you and Clarissa, and we want you-all to get a lot of courting done."

Clarissa came up and started introducing Homer, Jr., to all of the relatives, including Uncle Gummy, who was delivering a prohibition speech aimed at Mr. Sneed.

"I hope you're not a drinking man, son," said Uncle Gummy as he shook Homer's hand.

"Just an occasional glass of beer—" began Homer.

But Uncle Gummy interrupted him: "I have pledged my life to extermination of that infamy known as the liquor traffic in this county. And I have utter abhorrence for those willful, malicious, pragmatic poltroons, those hellhounds like that little peddler yonder who sell the stuff, feasting upon human depravity, growing rich on the wreckage of happy homes, and building palaces out of the tears and tribulations of innocent women and children."

"I thoroughly agree with you, sir," said Homer, Jr., "especially in your references to Mr. Sneed."

It was then that Goober Savaflavos came up and started pounding McCook on the back.

"So you're the foreman," said Homer. "One of the first things I'll do will be to take care of your case as soon as I become general manager of this organization."

"Welcome! Welcome, Homer!" said Goober, grinning leakily because he'd taken too big a chew of tobacco. "I knowed your paw well, also your Uncle Perchmouth, rest his soul. Being as you're mussed up already, why don't you come down and help with the calf branding? We've got some big husky calves down there, and wrestling with them will sharpen your appetite for Will King Solomon's barbecue."

Homer protested that he needed to take a bath and pick the cactus thorns out of his back. Clarissa protested too. But Goober just ignored them and half dragged Homer down to the corrals.

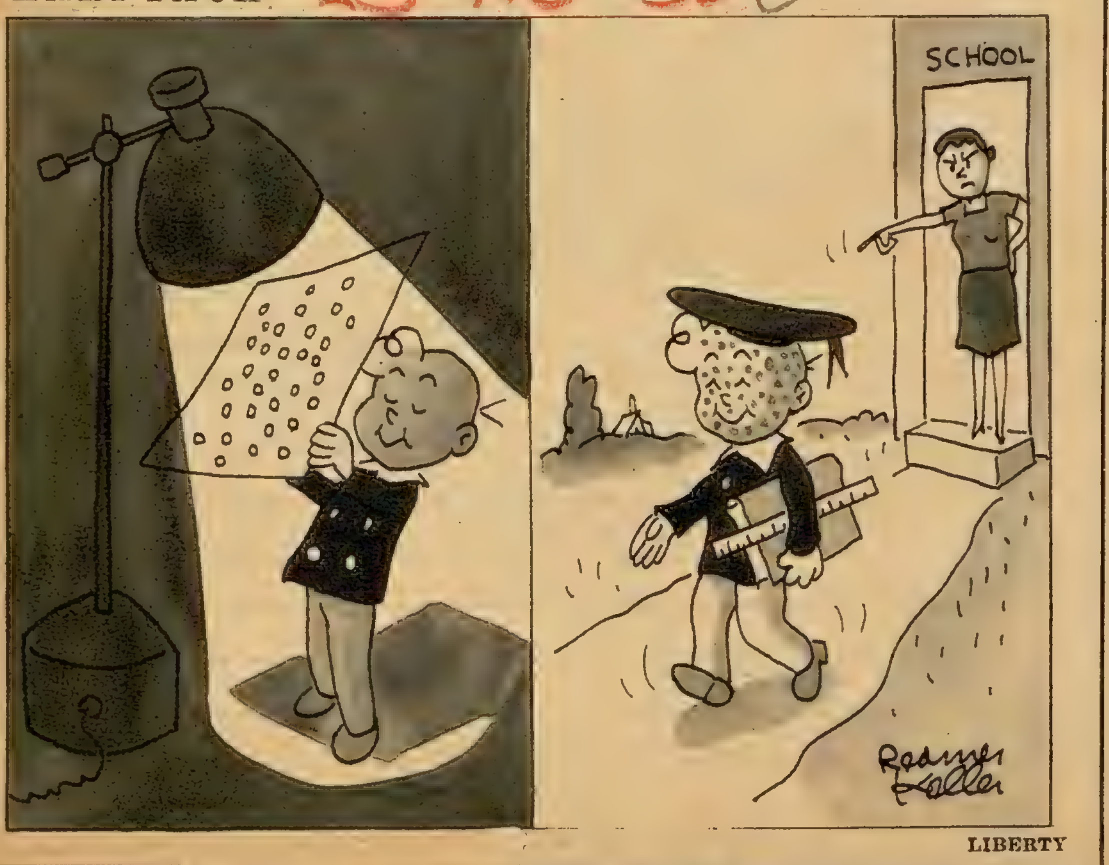
I CARRIED Clarissa's luggage and followed her to her room. She was cross and hardly spoke until she had opened her clothescloset and taken a look at Viola Mae. Viola Mae, the complete skeleton of an Indian girl, was the prize of Clarissa's bone collection.

I started off undiplomatically. I said, "Clarissa, have you told your boy friend how fond you are of his horse-thieving uncle?"

Clarissa didn't take offense. She smiled for the first time since she'd returned and she said, "You've given me an idea, Bub. I'd still like to take a look at Perchmouth's bones, especially his skull. I promised Grandma Renfro I wouldn't bother that grave any more, but I wouldn't be breaking my promise if Homer happened to dig up Perchmouth."

I gave up on Clarissa, and went outside to see if lunch was ready.

HARDTACK L5415-50 ✓



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There were tables spread over a half acre of the lawn. And Will King Solomon had spread a great meal. Besides the barbecued beef with King Solomon's famous "devil's sauce," we had fried chicken, candied sweet potatoes with marshmallow topping, tender young corn on the cob, black-eyed peas cooked with ham, French fried potatoes, sliced ripe tomatoes, dill pickles, little green onions, strawberry-cream pie, ten freezers of ice cream, two dozen ice-cold watermelons and, despite Uncle Gummy's protests, a dozen big kegs of beer.

Homer, Jr., was in bad shape. During the branding Goober had given him the job of throwing and tying the stock. Homer was covered with dirt from rolling in the corral. And, worst of all, he'd gotten too near a branding iron. Goober had slipped with a red-hot iron. The point touched Homer only lightly on the left hip, but he'd probably carry Grandma Renfro's turkey-track brand all the rest of his life.

He was too sore from the branding and the cactus thorns to sit down and eat. And he seemed very relieved when Clarissa led him off and they walked towards the river bottoms.

"That's lovers for you," said Grandma Renfro.

I was a little sore at my grandmother by this time, and I said, "I know you'll be happy over all this, especially when Clarissa becomes Mrs. McCook and starts having a bunch of little left-handed brats with narrow-set eyes."

"Mind your own business, Bub," said Grandma Renfro. "I just noticed that Uncle Gummy followed Clarissa and Homer down toward the river. They'll never get any courting done with that old pest trailing them. You'd better chase down there and try to talk Uncle Gummy into returning to the party."

"Yes, ma'am," I said. I had some ice cream to eat, though. And I didn't get down into the river bottoms for about twenty minutes. I knew that Clarissa would head for the big cottonwood tree under which Perchmouth McCook was buried. And, sure enough, when I was almost there, I heard the darndest racket. Homer, Jr., was howling in pain and Uncle Gummy was hitting him with a shovel. Clarissa was screaming and trying to take the shovel away from Uncle Gummy.

I RAN the rest of the way and I pitched in and helped Clarissa. I talked earnestly to Uncle Gummy. And finally I got him to go back to the ranch house.

"What's the matter with that old man?" Homer said dazedly. "I was just digging for Indian relics and he came out of the brush and grabbed my shovel and started beating me with it. And he called me a human jackal who would dig into the sepulchers of my own kin. That Gummy should be confined in an asylum, and I'm going to see what I can do about it as soon as I become manager of this crazy outfit!"

"I prefer to remain anonymous—"
LIBERTY

I saw that Homer had dug only a shallow hole in the grave. I said to Clarissa, "Did you tell Homer that he was digging for Indian relics? I don't suppose you mentioned Uncle Perchmouth—"

"You keep your mouth shut, Bub," said Clarissa. And then she spoke softly to her fiancé: "Now, now, Homer, honey. Don't get all fretted up. I'm angry at my family too—just as angry as I can be. You know what we're going to do, honey? We're going to borrow Grandma Renfro's station wagon and drive to New Mexico and get married so quick it'll make our heads swim. We'll show 'em!"

I thought Clarissa was kidding. But a few minutes later she was taking off in the station wagon. Homer was sitting limply beside her. And Mr. Sneed was in the back seat. I suppose they were taking him along as a witness for the marriage.

Grandma Renfro was sitting on the front gallery, drinking beer and cracking jokes. I walked up and told her that Clarissa had eloped.

My grandmother set down her glass. She walked to the edge of the gallery and looked down Red Deer Canyon. Then she said:

"It's all my fault, Bub, and I know you must think I'm an old fool. But I really had a plan—and I thought we'd get shed of Homer with my plan. I thought after a day or so around this family, Homer would lose all thought of fortune hunting. I even got Goober Savaflavos to get him down there for the branding and to brand him with a hot iron lightly. The other accidents just happened, and I didn't have to make any advance arrangements with Mr. Sneed and Uncle Gummy. They just naturally pester the life out of someone without any prompting.

"But things didn't work out, Bub. I've let Clarissa get into a bad marriage, and I'll never forgive myself."

THERE was still one steer left to eat, yet the home-coming party sort of broke up after Clarissa left. All the relatives, excepting those from Cottle County, corralled their youngsters and went home. The Cottle County relatives stayed the night.

I spent a miserable night, worrying about Clarissa. I got up early and had breakfast on the front gallery with Grandma Renfro.

We were halfway though breakfast and feeling less depressed, when we noticed a big cloud of dust down at the end of Hell-to-Catch pasture. Underneath the dust cloud was a fast-traveling automobile.

"Hit's our station wagon," commented King Solomon, who has a sharp eye, "and 'at old Mr. Sneed is driving. He's the onliest man in the county who drives like that."

Clarissa was sitting beside Mr. Sneed and she seemed to be asleep. But she awoke with a start when he slammed on the brakes and came to a halt in a shower of gravel.

Grandma Renfro looked in the back seat of the station wagon and then demanded, "Where's Homer?"

When she said this, Clarissa began to cry. She ran by Grandma Renfro and trotted up the stairs to her room. My grandmother told me to follow her and try to comfort her. Clarissa started to fall face down on her bed and have a good cry. But the bed was full of cotton-topped kids of our Cottle County relatives. So she opened up the clothescloset and kept on sobbing while she patted Viola Mae on the head. Finally she said, "You were right about Homer, Bub. He was horrible to me. And I'm well rid of him!"

Two of the kids in the bed waked up and saw Viola Mae, and they started howling. So I got out of there and went back to the front gallery.

"Good golly, but I'm tired!" said Mr. Sneed. "What a night! Clarissa and this McCook fellow wanted to get married in Fort Sumner, New Mexico, and everything seemed O.K., until Clarissa remembered that Billy the Kid was buried near Fort Sumner. After that she got real excited and made us stop and buy some garden tools from a nester. We drove on until we came to the old cemetery, which is about six miles from Fort Sumner. It was around twilight, and I don't mind telling you, Mrs. Renfro, it was a spooking place."

Under Clarissa's directions, Homer started digging beneath the soft shell of cement which covered Billy the Kid's burial place. It was Clarissa's idea to dig in under, so as not to disturb the cement covering. Clarissa said she wanted only to take a peek at Billy's bones. Then she

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said they'd cover up the grave and no one would be the wiser. She said she had a scientist's curiosity because of all the stories that Billy hadn't really been killed at Fort Sumner, but had lived to be an old man and had become a deacon in an El Paso church. Clarissa wanted to take a look at the remains, just to make sure.

Also, she said she was getting pretty tired.

When she said she was getting tired, Homer stopped digging and yelled, "You're tired! What the hell do you think I am?"

And he started bawling her out. I suppose Homer was getting a little suspicious by now, for Mr. Sneed had informed him that it was Grandma Renfro who had shot at him, and also that he had been digging up his Uncle Perchmouth's grave instead of Indian relics back at the ranch.

And then Homer commented on what a goofy family Clarissa had. The more he talked, the angrier he got.

About then a .45-caliber bullet sang over Homer's head. Three men rushed from behind the adobe house, grabbed Homer and slapped some handcuffs on his wrists. It seemed, said Mr. Sneed, that these were the sheriff and two of his deputies. They'd been driving by when they saw this man digging in the graveyard. And they were even more angry when they crept up behind the adobe house and heard Homer cussing a woman so horribly.

The sheriff sought to comfort Clarissa, saying:

"I know what you've put up with from this fellow. But we'll put him where he'll not bother you for a while. Also, we'll put him where he can't vandalize our tourist attractions for a spell."

NO charges were pressed against Clarrisa and Mr. Sneed. Homer was handcuffed, even in his cell, and once or twice the deputies had to get a little rough with him.

Later that night Clarissa and Mr. Sneed called at the county jail for a talk with Homer. Clarissa told him that she would wire Grandma Renfro for bail money and then they could get married, after all.

Well, Mr. Sneed said, Homer started acting like a crazy man when Clarissa mentioned getting married. He even began frothing at the mouth. He told Clarissa that he was happier in jail than he'd ever been during his visit to Hell-to-Catch Ranch. And he said some more terrible things about our family. And he said he never wanted to see Clarissa again or any of her family.

At this, Clarissa got angry too, and she started crying and mentioning how disappointed she was in not seeing Billy the Kid's bones and that it was all Homer's fault. And then she said the wedding was off, and she walked out of the jailhouse.

HARRY LAMPERT

"Here! Now go back to sleep!"
LIBERTY

"She wanted to go back to the Fort Sumner cemetery and dig some more, and I had a devil of a time steering her away from there," said Mr. Sneed.

"Finish your eggs before they get cold, Mr. Sneed," said Grandma Renfro, "and have some of this plum jell—it was made from Red Deer Canyon plums and it's sure larruping.

"Now, Mr. Sneed, some people might not understand all of these shenanigans and I'd rather this story about Clarissa didn't get around. If it does, I'll know who spread it and I'll be pretty vexed."

"I'll not breathe it to a soul," said Mr. Sneed.

But within two days everyone in Deaf Jones County had heard about Homer McCook, Jr.'s, courtship of Clarissa. And Grandma Renfro was a little annoyed with Mr. Sneed. She said that she might get Will King Solomon to fetch the Winchester the next time she saw the cloud of dust which meant that Mr. Sneed was on the horizon.

THE END

HOW TO GIVE MONEY AWAY

Continued from Page 19

years to retain the devoted support of a number of philanthropic leaders, men such as Allen Wardwell, a leading New York lawyer and a director of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.; Homer Folks, secretary of the New York State Charities Aid Association and for forty years a recognized leader in antituberculosis work; and such well-known philanthropic figures as William Jay Schieffelin, Percival Dodge, and Valentine E. Macy, Jr.

The small staff of the agency is headed by D. Paul Reed, who was drafted by the bureau a few years ago after an extended period of similar philanthropic investigations for the Rockefellers. The budget—it runs to less than $50,000 a year—is paid for by the subscription fees of some 500 community chests and councils and thirty-one philanthropic foundations. Individuals who wish to avail themselves of the same service can become members for as little as ten dollars. And operating as a nonprofit membership organization, the bureau is able to supply its members with confidential reports that would be unobtainable, except at prohibitive cost, by any other method.

World War II proved the need for eternal vigilance against charity fakers all over again. One group of promoters, for example, specialized in taking New York's Park Avenue and Café Society crowd. A day or two after Pearl Harbor they founded The American War Heroes Foundation, Inc., with an innocent General Committee that included such reputable and prominent people as the late Joseph P. Day, Will Hays, Anne Morgan, Paul Warburg, and Thomas J. Watson. The "foundation" proposed to endow the education of the children of "American War Heroes who have been properly recognized and accredited."

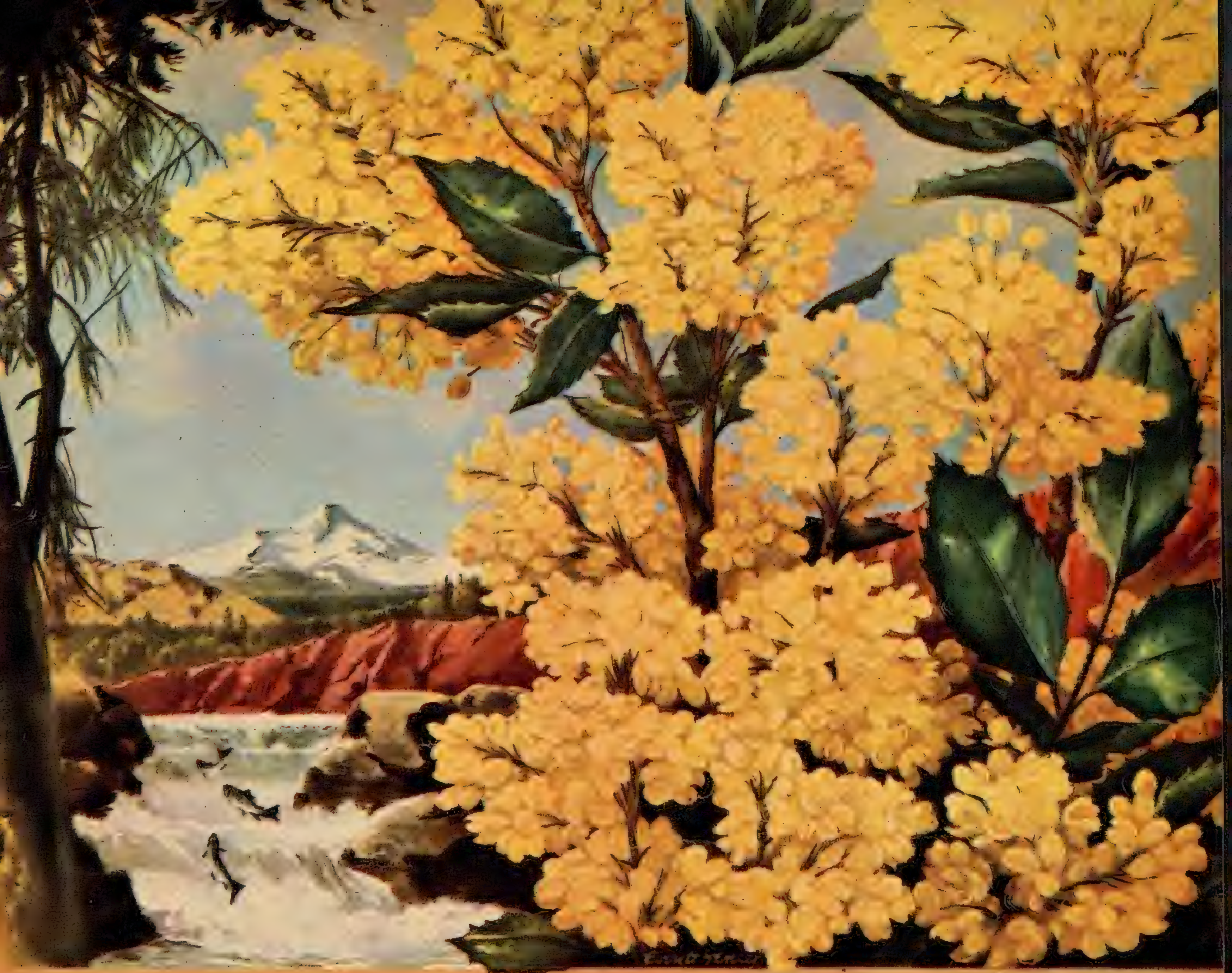
SOON the foundation began to spawn other organizations, including a "Park Avenue Canteen" and a "We Will Win Committee." Scores of Social Registerites lined up behind the promoter, George L. Fecke, to run an almost endless series of dinners, balls, and dances. In the Waldorf-Astoria they staged a testimonial dinner for General MacArthur. At the swank 1-2-3 Club they played a war heroes game—bingo in swallow-tails. The million-dollar Charles Steel mansion was "bought" by the promoters to serve as the ritziest of servicemen's canteens. A high-pressure press agent was hired for $6,250. And the dollars rolled in.

The dollars stopped rolling, however, when the District Attorney and the Welfare Commissioner found that Fecke had arranged for himself a salary of a mere $1,500 a month *plus* expenses that were allowed to go as high as 30 per cent of the money raised. The District Attorney also found that only $429.16 remained in the till. To top things off, the promoters had worked up a scheme to sell ordinary commercial insurance to soldiers' families while leading bereaved war widows to believe they would receive some sort of special benefits from the foundation if they bought the policies.

Eleven months after the project had first hit the society pages, Justice William Collins annulled the Foundation's charter. "Charity," the judge wrote, "not only began at the home of the foundation—it ended there."

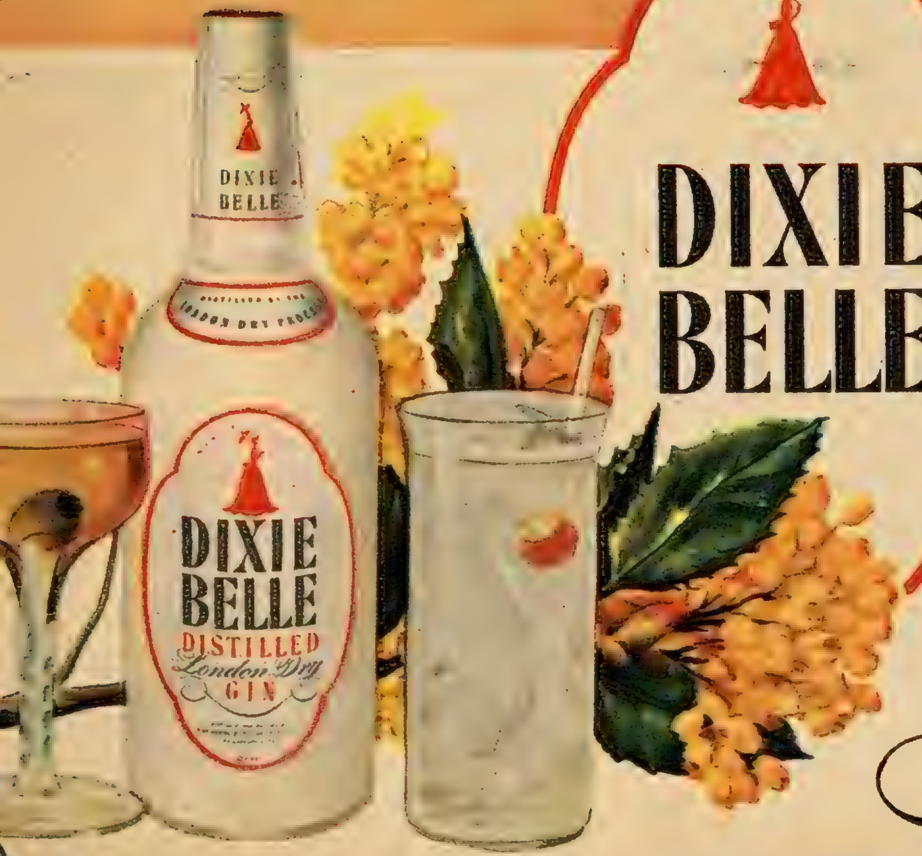
While contributors bureaus do not

(*Continued on page 52*)



A Favorite in Flowers

THE OREGON GRAPE . . . State Flower of Oregon



DIXIE BELLE

A favor-ite because it's flavor-right! That's Dixie Belle . . . a gin which wins public esteem for bright, clean flavor. These superior qualities are expertly distilled into every luscious drop from choice fruits, herbs and berries and 100% grain neutral spirits. Naturally it's a favorite—Dixie Belle!

A Favorite in GIN

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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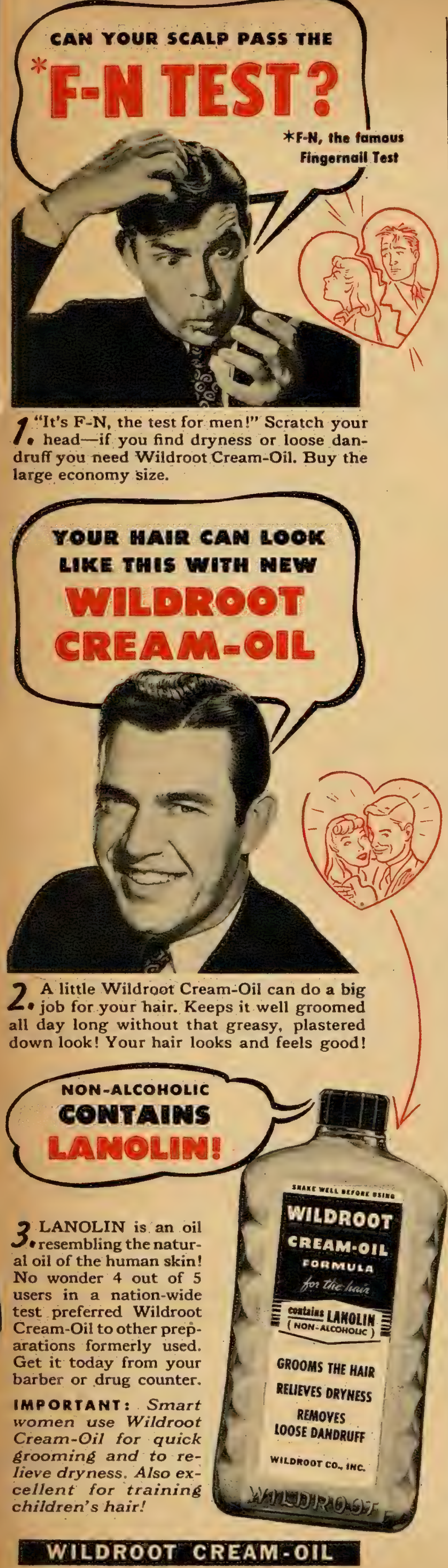

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE *F-N TEST?

*F-N, the famous Fingernail Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN!

3. LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

(*Continued from page 50*)

hesitate to expose such frauds, they consider such work as but a tiny part of their real function. Much more important, in their eyes, are the organizations which operate with good intentions for worthy causes, but which fail, in one respect or another, to operate efficiently, ethically, and effectively.

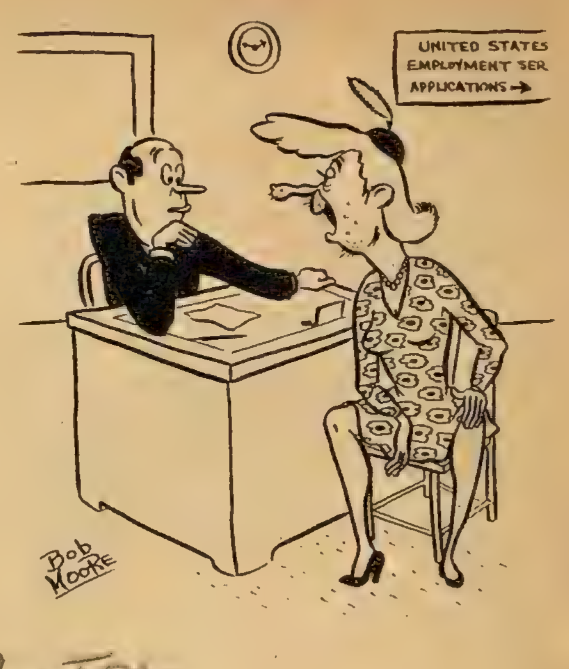
Often the trouble lies in a too ambitious program that loses sight of realities. Only last year, for instance, a nation-wide campaign for five million dollars was undertaken by one of the organizations engaged in the fight against poliomyelitis. One of the announced purposes of the fund was to provide a dormitory to house student technicians while they learned the techniques of treating polio. The uninitiated layman would, no doubt, think this a most laudable purpose. But investigation disclosed that when the campaign was planned, only two such student technicians were on the rolls. Serious critics found it hard to agree that the soliciting of funds for dormitory building could be considered well advised. While the campaign proceeded despite this and similar criticisms, it fell far short of its goal.

THE National Information Bureau—and most of the local bureaus—judge all agencies by a group of standards which each of us might well apply when planning our individual donations. Every agency worthy of support, they maintain, must state its purpose clearly so that the contributor may be sure that his money will go toward activities he is interested in supporting. This seems hardly to require statement. Yet millions of dollars have been raised by organizations whose names suggest purposes differing greatly from their real activities.

The bureaus judge philanthropies also on the basis of how effectively they carry on their activities, whether they issue clear and detailed annual reports, whether they have adequate staffs of appropriately trained people, and how well they work with other social agencies to minimize duplication of work and expenditures.

An almost certain sign of weakness is a one-man board of directors or a board that never seems to acquire new blood. The bureaus also tend to disapprove—for obvious reasons—agencies whose directing boards are loaded down with members of their salaried staffs.

The way in which an organization raises its funds is another almost sure-fire tip-off. Those who use telephone solicitors on a commission basis are subject to most careful scrutiny. Agencies which send unordered merchandise, tickets, and similar articles through the mails on a "remit or return" basis are invariably disapproved unless, like the tuberculosis associations, they use a seal or token that may be regarded as educational. So, too, do the contributors bureaus look with a jaundiced eye upon the kind of charity that lives largely by benefit shows. The principal beneficiary from all too many such performances turns out to be the hired show promoter.


UNITED STATES EMPLOYMENT SER. APPLICATIONS →
Bob Moore

Preston

"I'm a model. For cartoonists, of course."
LIBERTY

One practice that is most strongly condemned is the use of "clients" or beneficiaries in the direct solicitation of funds. Contributors bureaus look upon this as a form of organized begging that exploits the very persons the philanthropy is supposed to aid and protect. One organization used to claim that its function was the rehabilitation and aid of the handicapped. It turned out, however, that the mailing of appeals for contributions was the main activity of the handicapped clients.

How important such practices are as indications of other and even worse distortions of philanthropy is shown by the fact that when the State Attorney General's office looked into this agency, it found that its officers had changed the bylaws to give themselves the right to lifelong pensions, whether they worked or not. Today, under a new board of directors and a new management, this particular agency has reorganized and is following a course that really benefits the handicapped.

The individual contributor can use some of these standards to judge almost any agency that solicits his support. But his best bet, whenever the appeal of any single agency touches his heart, is to check with the nearest Contributors Information Bureau, Welfare Council, Community Chest, or Better Business Bureau.

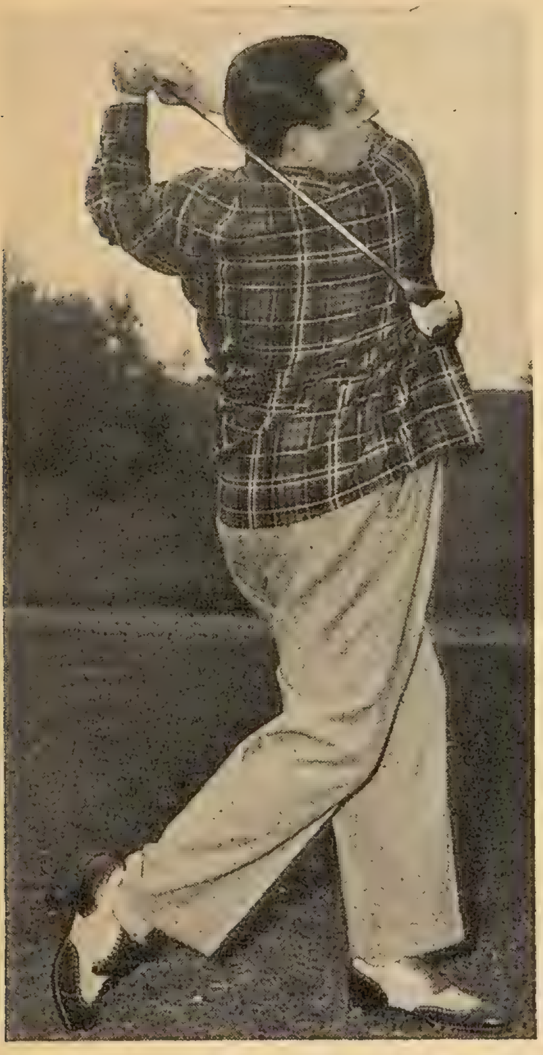
Even such a check is no final guaranty against the charity faker, the philanthropy racketeer, or the wasteful or unneeded charity. It is no *perfect* guaranty—but it's much better than just taking out your checkbook whenever a high-pressure solicitor puts the bee on you.

THE END

EDITORIAL DEPT
PAYS THIS

Clothes Clinic
By P. B. Juster

A SLIMMER SUMMER

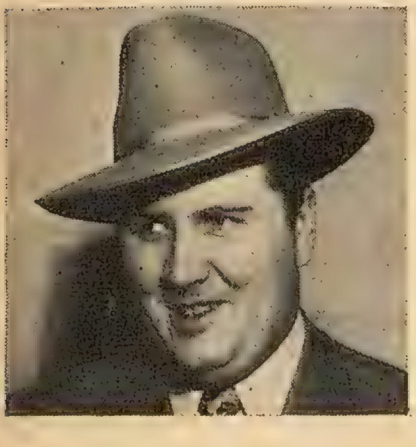


*1. How can Mr. "Plump" become a better-dressed, better-looking golfer?

2. He can avoid pleatless trousers.

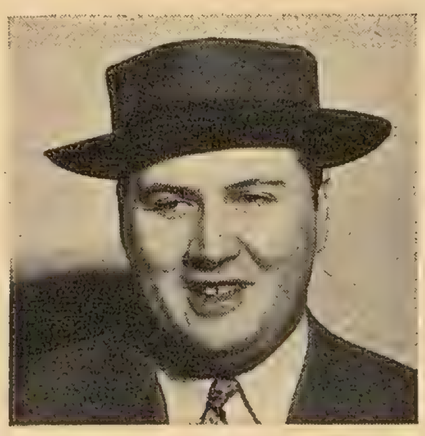
3. Pleats tend to camouflage his paunch.

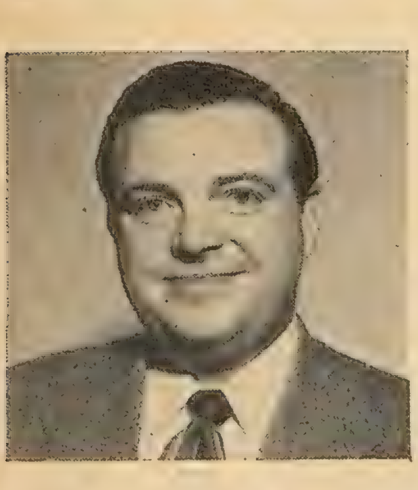
SOME DO'S AND DON'TS FOR FAT MEN



←DO
High-crown, small-band hats give length to a round face. The wide brims add some balance.

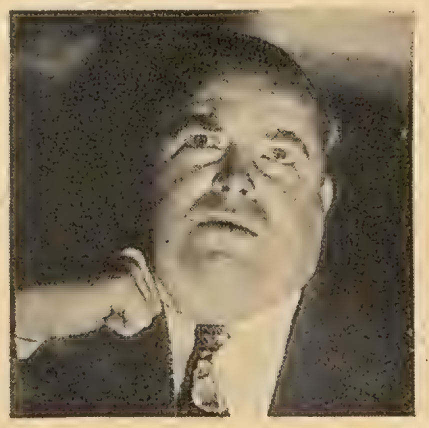
DON'T→
Short crowns give short men a squashed look. The turned-up brim emphasizes wide face.





←DO
Select a large enough collar, one that is cut low to follow the natural contour of the neck.

DON'T→
Tight-fitting collars give folks the impression you may be bursting out all over. Besides, they are uncomfortable.



*THE COMPLETE ANSWER TO QUESTION 1

If there is a lot of you that meets the eye, your clothes should create the illusion of less width. Bold plaids advertise heft. Stripes and solid shades do not.

What do you know about-

A Sitting B...?

Bull. Wouldn't stand for the underwear of his day . . . hence his name. His Sioux suit kept creeping up on him . . . like other Indians. Slick-fitting underwear like Allen-A might have kept him off the warpath.

An Allen-A...?

Today's name for top quality knit underwear. Shaped-to-you comfort that's relaxing as a peace pipe. Won't creep up or bind. *Made* to keep you comfortable. As in fine hosiery and sportswear . . . Allen-A's a name to remember.

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

L 5561-82

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

DOC'S-HUND: Physician's long, low dog.

SPRING-KLE: April shower.

COMMON-DANT: Ordinary G.I. in charge.

CYC-LOAN: Hurricane in hock.

ASFAULT: Something wrong with the pavement.

POLE-TREE: To hold up a chicken fence.

DIS-SKIRT-EOUS: Impolite to a dame.

SEEMSTRESS: She only looks as though she were sewing.

K-ANGER-OO: He's hopping mad.

P-LACQUER: Badge varnish.

GOOD-TEAM CHARLIE

Continued from Page 30

bery flesh in his strong, athletically handsome face takes on crazy patterns as he talks.

Managerial cares checked only slightly the gay spirit of his playing days. For two decades he has been the senior partner of Chas. Grimm and Robt. Lewis, which will uncork a rollicking vaudeville act on a minute's notice, or none at all.

THEIR wartime vehicle, which wowed crowds at baseball parties and charity programs, featured Charlie as Herr Hitler, with mustache, and the rotund Lewis as Hermann Göring. This was a slapstick riot, with Charlie berating his stooge in Nazi gibberish and, as a climax, forcing him to strip to his underwear in a frantic search for secret documents.

Grimm and the comic, Joe E. Lewis, once shared a baseball writers' program in Chicago. Charlie's stories, with gestures and fine mimicry, convulsed the crowd for almost the length of a nine-inning game.

Joe E., following Grimm, wisely confessed that whatever he said or did would be paled by his predecessor's performance. It's all spur-of-the-moment stuff with Charlie. He says he lays an egg when he rehearses for a show.

Years ago he caused a sensation in a Hawaiian salon in New York where four talented islanders held forth with their right-handed instruments. Now, Charlie is a left-hander, as befits a first baseman, but he operated in turn on an orthodox mandolin, ukulele, banjo, and guitar, leading the band without a bobble. The boss Hawaiian watched in bug-eyed surprise.

This explosive personality is no silver-spoon athlete, for there was no time for sports in the busy Grimm household. William S. Grimm, his father, direct from Bavaria, was every bit the character in his St. Louis set that Charlie is in baseball. Grimm, Sr., was a muscular, musical man, a hell-bender with the bass fiddle.

The other Grimms kept pace with Pop in getting fun out of life. Charlie's mother, Emma Vierheller of St. Louis' south side, played the harmonica and, at seventy-six, still does. Brother Bill played the violin, guitar, and banjo. Brother Al divided his time between the piano and guitar. Sister Margaret, the only one in the family who ever took a music lesson, played the piano. Charlie is mainly a banjo and guitar man. They still get together for concerts—all but Charlie's dad, who passed away several years ago.

Charlie was born on St. Louis' south side in a house behind the old Home Brewery. The date, he insists, was August 28, 1899, making him a year younger than the baseball record books show.

Pop Grimm worked as boss painter at the Gast Brewery, in storied Kerry Patch, but the painters' scale in those days called for help from all hands. Charlie finished the sixth grade—only. He first saw big-time ball as a popcorn-and-peanut vendor at old Robinson Field in St. Louis, a job that helped him duck the Grimm painting corps.

Charlie idolized such Cardinal stars as Bobby Wallace, Ivy Wingo, and Ed Konetchy. He became their willing slave, and in return was allowed to step on the field's holy soil.

"Bobby Wallace was my best pal and favorite teacher," says Grimm. "He was always fooling around with me. I'd get on first, field ground balls, and then make the play at second, mastering the trick of getting the ball there as Wallace arrived from shortstop."

This was the most famous maneuver in Grimm's repertoire as a Pittsburgh Pirate and Cub first baseman—end man on the pretty 3-6-3 double play. He was to lead the National League in fielding for seven of his thirteen full playing seasons.

In 1916, after Charlie had played two years of semipro ball around St. Louis, Connie Mack's keen eyes caught him scooping up grounders at Robinson Field; when the Athletics returned east, the seventeen-year-old kid was with them. Connie sent him to Durham in the Carolina League in 1917 at sixty-five dollars a month. War came, the league disbanded, and Charlie went back to painting.

HOME-TOWN recognition finally came when the Cardinals signed him in 1918. His boss was Jack Hendricks, but not for long—thanks to the exuberant Grimm temperament.

"We were playing the Phillies in old Baker Bowl," he recites. "Bill Sherdel was pitching for us and we were behind, one to nothing, when Hendricks sent me up in the seventh to hit for Bill. I got my usual pop-up and headed with Sherdel for the showers. Well, I forgot all about the game as we undressed. I climbed up on a stepladder and went into a spiel about the death-defying leap I was about to make.

"I was ready for the take-off when Hendricks' voice froze me in my tracks, and I knew from Jack's tone that we had lost.

" 'Grimm,' he shouted, 'you may not know it, but you're preparing to make a record dive—from Philadelphia to Little Rock!' "

Undaunted, Charlie burned up the Southern Association with his fancy fielding and timely hitting. Mike Malloy, a Cub scout, thought he was the nearest thing to Hal Chase he had seen, and took an eight-day option on him. But his boss vetoed the deal, and after the 1919 season, the Pirates bought Charlie for $3,500. Malloy saw his judgment vindicated when the Cubs, in November of 1924, grabbed Grimm, Rabbit Maranville, and Wilbur Cooper for Vic Aldridge, George Grantham, and Bert Niehaus.

In 1935, after going forty-three times without a base hit, Charlie retired as an active player. He had had a glorious decade in Wrigley Field. He had helped the Cubs win a pennant in 1929. He had become Chicago's most popular baseball figure. Halfway through the 1932 season he had succeeded Rogers Hornsby as manager, and with his easy-going tactics had led the club to a flag. He had hit the financial jackpot with a five-figure salary.

His Cubs landed on top again in 1935, thanks to a twenty-one-game winning streak, after finishing second in 1933 and third in 1934. They were second in 1936 and third in 1937. They were third in 1938, with a .586 average and in a good challenging position when Charlie fired himself.

He insists to this day that his managerial crack-up stemmed from an overwhelming attack of the nerves.

"I hung my head in my locker," he confesses, "and soon the players were doing the same. We were like a mourning society. I guess it was because I wanted so badly to win. The boys tightened up on the field and couldn't snap out of it."

That's Charlie's story, but he's hiding the principal factors, for 1938 was the zaniest year in Cub history—the year they tried to play baseball by the slide rule and the ministrations of psychiatrists. Wrigley advisers, all now absent from the baseball scene, had a field day in a grand circus of strategy. It really was because of this confusion plus some well-aimed barbs in the back that Grimm fled Wrigley Field.

THE Grimm portrait perhaps gets its truest and gaudiest colors from his three years at Milwaukee with young Veeck. They became the most famous twosome in minor-league baseball. With their personalities and Veeck's screwball showmanship they soon were packing them in at rickety Borchert Field. Charlie was a natural in that German village.

At Milwaukee, in 1941, Charlie inherited Lou Novikoff, for whom the Cubs had paid $75,000 to their Los Angeles affiliate. Lou's minor-league homers had become Chicago pop flies or savage rollers to the pitcher, and he was a discouraged young man.

Each evening, before Borchert Field's lights went on, Grimm took Lou on a stroll down the third-base coaching lines. "Look at those people," he would tell the Russian. "Do you think they're out here to see our lousy club? No, sir! They came to see you hit. You wouldn't throw them down, would you?"

Properly impressed, Lou won the American Association batting title with .370.

Novikoff, now with the Phillies, once complained about the bumps in his left-field sector. It was given a thorough rolling. In the first inning he charged two bouncing drives; they hopped past him for triples.

When the inning finally ended and Lou came puffing to the bench, Grimm, squinting in mock concentration, said:

"Lou, I just figgered it. There are two ways you can play those hits. You can lie down in front of them, or wait until they've stopped rolling, then retrieve 'em. In either case, throw to third and we'll cut 'em down to doubles."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A New York City performer squelched a heckler with this one: "You now have thirty-two teeth. Would you like to try for none?"
—*Elmira (N. Y.) News.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

That year a Milwaukee victory almost called for an investigation by Judge Landis. In Kansas City's Ruppert Stadium one day, Grimm was sitting in the dugout when the first Blue singled. When the second one hit safely, Charlie moved out against the box-seat railing. With the third straight blow, he bounced into a box seat, shielding his eyes in mock horror with each pitch. He kept moving higher and higher with each succeeding hit and was up under the eaves when the Blues finally quit after scoring eleven runs.

The taming of Vallie Eaves, the wild Injun pitcher, is high on the list of Grimm's accomplishments and the most notable testimonial to his skill in handling and inspiring players.

Three of the Brewers' six pitchers had sore arms. Toronto gladly sold Vallie to Bill Veeck in time to pitch a night game at Toledo. When he didn't show up, Veeck set out on a search which ended in his sixty-ninth tavern. Veeck smuggled Vallie on the midnight train for Columbus.

The next day Charlie confronted the red-eyed newcomer.

"We were expecting you last night in Toledo," he began. "Look—most managers would fine you for not being in shape and failing to report on time. We'll skip that. What were you making in Toronto?"

Charlie boosted the figure $100 a month. That evening the Indian pitched a fine game, but lost. Then he became such a sensation that the Cubs bought him late in the season.

A few days later Vallie telephoned Charlie.

"I'm pitching in Chicago in the daytime," he told his old manager. "If you need any help at Milwaukee, I'll come up and pitch for you at night."

Charlie could have gone on forever at Milwaukee. He brought that straggly 1941 crew from eighth to second place, hit the same spot the next year, and in 1943 won the American Association title. But Charlie had been aiming all those years for a return to the majors. The call to return to Wrigley Field was welcome.

For pure managerial genius, circle Grimm's Cubs of 1945, after he had lifted the '44 club from deep in the cellar to fourth place. This 1945 team was on the mechanical level of those which had flopped in the Hartnett and Wilson regimes.

THAT they lost out to the Detroit Tigers in the seventh game of the World Series last fall had only a momentarily disturbing effect. Grimm's pitching staff was such a shambles that he had to start overworked Hank Borowy, the Yankees' $100,000 gift, in the final battle. Borowy didn't retire a single Tiger. The American League champs scored five runs in the first inning and picked up the marbles.

In the murk of the Cubs' dressing room, Borowy came over to his manager and apologized:

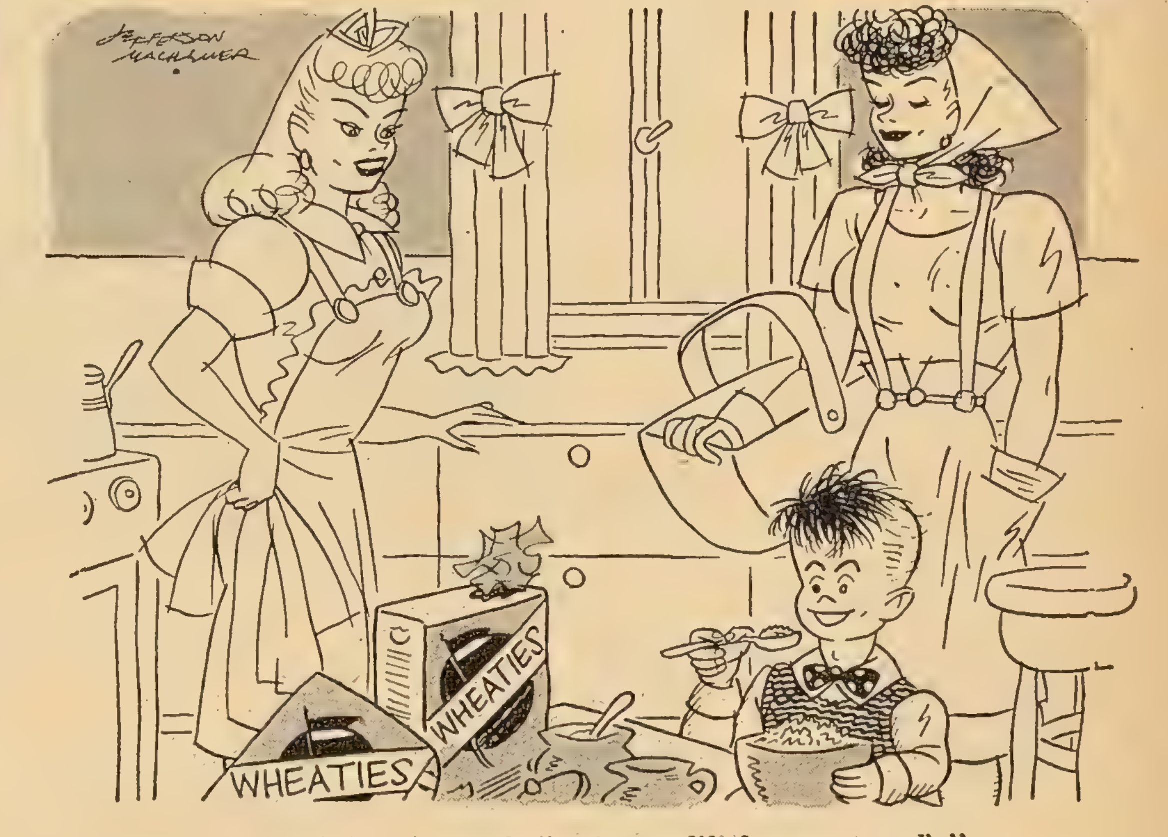
"I just didn't have it for you."

Grimm plunked a heavy hand on Hank's skinny shoulder and the great voice boomed. It was a cliché, but it washed away the gloom:

"Hank, that's good enough for me."

THE END

Advertisement



"Junior's class voted him 'most likely to succeed'."

Nothing better to feed Junior's ambition than a big bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, famous "Breakfast of Champions." Substantial nourishment, "go-get-'em" flavor in those whole wheat flakes. Just you try Wheaties and you're "most likely" to want 'em every day.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Free

A royal tête-à-tête between Laurence Olivier and Renee Asherson.

HENRY V

(Two Cities, released through United Artists)
Laurence Olivier, Robert Newton, Leslie Banks, Renee Asherson

HENRY V, Will Shakespeare's armor-clanking tale of royal ambition and love that packed the pits and stalls in Elizabethan days, emerges after almost 350 years as a superlative movie.

Though the film's romance, suspense, and spectacle offer rewards to the ordinary moviegoer as well as the culture vulture, it is being shown on the two-a-day road-show basis usually reserved for "class movies."

Already Henry V has become required seeing for the students of a number of New England colleges. When it was premièred in Boston, a group flew in all the way from Hollywood. The movie is expected to run two full years in New York alone, and exhibitors are planning bookings throughout the country with a rare reverence.

Filmed during the war in England and Ireland with makeshift equipment and props, Henry V is a personal triumph for Laurence Olivier, its producer, director, and star.

A potential bobby-sox idol (Rebecca, Wuthering Heights, etc.) who ducked back to the English stage before he could acquire much of a California tan, Olivier has combined the tricks and techniques he learned in Hollywood with a lifetime love of Shakespeare.

As Henry V was written for London's Globe Theater, it is the story of a young king who invades France to prove that his rowdy days as a prince are behind him. After early victories, his weary troops are challenged near Calais by the arrogant knights of King Charles VI. With brilliant generalship, Henry leads his outnumbered yeomen to victory over the clumsy French army, marries Charles' daughter Katharine, and returns to England with his royal manhood established.

To convert this talky, stagebound play into an expansive movie and to tune the modern ear to Elizabethan poetry, Olivier leaped nimbly over the pitfalls which ensnared two Hollywood tries at Shakespeare—A Midsummer Night's Dream and Romeo and Juliet. Paving the way for later liberties, he opens the movie with Henry V as it was originally played in the Globe Theater. The shots of the audience, the extra make-up and stylized mannerisms of the actors, all create a perfect Elizabethan backdrop. Then, through Shakespeare's Chorus (Leslie Banks), the movie subtly slips away from the stage and follows the action to medieval France.

But Olivier doesn't leave the Globe too far behind. Costumes have the same colors in later shots as they had at first. Settings are only semirealistic—a sort of Disney-like knightly world.

From all this comes a wonderful pageantry—exquisite views of the bored overembroidered French court; battle charges with the glorious pomp of a little boy's dreams; royal wooing in a picture-post-card castle. The camera zigzags intimately through the Technicolored splendor, bringing a new magnificence to such scenes as the king's brooding doubts before the pay-off Battle of Agincourt and the fragile charm of the English-speaking Henry and the French Katharine (Renee Asherson) making love.

Henry V is also a technical triumph. Olivier, who had only one camera and little film, could afford a mere fraction of the waste of Hollywood extravaganzas. Short of costumes, he put blind Irish nuns to work making chain mail.

Olivier plans new movie glories for his collaborator, Shakespeare—Hamlet filmed in Denmark and Othello in Venice, their respective home grounds.

The French yield to King Henry V and his victorious English army.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THE STRANGER (International). A postwar spy thriller with Orson Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

TO EACH HIS OWN (Paramount). A tear-jerker that spans two wars and gives Olivia DeHavilland a chance to emote.

EASY TO WED (M-G-M). Van Johnson and friends sing and dance their way out of a Technicolored marital mix-up.

CLUNY BROWN (Twentieth Century-Fox). Jennifer Jones plumbs and also charms Charles Boyer in this satire on English society.

WITHOUT RESERVATIONS (RKO). A cross-country comedy with Claudette Colbert, John Wayne and Don DeFore as traveling companions.

INSIDE VANDENBERG

Continued from Page 13

Dardanelles, Tripoli, the Balkans, and Iran was becoming an awkward puzzle. Strictly in line with his character, the senator posed the question in an artful and persuasive form, but he didn't do so much to answer it. Still, the speech performed a useful service at the moment.

The most severe criticism of Vandenberg I have come across is by Milton S. Mayer in the Nation of May 11, 1940. "Vandenberg is liberal (for a Republican), enlightened (for a politician), and industrious (for a senator). But you can't find out what makes him go. Dewey and Taft have cores; you may not like them, but they're there. Vandenberg doesn't add up to anything. He cancels out. . . . On domestic problems you can't locate him at all. He has stood squarely on both sides of every issue for the past ten years. He has been against subsidies to the farmer and for the payment of equalization fees; for the RFC and against pump priming; for economy and against reorganization; for devaluation and against 'repudiation'; for housing and against the spend-lend theory (and for and against housing); for the SEC and against marginal trading and holding-company regulation; for tariff and loan benefits to the suffering poor (and for and against relief); for and against federal control of relief; for budget balancing and at the same time for a general pension; for and against income-tax publicity; for higher surtaxes and against taxation of tax-exempt securities."

BUT this was written six years ago. What Vandenberg himself is proudest of in his Senate record, in the domestic field, is his fatherhood of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation law, which is usually thought of as a New Deal measure. The Michigan senator considers that this act has contributed more to the economic stability of the United States than any other single measure in fifty years. Yet, in the early days of the Roosevelt administration, the proposal that the federal government should insure bank deposits was considered little short of insurrectionary by many of Vandenberg's colleagues. Today, hardly a finger in the land would be lifted against it. Vandenberg expands and grows; so does the country grow, through the fierce education imposed by threat of disaster.

A good many people were surprised when Vandenberg was selected by Mr. Roosevelt as U. S. delegate to San Francisco and more surprised still when the Michigan senator accepted.

But after the Presidential elections of 1944 Vandenberg was in a spot. Roosevelt had been overwhelmingly re-elected, with all that that showed as to the temper of the country. All senators, if not in their dotage or unless cranks, want to be re-elected, and Vandenberg was coming up in 1946. He had been influenced gradually to believe in international conciliation and modified American participation in a world structure; yet, as leader of the Republican opposition in the Senate, he could not possibly jump on the Roosevelt bandwagon. He searched for a compromise, and on January 10, 1945, he came out with one of the most important speeches on foreign policy ever made by an American, putting himself on record for an immediate alliance between the United States and the other great powers (including Russia) for the future control of Germany by permanent armed forces. He even went so far as to suggest that the President might, if necessary, enforce the future peace treaties by use of American military strength without consent of Congress.

SHORTLY afterward, Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed Vandenberg a member of the U. S. delegation to San Francisco. The invitation appealed at once to Vandenberg's vanity, his genuine sense of public duty, and his politics. Nor has he ever regretted accepting it. He is as proud as Punch—still—of being a signatory to the United Nations Charter. He tells friends, "They can't take *that* out of history!"

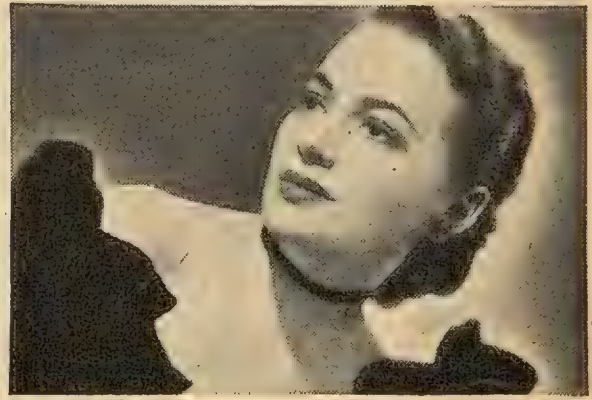
Last January, Vandenberg went to London, again as a delegate to U.N. Previously he sought assurance from President Truman on safeguarding our knowledge of the atomic bomb. Vandenberg was still, in other words, a kind of Republican watchdog, a brake on the delegation as a whole.

Nevertheless his contribution over the years is substantial, if only by contrast to what happened in 1919. Today, the United States is not only part of the contemporary equivalent of the old League of Nations; the United States Senate adopted the United Nations Charter by eighty-nine votes to two. No event in American history more cardinally represents a greater change of point of view in the short span of twenty-six years. Suppose Vandenberg had been a Lodge. He *could* have wrecked the Charter. Negatively, at least, the Michigander is as much responsible for American participation in the present cycle of peacemaking as any American now living.

Vandenberg is a large solidly built man of sixty-two who wears his age well. He looks exactly like what he is—a senator. Yet he hasn't that blowzy look of some "professional" senators. He has dignity, and though he is a large hunk of man he is also tidy. His intensely dark eyes look at you through shiny glasses with a glare at once searching and beneficent. He gives an impression of power—an easy and affluent kind of power—plus an irreverent wit and comfortable good humor, a faint note

INSIDE
Paramount

If you have ever needed
a woman's love...



If you are living
your life to make
one man happy...

then here is the
emotion picture
of your lifetime!

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in
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with
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of laziness (despite his unrivaled reputation for industriousness), and a very definite and alert sophistication.

"My whole life," the senator told me, reminiscing, "was underlined by my having to go to work at the age of nine. As a result of this, I solemnly promised God Almighty, first, that if it lay within my power, I would never permit what happened to my father to happen to me. This resolution has made a permanent notch in my character. Second, I gained a lot of early equipment in self-confidence, and ever since I've held to the conviction that if you really want to go somewhere in life, you can."

For a man to have perfect self-confidence means, as a rule, that he also has knowledge of his own limitations, which indeed Vandenberg has. But he went on:

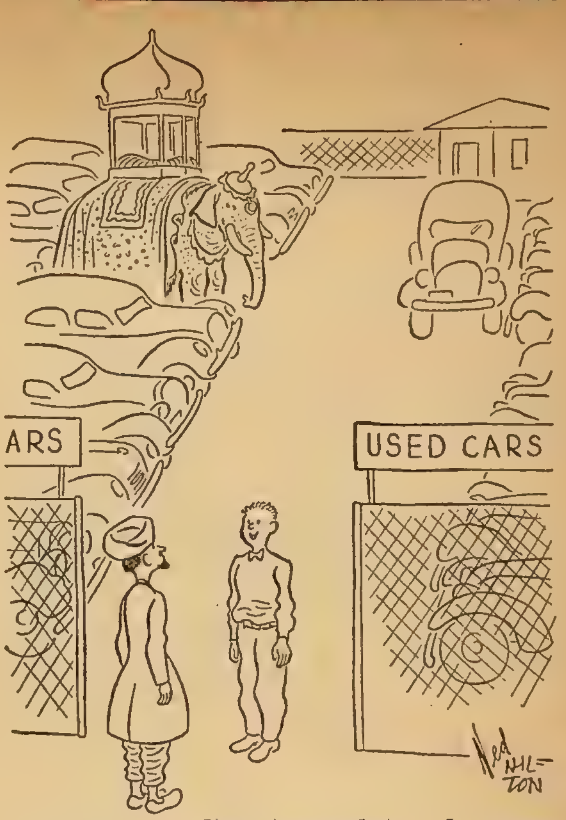
"My experiences as a child bent me two ways, if I assign myself to any political category. I know from bitter experience what it feels like to have nothing in your pocket, but also I know the value of enterprise, and how enterprise can protect old age. I'm half a conservative, half a liberal. The liberalism derives from my having been poor, the conservatism from having got moderately rich." And hence—one might say—the mixed voting record.

He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, March 22, 1884. The family came originally from the Mohawk Valley. His father was an old-style harness maker with a good business, and young Vandenberg grew up in a comfortable home until he was nine. Then the crash of 1893 wiped out his father's business. The family home became a boardinghouse, his mother had to find work as a laundress, and Arthur saw his father suffer the torment of becoming a broken old man. So Arthur got a job and helped support his family.

As he puts it, it was "a damned good job! I ran a pushcart after school, delivering shoes from a wholesale house to the freight yard. By the time I was twelve, three other boys worked for me. By the time I was a senior in high school, I was getting fifteen to twenty dollars a week, which was a lot of money for those days."

The Horatio Alger pattern is as clear in this story as it is in a thousand others. But Vandenberg's career turned out to be Alger with a bit of reverse English, because his next step forward came as a result of disobedience and getting fired. It is astonishing how many Americans owe a great deal of their good fortune to having lost rather than gained a job. As he tells of it:

"In 1900 Theodore Roosevelt was running for President, and I was a tremendous T. R. fan. I was out of high school by this time, and I worked as a billing clerk in a cracker factory. There was a T. R. parade in town, and I asked the boss for time out to see it. He refused. I disobeyed him and went anyway. I came back, and he fired me. I had to have another job right away, and I got one as an office boy on the Grand Rapids Herald."



"I think we have something that may interest you."

LIBERTY

Young Arthur's subsequent career as a newspaperman was rapid. At twenty-one he was City Hall reporter and political writer, and as such covered the senatorial campaign of a Republican named William Alden Smith. Smith took a considerable fancy to Vandenberg, bought the paper in 1906, and made him publisher, manager, and editor—when he was all of twenty-two!

"What a chance for a youngster!" Vandenberg exclaimed. "The paper dominated the morning field in western Michigan, and here was I, twenty-two years old, running it! A break like that can't happen to more than one person out of a million. I've been a creature of great good fortune. Just the same, I could have lost the whole thing the next year—or any other—if I had been a flop. When I say to my wife nowadays that I've been lucky, she replies that I was so indefatigable that something would have had to give way to me, no matter with luck or not."

Of his first interest in politics, he says it had been his ambition to be a U. S. senator from the first moment he had a conscious thought. "Public life in the broad sense has always appealed to me." He made speeches and won oratorical contests when still in high school, and by odd coincidence took part in 1899 in a debate on the Peace Conference at The Hague. "Forty-six years later, I signed the United Nations Charter for my own country."

Though Vandenberg had a good job on the Grand Rapids Herald for twenty-five years, he did not make an enormous lot of money, and though he was resolute in his determination to go into public life some day, he was just as resolutely determined never to run for office until he could afford it. As he puts it pithily, grinning at his own epigram, "I decided not to go into public life until I was independent of public life."

As early as 1907, however, although not running for office himself, he campaigned Michigan for the Republican Party, and became a member of the state central committee. Nine years later, in 1916, it was thought that only Vandenberg could heal a local Bull Moose split, and all factions urged him to run for governor, but he refused. Not till 1928 did he announce his intention to run for senator, when he was sure (*a*) that he would win, and (*b*) that he had means enough to support the job. His opponent in the 1928 elections would have been Woodbridge N. Ferris, a hard Democrat to beat. But Ferris died just as the campaign began, and Vandenberg was appointed by the then Republican governor to be his successor—another example of his good luck. Then, running for the new term, he won handily, as he did again in both 1934 and 1940. In 1934 he was the only Republican senator re-elected in the whole country. Next November he must, of course, stand again.

In his Senate career he was fortunate, too, as a result of a party row over choice of president of the Senate pro tem. Vandenberg had been a senator for only three years, but he was thrust in as a Republican compromise candidate. This gave him party seniority, and if the Senate changes complexion as a result of the elections this year (and if Vandenberg himself is re-elected), he will be president of the Senate. He was Republican nominee for president of the Senate pro tem in 1933, 1935, 1941, and 1943.

Vandenberg insists today that he is not a Presidential candidate, but he wants a lot to say as to who the Republican nominee shall be. So far, he has made no choice for 1948. He was for General Douglas MacArthur in 1944, but the MacArthur movement sputtered out. Vandenberg declined the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1936 (it went to his good friend Frank Knox instead), and, as he jokingly puts it, he "was declined" for the Presidential nomination in 1940, when Willkie took it on the run. But the Michigander got seventy-six votes for President in the 1940 Philadelphia convention.

I asked Vandenberg what his basic political conviction was, and he replied that what he believed in most was the essential dignity of the individual citizen and his right to have the kind of free opportunity "to go places" he himself has had. "You can't regiment 'em into a slot." He thinks that the U. S. Constitution is still the most progressive document in the history of the world, and that ours is still the most progressive country in the world.

"Don't be nervous. Do just as I do. Whenever I get up to speak, I always make a point of taking a good look around the audience. I say to myself, 'What a lot of silly fools.' And then I always feel better."
—*Winston Churchill's advice to speakers.*

He wants to resist all efforts to "standardize us into bureaucratic tyranny." On the other hand, he concedes that any Presidential candidate must hereafter take heed of the times by being "socially minded," and he thinks that "the whole world has moved into a new relationship between state and citizen which cannot be ignored." This relationship should, however, be adjusted within the old framework, he insists. "We don't have to be Communists to be broad-minded." Finally, he is fully aware that any reversion to the ideas and ideals of 1929 is—for the time being anyway—altogether impossible.

I wanted to know how Vandenberg relaxed, since a man's play will often tell as much about him as his work, but he said that nowadays he had no time for hobbies. For seventeen years what he liked to do was travel, not merely for fun but for self-improvement. Every year he went to a different country and stayed there for two months, sticking to the one place.

Next to travel, what he likes most is writing. His first book on Hamilton was called Alexander Hamilton, the Greatest American. The late but not lamented President Harding, of all people, contributed the preface. Vandenberg loved both the research and the writing attending his literary work.

His other books are If Hamilton Were Here Today, published in 1923, and The Trail of a Tradition (1925), a highly nationalist tract on foreign policy, which I imagine the senator would not like to have quoted against him today.

What caused the great "sea change" in Vandenberg—the transposition from the narrowest kind of nationalist approach to his present position? Surely the answer is not hard to find. The keynote of his whole life and career has been security. Vandenberg would hate to think of the world, and his own country, going to pot just at the juncture when he is in a position to enjoy it most and serve it best. Security in the personal sphere has simply been transposed into security nationally and internationally. The only way any man can be secure himself—in the robot and atomic age—is to help make the world secure, if he can.

THE END

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

"Bert always likes the best things in life."

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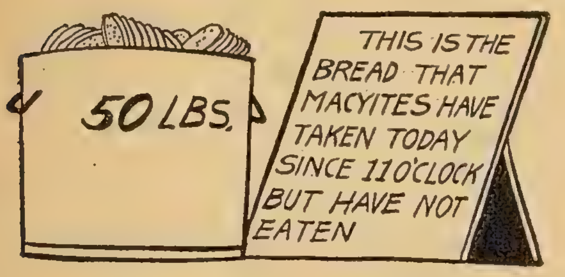
Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

SHOCK TREATMENT: If your family is not co-operating in the crusade to save wheat by cutting down on bread, you may still get action by resorting to the graphic object lesson used by R. H. Macy's New York department store. Some ingenious humanitarian saw to it that all the bread left on trays in the employees' cafeteria from eleven one morning through the supper hour one night was placed in a large can and displayed under a poster reading: THIS IS THE BREAD THAT MACYITES HAVE TAKEN TODAY SINCE 11 O'CLOCK BUT HAVE NOT EATEN. The waste bread amounted to fifty pounds, or enough to feed 250 people for one day under minimum Famine Emergency Committee recommendations. Those fifty pounds of bread were unusable, for Board of Health rulings state that no food, once handled, can be re-used or reserved. And that hardly contributes to the needs of those millions facing famine. If *you* will take a large carton or paper bag, and keep in it the breadstuffs partially used and ordinarily thrown out in the course of a week, you and your family will probably be shocked at the waste that goes on under your own compassionate eyes. Yet your heart is constantly wrung by stories of Europeans retrieving bread from garbage, and of Chinese, Greeks, Filipinos, Czechs, Poles, and Yugoslavs starving to death. Summer hotels, please copy!

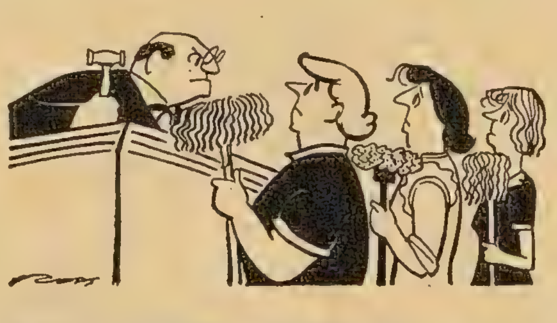

50 LBS.
THIS IS THE BREAD THAT MACYITES HAVE TAKEN TODAY SINCE 11 O'CLOCK BUT HAVE NOT EATEN

FASHION SHOW ON WHEELS: Filene's of Boston did something new when it produced a fashion show aboard a special train en route from New York to Boston. Beautiful Boston girls modeling the swim suits, play clothes, afternoon frocks, and evening gowns lurched down the aisles, eagerly steadied by the passengers, nearly 300 guests of Filene's, including mill presidents, fashion designers, dress manufacturers, and members of the magazine and newspaper fashion press. A Filene executive, dressed in the garb of an old New England town crier, acted as commentator, while the models themselves were helpful and intelligent in identifying the fabrics, milled in New England, from which their costumes had been fashioned by leading designers. New England motifs used in the specially designed dress prints included "Paul Revere's Ride," "Old Colonial Carriage Lamps," "Boston Tea Party," "Old New England Spinning Wheel," "Lobsters," and "State Flowers."

MOTHERS TALK TOO MUCH: No wonder children are rebellious. They are reproved, directed, commanded, nayed and neighed at from morning till night. True, lots of Momma's shrill ultimatums are vital, or Snooks would break many an arm or leg on the furniture *and* himself. But unnecessary nagging only deafens his ears for that moment when they should be open to hear Mother suggest that a picket fence isn't a healthy place on which to climb. Mothers who manage on a minimum of peremptory words are listened to by the kiddies, and by their husbands too. P.S.: I must try to keep my own mouth shut once in a while.

A HUSBAND ASKS

**"Why must a sewing box be messy?
Ladies, otherwise neat and dressy,
Mix the most inscrutable brew:
Tangled flosses of every hue,
Odds and ends of patches-to-be,
And socks to darn for Snooks and me."**



MOP CEILING RISES: Magistrate William Klapp of the Bronx Magistrates Court, New York, has raised the fine for shaking mops out of windows from two to five dollars. Housewives thus fined for violating the sanitary code may even receive jail sentences, if they are brought to court as second offenders, for Magistrate Klapp states he is contemplating that procedure in his drive against this inconsiderate practice. Shaking mops out of windows is "reprehensible and unhealthful," said the magistrate, "especially in the warm weather, when other families have their windows open."

SILENT PARTNER

Continued from Page 27

Al, who wanted to work hard and become a white-collar man—one who knew his business because he had worked on it with his hands.

Something came up in her that she couldn't resist. "Al," she said, "I don't know what to do with your work clothes. There are five pairs of overalls in the other room. Perfectly good."

He kept his eyes on his cup. "I won't be needing them. Give them to Mrs. Flaherty. John and I are about the same size."

She gave a little choked laugh. "You don't think you'll ever be needing them again?"

His eyes leveled at her. "No. I don't think I ever will." His hands were cupped around the saucer. He spread his fingers and regarded them. He spoke as if to himself: "Grease, steel splinters. Heat, steel, machinery banging until you think you'll go crazy. Grinding and fitting parts of iron that strain your shoulders and tear your hands. Morning till night, with a little time off for lunch. The pay check, and the things you can eke out of it if you're clever and a good manager. Walking home from the subway, passing people that move a little aside because you're wearing overalls and your face and hands are black. No," he finished, lifting his cup, "I don't think I'll want them—ever again."

She watched him, and the Al who was before her faded from her eyes. She saw again the younger Al during the days just before she married him. Coming to her eagerly in the evenings, always neatly dressed, flaming with ambition. They would spend some evenings just sitting on the couch, holding hands, and Al would speak about his dreams. He'd hold up his free hand. "See those calluses, that grease that won't come off? I'm getting away from all that. I'm going to wear a suit and tell other people how to do things. You'll see, Margee. You and that family we're going to raise will be proud of me."

BUT as time went on, several years, nothing happened. Several more years, and Al still wore overalls. His studies became intermittent, stopped altogether. "The super's an idiot," he said once. "He doesn't know the score. How can you get ahead with guys like that around?"

Once he had flamed. "Margee!" in a voice sharp and clear. "What's wrong with me? Why can't I get ahead? I'm a good worker, everybody says so. But they won't give me a chance to use my brain. I'm not going to stand for it—you understand? I can't—can't!"

She took him in her arms; he was trembling.

"I'm nothing," he said, "and you know it." His eyes screwed up. "Bobbins'll come to know it."

"You'll find a way," she soothed. "They can't stop you, my darling. We're both terribly proud of you."

But he turned away in disbelief.

After that night he started to change. And one day, looking at him, she felt a distance in his eyes and manner. Al became secret, his actions odd and irregular, and the overalls were no longer used.

His cup rattled against the saucer as he put it down. "May I have another cup of coffee?" he said. While she poured it, he lighted a cigarette. His face held no expression she could read.

It was the face of a dreamer. His eyes were narrowed, as he stared off at the wall, peering into a world of his own preoccupation, seeing what was denied her.

"Margee," he said after a while, "let's do something tonight. Go out to a show or something. Take Bobbins with us. I think he'd like that, don't you?"

The commonplace suggestion shocked her. She opened her mouth to speak, said nothing.

Al rose. "We'll talk about it later." He patted her head as he passed her. "Get me a couple of magazines when you're out, will you? I haven't anything to read."

MARGOT was burning rubbish in the incinerator, and Rose Flaherty came out of the back door of her first-floor apartment, ostensibly to take down the clothes she had hung on the line. Margot suspected Rose had picked this moment.

Margot watched the sparks and flying ashes from the incinerator, to make sure no change of wind carried them toward Rose's wash.

Rose said, "Al came in rather late last night. He works nights now?"

"Sometimes," Margot replied. "His job's rather irregular."

Rose pushed the clothesbasket along the ground with her foot. "I wouldn't of noticed the time, but John had some indigestion and I was up with him. His stomach acts up all the time now."

"Perhaps you should have him go to a doctor. It might be something that can be easily taken care of." Margot spoke easily, but was conscious of a ring slowly developing around her.

"It's his work, I think. Precision work, you know; and John's awfully nervous. He'd find something else, but it pays very well."

"Health is more important," said Margot platitudinously.

Rose had the opening she wished, and in a moment Margot knew she had said too much.

"I said to John, 'Why don't you get some kind of a job like Al's got? Al used to be a workingman, but now he's more like an executive—' "

Margot was searching for a reply. Her sense of a closing trap became more acute as the moments passed.

Rose asked innocently, "Just what is he doing now?"

"Al?" The sparks from the incinerator lifted and whirled and faded in the air. "Well, it isn't anything so much. He's—he's an inspector."

"An inspector? You mean, in buildings?"

"No, in factories. Of machinery his company puts out. It's really difficult, because he's called out at all odd times. Even late at night if something goes wrong."

"You should be proud of him. It sounds important." Rose peered over the basket of laundry held in her arms.

Margot's breath snapped in her throat. Her fingers touched the rim of the incinerator and were bitten by foaming sparks. She heard her own voice saying, "It *is* important. He's doing very well."

And then Rose was gone, and she stood alone by the incinerator, feeling the ring of the trap, as if it touched her body and drew in.

SHE started up the stairs. Turning the corner of the second landing, she saw Bobbins. He was on the fourth landing, holding to the side of the building, several feet from the floor of the porch. Margot ran up the remaining steps to her own floor, continued up to the fourth. "Bobbins! Come down from there! Come right down!"

He turned his head and then reluctantly came down.

"What were you doing?"

"Playing on our steps," he said. "It's safe, mother."

Strips of two-by-four securely nailed to the side of the wall, giving easy access to the roof. "Our steps?" she repeated.

"Sure," he answered brightly. "Dad and I made them yesterday. We put them up so we could work on a really good new aerial for my radio. We haven't got a long enough ladder, and Mr. Borchard"—he pointed to the fourth-floor apartment—"doesn't mind—he's going to build that pigeon house up there he's been talking about." He pointed to the right, at the building standing only a foot from theirs. "We can get more power by putting a wire over there, if we fix it with Mr. Murphy, the owner. Don't you think so?"

"What? Oh, yes," she said, "maybe you can."

"It was fun putting them up. We played escape."

"Escape?" The word felt odd in her throat. She knew it came out in a strange distortion.

"Yes. Dad and I were making the getaway ladder." He waved his hand at the close-knit buildings. "It was Mr. Borchard's idea. He was watching us. He said, 'Al—you're so mysterious lately, maybe you'll be taking off over the roofs one of these nights.' He laughed that great big laugh of his, you know how it is—"

"—Yes—" A small beaten voice.

"He was laughing at dad, and dad got mad for a minute. He put his hand on my shoulder, and I could tell he was mad. Then he laughed

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too, and said we really were making a getaway ladder."

Margot's throat tightened. First Rose Flaherty, and then Mr. Borchard. She tried to push her thoughts away from her.

Her son's features were before her again. It hurt her to see how clean and happy they were. The clear eyes, full of trust.

Impulsively she touched his cheek, and the warmth on her hand increased her anger against Al. What right had he to build this wall between them? The pointed questions of Rose Flaherty, and the laughing but curious words of Mr. Borchard. She regarded the steps, and looked out over the adjoining roofs, and a strong clarification of her anxiety came to her. The first tangible symbol of the evil that was in Al's silence and in the crisp bills he gave her. Mr. Borchard was wondering, and he had made allusion to the steps—to a nighttime escape over the rooftops. Wasn't it possible? She put both hands on the boy's shoulders to steady herself, in a moment hearing his voice. "Mom—what's the matter, mom?" And with a savage touch she cupped his cheeks in her hands and held them, moving her fingers in rough caress. She saw in his eyes that he did not understand and was afraid, and with a little laugh she dropped her hands and said, "Can't your mother show she loves you once in a while?"

"Sure," he said with relief, "sure, mom." He stood uncertainly before her, and she laughed down at him.

"Would you—like some milk and a cookie?"

They went down the stairs, into the kitchen. Bobbins shook her arm.

"Mother. Are you sure you feel all right?"

She shrugged her shoulders with a quick movement. Her eyes were wide, startled. She thought, The way he's looking at me. Knowing something is wrong. She had to fight for him, she knew that now. In her bitterness was a new thing—contempt for Al, who professed to love his son so much and yet could let a valley of suspicion open around him. They must look at Bobbins with speculation too—wondering about all of them. Mad thoughts! But she could not drive them away.

She laughed again and it was queer. But his face relaxed. "Get the milk from the icebox," she said, bustling, "and I'll get the cookies."

Drinking his milk, he got a small white mustache. He looked across at her, started to grin. "You know, mom," he murmured, leaning forward with a gentle smile of confidence, "I'm very happy." It sparkled on his face—it was true.

"I want you to be. Always."

His smile was soft and secure. "We always will be." He hunched forward, a cookie forgotten in his hand in the intensity of telling what he felt. "You know, mom, maybe it's wrong, but I feel sorry for so many of the other kids. They don't have a mother and father like I do." Shyly he said, "You're the prettiest mother on the block, and in the whole city, I bet. And there's nobody like dad. There couldn't be."

Suddenly she felt a terrible guilt. "Drink your milk, darling," she said, "and then you can go out and play."

AFTER Bobbins left her, she hunched in a chair in the living room. The face of Bobbins recurred maddeningly in her mind, trusting—his proud voice as he spoke of what his father did for a living: "I said it was important." Margot jumped up and rushed to the bedroom.

Al was lying on the bed, holding the magazine to the light. She closed the door sharply, tore the magazine from his hand. He sat up, gazing at her with amazement.

"Margee—what's the matter?"

Her lips began to move.

"You're not going on with this. Do you understand? You're not going on with it!"

"Margee. I—"

"Don't say anything unless you're going to tell the truth. I won't live a lie, and I won't be fooled any more. Do you want to destroy Bobbins?" Her mouth was edged with scorn. "You who were going to make him proud of you? Do you remember those fine speeches, when you were decent and the kind of a man I wanted for always? What does it do to you when you remember?"

"Do to me?" White, his mouth looking as if it had been torn. "Do to me? What're you talking about?" He took two fast steps toward her, his fingers working. "Margee—let's not get angry—"

HER fingers curled. They were like two battlers ready for the one gesture that would send them against each other. "What're those steps for—to the roof?"

"Steps! An aerial. Have you gone crazy?"

She tried to speak, knew she could not control her voice.

"Darling," he said, "you're being silly. Borchard's going to use them, too, for that pigeon house he always wanted to make. What put all this in your head? Listen—"

"Take them down!" She brushed a trembling hand over her eyes. He reached out for her, but she moved back. "I'm not a fool," she said. "I know you've been doing wrong. I'm not going to hide from it any more. You're going to tell me."

"The whole block will hear us."

"I don't care about the block. I care about only one thing—the truth."

"You're overwrought."

"I know I am. But it's because of you. Al, you're going to tell me."

He said nothing. His face had no expression.

"Can you tell me what you are? Can you?"

The red came into his face. Her eyes never wavered. "You can't talk about it, can you?" And the slow words burst before him: "Al, you steal!"

"I don't steal!"

"Then you work with people who steal!"

"I don't steal, I tell you."

She came closer to him, eyes boring. "But it's crooked. You're ashamed to talk about it. Would you tell your son?"

"Damn it, will you leave him out of it?"

"You know he can't be left out of it. Look at me! You were never ashamed before to explain your job."

"It's—it's dealing."

"A go-between for thieves."

He flared. "I didn't say that."

PORTRAIT L 5795-10.10

Thanks for the Memory

WILLIAM HARRISON DEMPSEY began his career in 1914 by clouting his way through the mining camps. He won the title from Jess Willard, July 4, 1919, in what became known as the Slaughter of Toledo.

The bout with Firpo was legalized mayhem. Firpo knocked Jack through the ropes, but he was back in the ring before the referee could find the body to start a count.

The Manassa Mauler lost the championship to Gene Tunney September 23, 1926. Gene made it stick by duplicating the feat in 1927.

Dempsey started a comeback in 1931 and ended it in 1932, when he was outpointed by Kingfish Levinsky, a pug that couldn't have licked him in his prime with an ax in both hands.

A vast majority of ex-fighters end up broke and disfigured. Dempsey is neither. Boss leather pusher of them all, he was the champ of champs.—*Allan H. Witwer.*

"Deny it!" Her words fought through her lips. "You wanted Bobbins to be proud of you—you're supposed to love him. You make things for him, and then you try to destroy him. If anything happened—"

"Nothing'll happen." His lips were suddenly dry. "Your nerves have gotten the best of you, thinking those steps could be anything but what they are. I couldn't go on the way I was—but nothing will happen. You're right about what it is, a go-between, but nothing'll happen."

She pressed forward. They were so close that with a slight movement her body would touch his. "Do you believe that? And if you do, does it matter?"

He took several backward steps, and she followed him, saying, "Tell your son what your job is, so he can be proud of you."

He turned away from her, walked quickly to the door and out along the hall to the living room. She rushed after him—and then both stood still. The front door had opened, and Bobbins came in, beaming. He, too, stopped when he saw them, and the grin left his face.

Bobbins said nothing immediately, looking from one to the other. Then his eyes dropped to the paper sack he was carrying, and he fumbled with it. "Work gloves," he said. He held them up. "See. Heavy, with leather in the palms." His voice wavered. "I'm going to make things some day, like dad. I—"

THE cycle had been completed in Margot, the waiting fear and the bitterness and hysteria, the cold determination. In several abrupt steps she was beside her son, taking his hand firmly, raising her head to Al, glaring. "We're leaving," she said. "Al, we're leaving you now. Come now, Bobbins, we'll get our things. We're leaving." She jerked his hand and the gloves fell to the floor. Her heel pressed into the leather of one, leaving a dark half-circle. He snatched up the other.

His head turned as she drew him from the room, straining back to see his father. Margot heard an almost inaudible sound, unrecognizable, coming from the living room. Bobbins stood beside her as she took his things from the drawers and put them on the bed. "Get me the small bag from your closet," she said. He did not move. "Get it for mother," she commanded. He moved like a sleepwalker, the glove clutched.

She wasn't conscious then of her movements, of anything. She worked, filling the bag, and that was all. It was only later that impressions returned, filtering in: the muteness and lifelessness of Bobbins, watching her. He did not cry, he did not speak. He could not feel—the sudden shattering of his world was beyond comprehension. The light was dim and fell on the rusted hasps of the bag. Her hands moved with amazing swiftness and never faltered. She went from the dresser to the bag and back again. Bobbins stood in the way, his eyes huge, filled with a dreadful light. She moved around him, packing his socks and shirts, underwear and pajamas, and shut the bag.

When she straightened and faced around, she stopped when her eyes came to the mirror. She saw them both reflected in it—Al, just inside the doorway. She saw her own face too, on the left-hand side, and it did not seem to be her own. With surprise, she looked at it, and then beyond it again, to them. Al bent forward and took a tentative step. The anger returned to her in a swift rush, and she spun around to face him. But there was nothing to attack. His face was as young and injured as that of his son.

"Margee—"

"There's nothing to say. We're going to leave."

And then Bobbins found voice and tears. He pitched forward until his arms were solidly around her. "Mom—what's the matter?" he cried. "Please tell me, mom. What's happened?" His hot tears went through the dress and ran on her flesh.

Absently her hand stroked Bobbins' head, her eyes were fixed to Al's. His came closer and closer, clear now with naked light. Then his cheek slid along hers, and his arm held her with a fierce pressure. "Darling, it's impossible. It doesn't matter without you—nothing could matter. It's a bad dream. Don't go. You can't go, do you know that? You can't go!" His free arm was protectively around his son. "It was only because I was ashamed of myself—I wanted to be something. I lost my nerve maybe, but I can come back. I know I can come back!"

Al drew Bobbins from her and led her to the bed. He sat with his arm around her and his son on his lap.

With a rough gesture he caressed the boy. "You don't care if your dad wears overalls again, do you? You wouldn't mind?"

"Is—is the important job over?"

"The important job is over."

Bobbins hugged him. "I'm not mad at you, dad. I could never be mad at you. I love you."

A FILM of tenderness was on Al's face; he turned Margot's chin up. She saw him through a mist. Yet his face was clearer than it had been in months. It was whole and real.

"Maybe your mom isn't mad either," he said. "Is she?"

For answer she buried her head against his neck. The three of them huddled there a long time.

Lightness in his voice, Al said, "Remember what I asked this morning, Margee? About the movie tonight, the three of us?"

She nodded against his neck.

"Tonight we'll see that movie," he said, "and tomorrow we'll both be workmen, Bobbins. Tomorrow we'll start out again."

THE END

GARDE
AWAK
COMMIT
JUDGE
BEAVEN

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WHEELED NEMESIS

Continued from Page 23

The two men are dead, all right. The accident occurred two or three hours earlier. You search the men for identification. The driver has a whole wad of bills stuffed into a trouser pocket, and an abnormal amount of silver money. More than $200 in small bills, and almost twelve dollars in change. Also, he has a snub-nosed .38 in a shoulder holster. The State Police and the ambulance arrive and you go back to your office.

THE first question you ask is directed at Nancy Lee's husband: "How much money was there at the station, would you say, Bill?"

"I don't know. Ordinarily, with what we keep on hand, about a couple of hundred bucks. Maybe more. Maybe not that much. Why?"

"I was just wondering," you say, and you think of the two men in the smashed car; a car that very easily could have been a stolen getaway car.

Your chief deputy comes back with Doug Taylor. Doug tries to bluff, but you can see the sudden chills which grip him. He knows absolutely nothing about the killing. No, he doesn't even own a gun. He was home all evening; went to bed about nine thirty. Out on the farm there's nothing to do nights but go to bed. It's a bum rap you're trying to hang on him, and it's just because he has been to the reform school.

He admits he was friendly with Nancy Lee. So what? Bill was running around, wasn't he? All Nancy wanted was a shoulder to cry on. He seems just a little bitter about it. You can understand that Doug Taylor wouldn't be so happy, just being a shoulder for a pretty, ardent girl like Nancy Lee to cry on. You can imagine Doug becoming insistent, and Nancy being stubborn, and then angry, and Doug getting rough. Possibly *very* rough.

And $200, more or less, would be a lot of money to Doug Taylor. You spend the rest of the night talking to Bill Lee and Doug Taylor and listening to reports from various sources. The State Police advise you that the wrecked car was stolen two days before in Quincy. You talk to the coroner over an early breakfast, and the more you talk, the worse the tangle becomes.

"Let's call Springfield," you suggest. "There are too many angles to this one. Let's see what the scientific boys can do."

"You mean that mobile crime lab?" the coroner asks. "I think you've got something there, sheriff."

So you call Springfield, almost 200 miles away. Before noon a huge gray-blue vehicle that looks like a big bus comes to a stop before your office. It's Illinois' mobile crime laboratory.

You tell your story to the men who have come to help you out. They make a few notes; they ask a great many questions, all of them to the point. Then, eagerly, they go to work.

By midafternoon the laboratory technician has a report to make. You listen to that report in a small but comfortable officelike compartment in the rear of the truck.

Nancy Lee probably was shot and wounded while standing close to one of the pumps, outside the station. She then ran into the station, slamming the spring-locked door behind her, and secured the .25 automatic. Someone, presumably the person who shot her, shot away the lock and came after her. There was a fight, in which Nancy was killed. The killer was wounded during the struggle, probably quite seriously. If not seriously wounded, the chances are he was shot in the legs. The place was then searched and robbed. Unfortunately, there are no fingerprints of value; the only ones found are those of Nancy and Bill Lee. Bill's prints are not significant, since he lived there—and anyway, he was not the killer. Neither was either of the two men in the wrecked car.

"All very interesting," you say, "but would you mind telling me how you know all this?"

The technician explains briefly. There's a trail of blood leading from one of the gas pumps through the door, into the living room. The exclamation-point-shaped spatters suggest that they were made by a person in rapid motion—running. They tend to indicate the direction of the movement. And the blood was type AB. Nancy had type-AB blood.

COMING out from the house is another trail of blood. The round shape of the spatters makes it probable they fell from a person moving very slowly—either a seriously wounded person or one limping badly from a leg wound, for, if possible, a killer under the circumstances would have moved briskly. This blood is obviously from the killer, or one of the killers, and is type O, the most common type of all among the white races. One of the men in the wrecked car had type-A blood, the next most common type, and the second man had type-B blood.

"How about Doug Taylor?" you ask quickly.

"He's a type O," says the technician. "But—he isn't wounded. I've looked him over; there's not a scratch on him."

"Maybe there was a third man in the stolen car. One who got away after the wreck."

"That could be," the technician admits. "But remember this type-O man was wounded, probably seriously. That means he would bleed. And there was no type-O blood in the wrecked car."

"Then none of our suspects is guilty," you conclude. "Where do we go from here?"

"Out to Doug Taylor's father's farm. Wounded or not, Doug knows something. He knows plenty. The polygraph—lie detector—demonstrates that conclusively."

"But he's not wounded!"

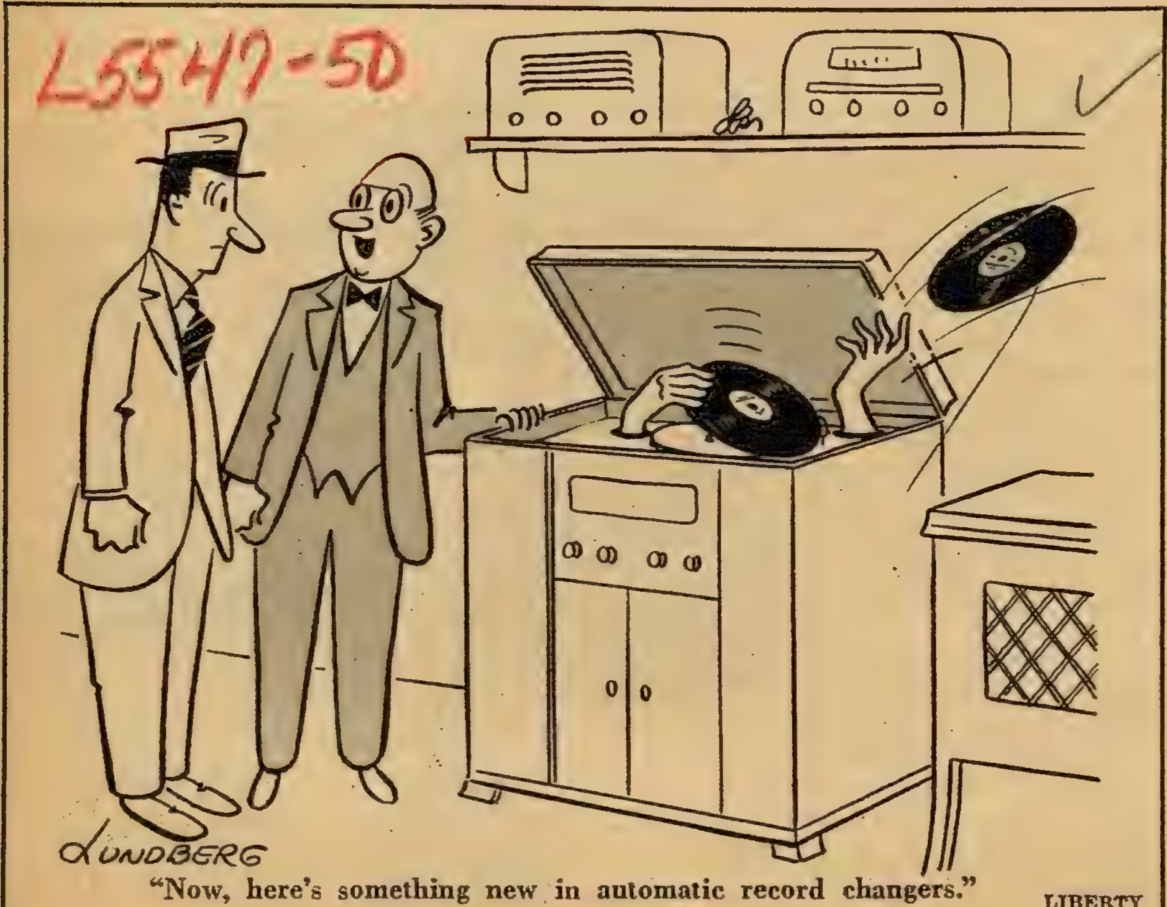
"We're still going out to the farm, sheriff."

At the Taylor farm you watch while the man from the mobile crime lab goes over Doug's bedroom. You ask him if he's found out anything.

"Somebody has crawled through that window—which suggests plenty," he says grimly. "But not enough to make a case."

You follow him out to the garage. The small sedan is a prewar model, but clean and neat. You watch the technician go over every inch of the upholstery and the floor covering, but there is not even a suspicious smudge.

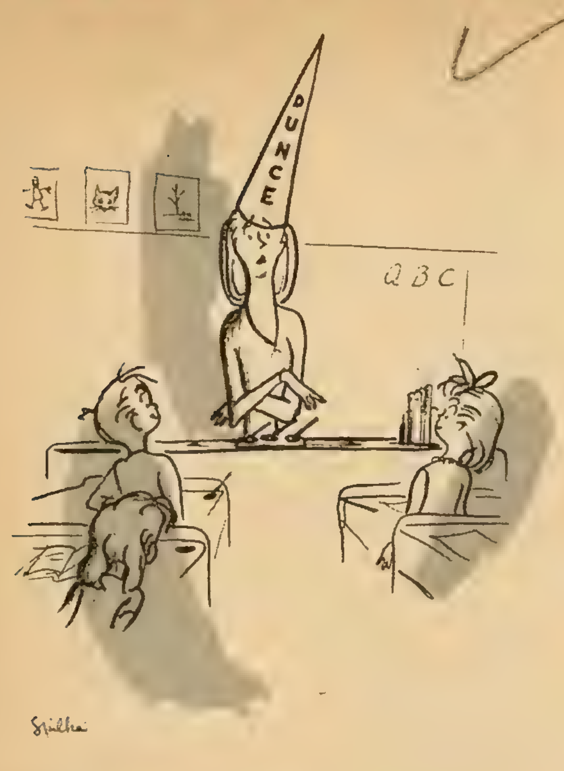
L5547-50



"Now, here's something new in automatic record changers."

LIBERTY

L 5411-40



"When I'm wrong, I'll admit it."
LIBERTY

"Barking up the wrong tree?" you ask.

"I think not, sheriff. Somehow or other—" He opens a kit and produces disks of white paper, a dark brown bottle which has a screw top coated with wax, and a clear bottle of distilled water. He moistens a disk with the distilled water and starts to work again, touching various parts of the car with the prepared paper, being especially careful to probe all the crevices. This disk he frequently applies to another disk moistened with a pale green liquid from the brown bottle. He's working on the right running board with the third or fourth disk, when he suddenly says, "Look, sheriff!" There's a bright green smudge on one of the disks.

"What does that mean?" you ask.

"Probably," says the technician, "that there's blood here. The car's been freshly washed, but this test—leuco-malachite green—is sensitive to blood in dilutions of one part to three or four hundred thousand. Now, if we can get enough blood out of that little crack to type, we'll have something. I'm driving this car back to town!"

THERE is blood enough to type and it comes out type O. And that, according to the scientific lad, is the type the wounded killer has.

"Bring Doug Taylor here," suggests the technician. "Let me do the talking. I think he'll sing."

You bring Doug to the little room in the rear of the mobile crime laboratory. He's ugly, sullen, suspicious.

"Now what?" he demands.

"I thought you might be interested in what happened last night," says the technician. "After all, Nancy Lee was a friend of yours."

"That's all right," snaps Doug. "I still didn't kill her."

"But your friend did, Doug. The two of you drove up to the station in your father's car. You stopped at the air hose, your lights toward the station, so that she couldn't recognize the car. Nancy came out, and your friend started talking to her. Then, when he was sure she was alone, and there were no cars in sight, he pulled his gun on her and told her to keep quiet, walk inside, and hand over the money."

You watch Doug's face. At first it's red, then it drains almost white. He doesn't even see you; he's watching the youngish man who goes on in his calm unemotional voice.

"But Nancy Lee was a young woman of spirit. She started running. Instantly your friend fired at her.

"Excited—you never figured on a shooting, Doug—you yelled something. The girl jerked her head around and you knew she recognized your voice. She dashed inside and slammed the door, locking it.

"Your friend blew off the lock with a shot from his gun. He told you she recognized your voice; she'd tie you up with the business, and you'd both be sent up. There was nothing else to do except—kill her.

"So—there was a fight inside. Your friend was wounded and Nancy Lee was killed. Then you cleaned out the filling station and scrammed. You had your friend stand on the right running board, so that the upholstery wouldn't be stained, and you kept to the side roads, where you wouldn't be noticed. Then, when you got home, you washed the car and—"

THAT'S more than Doug Taylor can stand. He starts sobbing and talking. His friend was an older reform-school graduate; a really tough lad by the name of Micky Mindle. Micky had talked him into this. The whole thing happened just about as outlined, only he hadn't yelled; he'd jumped out of the car and come running up, in the full light, to keep Micky from shooting again, and Nancy had recognized him and screamed his name.

Micky? He was hidden in the barn loft. Shot through the right leg.

You and three deputies go back to the Taylor farm. Micky talks big for a few minutes and fires a couple of shots at you, but when one of the deputies starts throwing tommy-gun slugs through that corner of the barn, Micky gives up in a hurry.

Where did the technician get the details which cracked Doug?

The two blood trails told part of the story. Tire tracks beside the air hose matched the treads on Doug's car, and the angle of the tracks suggested the car's position and the reason for it. Naturally, Doug was to stay behind those blazing lights, so Nancy wouldn't recognize him. But she *must* have recognized him, or they wouldn't have gone on to kill her. The technician had guessed that he had cried out in protest at the shooting—actually, as Doug had said, he had come running up. All very simple, the technician says.

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L5405-40

The two men in the wrecked car? The State Bureau of Criminal Identification has already reported on them. They're small-time Chicago gamblers. The money they'd probably picked up in some tavern crap game. Coincidences such as this are forever fouling up investigations.

The newspapers give you a nice write-up. They do say that "Sheriff So-and-so was aided in his investigation by technicians from the state's mobile crime laboratory" but that's all. The mobile-crime-laboratory boys aren't interested in glory; they're interested in bringing to the scene of a crime, anywhere in the State of Illinois, the finest array of modern scientific investigation equipment and personnel that brains and money can get together.

You go through the huge buslike unit before it starts back to Springfield. You learn that it was Governor Dwight H. Green's pet project, and was created in co-operaton with T. P. Sullivan, director of the State Department of Public Safety, and Professor Leonarde Keeler, inventor of the polygraph and internationally known criminologist.

THE mobile crime laboratory is a miracle of scientific arrangement. It contains complete equipment for fingerprinting, for all kinds of photography, and a modern darkroom for on-the-spot development and printing. There is a complete chemical laboratory for making quantitative and qualitative analyses, blood tests of various kinds, the restoration of numbers on metal, and so on through the list of chemical marvels which today's scientific criminal investigator has up his sleeve.

There are microscopes, a refractometer, an ultraviolet lamp and associated equipment, moulage material for making casts of footprints, tireprints, and tool marks, and an X-ray unit with a 200-foot extension cord to enable the operators to examine suspected bombs at a safe distance from the vehicle.

There's a polygraph, or lie detector, and a complete sound-recording apparatus—your entire interview with Doug Taylor was taken down on phonograph disks.

The mobile crime laboratory also has a 150-watt crystal-controlled radio transmitter, operating upon five frequencies, as well as a twenty-five-watt walkie-talkie transmitter.

Besides all that, the truck contains complete life-saving equipment for use in flood areas, train wrecks, and so on. Included are floodlights, fire extinguishers, acetylene torches, asbestos suits, oxygen masks, and complete medical and surgical equipment for first-aid treatment or even an emergency operation.

The unit has its own electrical equipment and can even offer a stricken community six kilowatts of power from a pair of 115-volt, sixty-cycle generators—enough current for the emergency requirements of a hospital or other vital institution.

"Senator Fessenden's the best filibusterer we've got!"

LIBERTY

And finally there's an arsenal, including gas bombs of several types.

Right now, as you read this, Illinois' mobile crime laboratory may be on the scene of a crime, placing at the disposal of every law-enforcement officer in the state the best and most modern methods and equipment for demonstrating that crime doesn't pay—just as it did in the imaginary case we've been talking about, a case composed largely of elements from various cases which the mobile lab *did* help to crack!

THE END

FLY WITHOUT FEAR

Continued from Page 17

but seventy-six stations are equipped to send up a total of 61,000 radio sound balloons each year.

These helium-filled balloons broadcast signals for about an hour as they rise to a twelve-mile height, where they burst and parachute to earth. Thanks to wartime developments, meteorologists need no longer lose track of wind effects when the balloon pases out of sight in clouds or haze. By the end of this year, forty-three stations will be equipped with radio direction finders to record the balloon's position at all times.

Radio, as a matter of fact, takes you by the hand wherever you go in an air liner. Usually you fly the beam—one of the radio ranges interlocking 406 certified air-line stops in a network of low-frequency "highroads." A Morse-code broadcast of the letters *A* (dit-dah) and *N* (dah-dit) blends in the pilot's earphones to tell him the course and which side of the road he is on. But it is a boring sound, and an impossible one when there's much static.

Hence, the CAA has begun to convert radio ranges from relatively low to very high frequency (VHF), completely eliminating static. Moreover, these new ranges can be flown visually by watching a needle on a dial. The Chicago-New York and Los Angeles-Denver airways now have VHF ranges; the others will be gradually changed over. During this period the pilot will have a choice of using his eyes or his ears, depending on the airway and his equipment, since both the lower and VHF facilities will be in operation until a definite change-over day.

If your air liner approaches a stop where ceiling and visibility are zero-zero, the pilot and dispatcher will decide on an alternative destination, for which the plane carries a large gasoline reserve. If there's a ceiling of 500 to 700 feet and visibility of a mile or so, the pilot and dispatcher may elect to land you by controlled approach. The traffic controller will stack incoming airplanes over the field at 1,000-foot layers and "talk in" one by radio every five minutes. Under minimum conditions, the procedure is safe but slow. Under simulated zero-zero conditions, and using VHF equipment, the CAA has shown that its instrument landing system can land an airplane every three minutes.

THE objective of this blind landing procedure, now being installed in 100 major airports, is all-weather flying—when its safety has been established. Under this system a radio localizer leads the pilot along a fifteen-mile beam to the center line of the runway. Eight miles out, at a fan marker or vertical beam, he picks up a glide path—a radio ramp down which the plane rides until its wheels touch the runway. Another fan marker designates the beginning of the runway.

Another system for blind landing, called Ground Control Approach, was developed by the Army Air Forces and relies on radar. An operator on the ground watches the plane's position on a radar screen and, by radio to the pilot, "takes the airplane down." GCA is regarded as still impracticable for air lines. So is the use of the A.A.F.'s airborne radarscope, which will show a mountain fifty miles ahead but necessitates rebuilding the ship's nose and including a highly trained observer in the crew. The light beacons that mark federal airways remain vital to air-line navigation.

The pilot up there in the nose is the one man most responsible for your safety. He is human and therefore capable of error, but the government, his air line, and he himself work continually for perfection. The Civil Aeronautics Board imposes many qualifications on an air-line pilot. He must be at least twenty-three years old and physically fit. He must have at least 1,200 hours' solo flying time. He must be experienced in multi-engine, night, cross-country, and instrument flying, and must demonstrate his skill to an inspector. Even when licensed, he must have taken off and landed the same type of plane at least three times within the past ninety days before taking you up as a passenger.

The air lines go much further. The newly hired flyer must go to school for more training, and then, before he can captain the ship, he may have to fly as co-pilot for two years or so. Before he can be a pilot on this route you are following, the government requires him to fly it several times in an empty air liner with a CAA inspector looking over his shoulder!

THOSE are the facts. But you're still aware from newspaper headlines that fatal accidents do happen. What are the figures?

Maybe the take-off makes you nervous; in the last seven years there has been one fatal accident of this sort involving passengers. The chance of its happening to you is about one in 4,000,000.

You may have read of the spectacular mid-air collision of an air liner with an Army A-26 a little over a year ago. The records show two of this sort from 1939 through 1945. Your risk of being killed this way is one in 2,700,000.

The fear of catching fire in flight, what with so many bombers shot down in flames, is terrifying. Still, it has happened to air liners only twice in seven years. Your chance of escaping this fate is 1,300,000 to one. The risk of an iced-up airplane doing you in is 1,400,000 to one.

Two air liners, for reasons undiscovered, have simply flown into the ground while cruising over flat terrain. It's 700,000 to one you won't come to an end in this fashion.

When turbulent air jolts the plane, do you have a mental picture of the wing coming off? Since 1939, one air liner has lost a wing in a severe storm and three have crashed due to turbulence. The odds are 457,000 to one you'll escape this calamity.

Landing accidents have totaled five in seven years. Your chance of dying in a landing is only one in 1,600,000.

The most common and highly fatal type of air-line accident results from flying off course into a mountain. There have been eight in seven years, but you still have a 216,000-to-one chance of missing the sensation, and WHF should reduce these odds to the disappearing point.

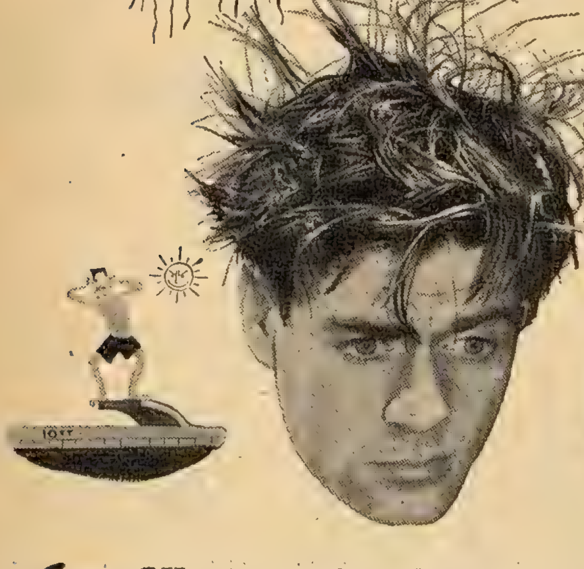
Paradoxically, every accident cuts down the possibility of more like it. The CAB investigates each accident so painstakingly, and both the air lines and the manufacturers are so eager to prevent crashes, that each loss stimulates improvement in safety devices and procedures.

For example, Knute Rockne was killed in 1931 in a trimotor transport when ice, piled up on wings and ailerons, caused a flutter and loss of control. The old Bureau of Air Commerce, since succeeded by CAB, ordered every aircraft of this model grounded until the wings were strengthened against flutter. De-icers, rubber boots which, when inflated with air, break ice off the leading edge of the wing, were already in use on some air liners. Their use has since become mandatory. Metal de-icers which melt the ice are now coming into use.

THAT one fatal take-off accident mentioned above, occurring in 1939, led to the CAB decision to require full-feathering propellers on all air liners. Some already had them, but not the plane on which an engine happened to fail as it left the ground. The pilot started to circle back to the airport, but the prop on the dead engine, turning like a pinwheel in the wind, caused so much vibration that he lost control and crashed. Full-feathering enables the pilot to stop the propeller by turning the edge into the wind.

When flight regulations are involved, the remedies are less tangible but just as important. CAB investigation of the 1942 mountainside crash that killed Carole Lombard established that the pilot had flown the wrong compass heading out of Las Vegas; that is, he was "off the beam." The co-pilot had prepared the flight plan required for every trip. He mistakenly inserted a reading for another leg of the flight. The pilot missed the error, having failed

Don't let dry, wild SUN-BAKED HAIR ruin *your* summer!



Crazy? He wears a hat wherever he goes. He thinks he *has* to, because summer sun and wind always bake and tangle his hair into such an awful looking *mess*. Kreml is famous to groom dry, wild "sun-baked" hair. Keeps it neat all day.

Prize Sap. And how *sappy* he looks with his hair plastered down with greasy goo. He-men like to take a poke out of gigolos like this! If only the poor dope would try Kreml. It keeps hair looking handsome, so lustrous—yet SO MASCULINE—never oily or greasy.

Best Summer Ever. First summer he used Kreml and what a *pleasure!* Kreml makes tangled, wind-tossed hair so easy to comb. Scalp so clean, cool, refreshed. Keeps dry "sun-baked" hair neatly groomed all day. Just notice how the 'slick-chicks' go for your Kreml-groomed hair!

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A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

to sign the flight plan in accordance with company rules, and no dispatcher had been available to check it. Civil Air regulations now require both the pilot and the dispatcher to sign the flight plan before the take-off. Thus, either one can stop a questionable flight, but it takes both to start it.

Since last year, when an air liner caught fire in flight, all new ones must be equipped with fire-detection systems. Manually controlled engine fire extinguishers were already required, but they, of course, are no good until the fire is observed.

Improvements in safety don't always await catastrophes, however. Until 1942, air liners had fixed running lights, white on the tail and red and green on opposite wings. The red-and-white blinking tail light was adopted after a number of near collisions in the air. Now all lights blink.

Still laboring under personnel and aircraft shortages, the air lines in 1945 lost seventy-six passengers in seven accidents. An estimated 132 passengers were killed last year in railroad accidents. The 1945 figure for buses is not available, but in 1944 it was 140. Out of a total traffic toll of 28,500 in 1945, passenger automobiles and taxicabs killed an estimated 12,500. Meanwhile, home accidents cost 33,500 lives—more than half of them in falls.

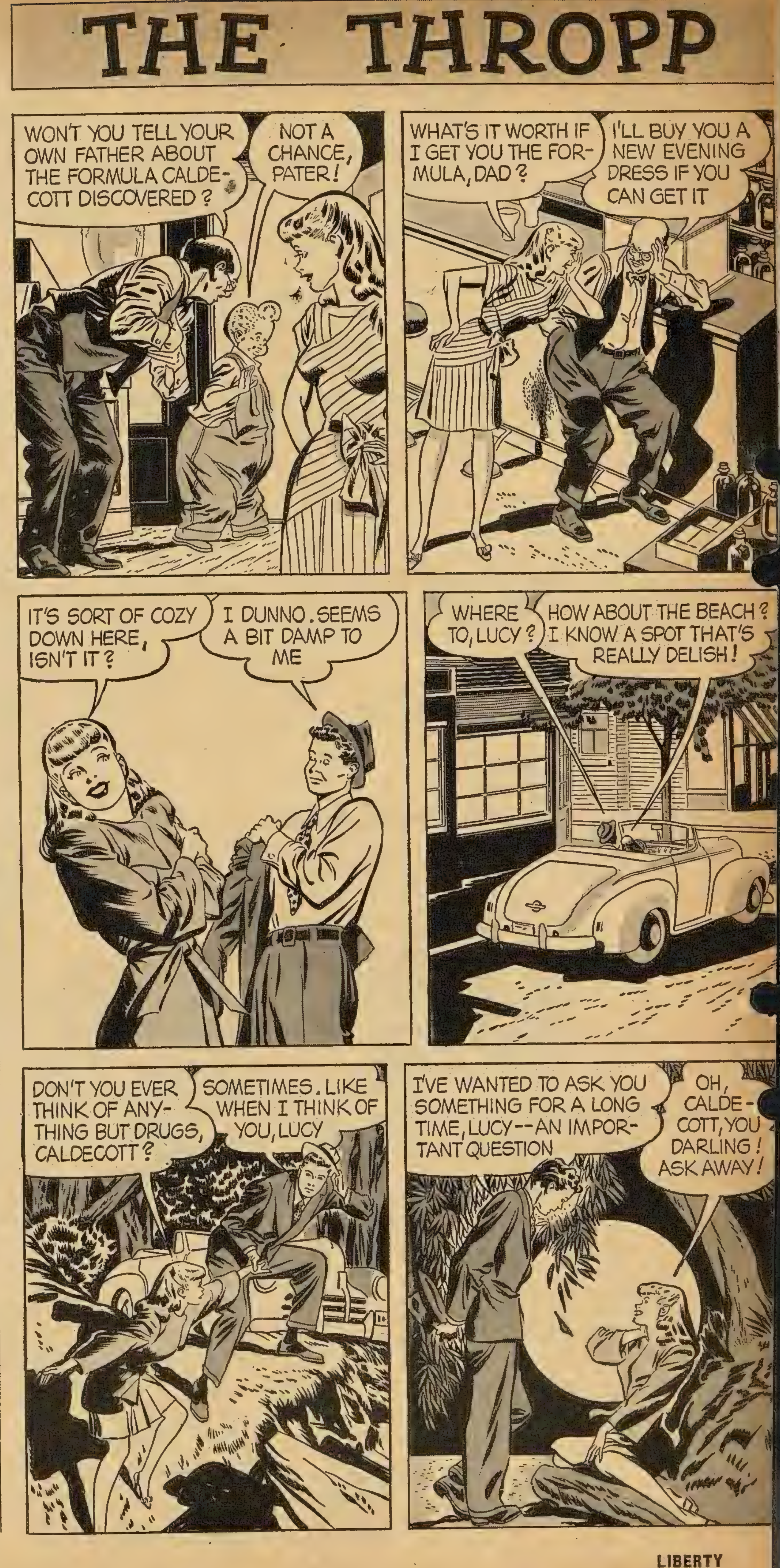
AIR-LINE losses dwindle in importance beside these figures, but since the air lines carried the fewest passengers, the fair comparison is on a rate basis. The National Safety Council reports that from 1942 through 1944, cars killed 2.8 passengers per 100,000,000 passenger miles. The air lines were next with 2.2. The rate for passenger trains was 0.26, and buses were safest of all with 0.22.

The air-line rate of two per 100,000,000 passenger miles means that after traveling 50,000,000 miles you're mathematically a dead pigeon. The average trip, as it happens, is a little more than 500 miles.

As you take off, you might also consider what the actuaries think about your chances. About fifty life-insurance companies, holding 80 per cent of all policies, will now write insurance at standard rates without limit on world-wide travel by air line. This is a striking advance. Before the war, no company considered over-ocean flying an ordinary risk, and only about 10 per cent accepted domestic air-line passengers without extra cost. Now even an air-line pilot can get insurance at only five dollars extra per $1,000.

With hardheaded business men backing your chances, you ought to be able to sit back and enjoy the ride. The facts and figures are all in your favor. After all, people break their necks in bathtubs, but that doesn't keep you from enjoying a bath.

THE END


THE THROPP
WON'T YOU TELL YOUR OWN FATHER ABOUT THE FORMULA CALDECOTT DISCOVERED?
NOT A CHANCE, PATER!
WHAT'S IT WORTH IF I GET YOU THE FORMULA, DAD?
I'LL BUY YOU A NEW EVENING DRESS IF YOU CAN GET IT
IT'S SORT OF COZY DOWN HERE, ISN'T IT?
I DUNNO. SEEMS A BIT DAMP TO ME
WHERE TO, LUCY?
HOW ABOUT THE BEACH? I KNOW A SPOT THAT'S REALLY DELISH!
DON'T YOU EVER THINK OF ANYTHING BUT DRUGS, CALDECOTT?
SOMETIMES. LIKE WHEN I THINK OF YOU, LUCY
I'VE WANTED TO ASK YOU SOMETHING FOR A LONG TIME, LUCY--AN IMPORTANT QUESTION
OH, CALDECOTT, YOU DARLING! ASK AWAY!

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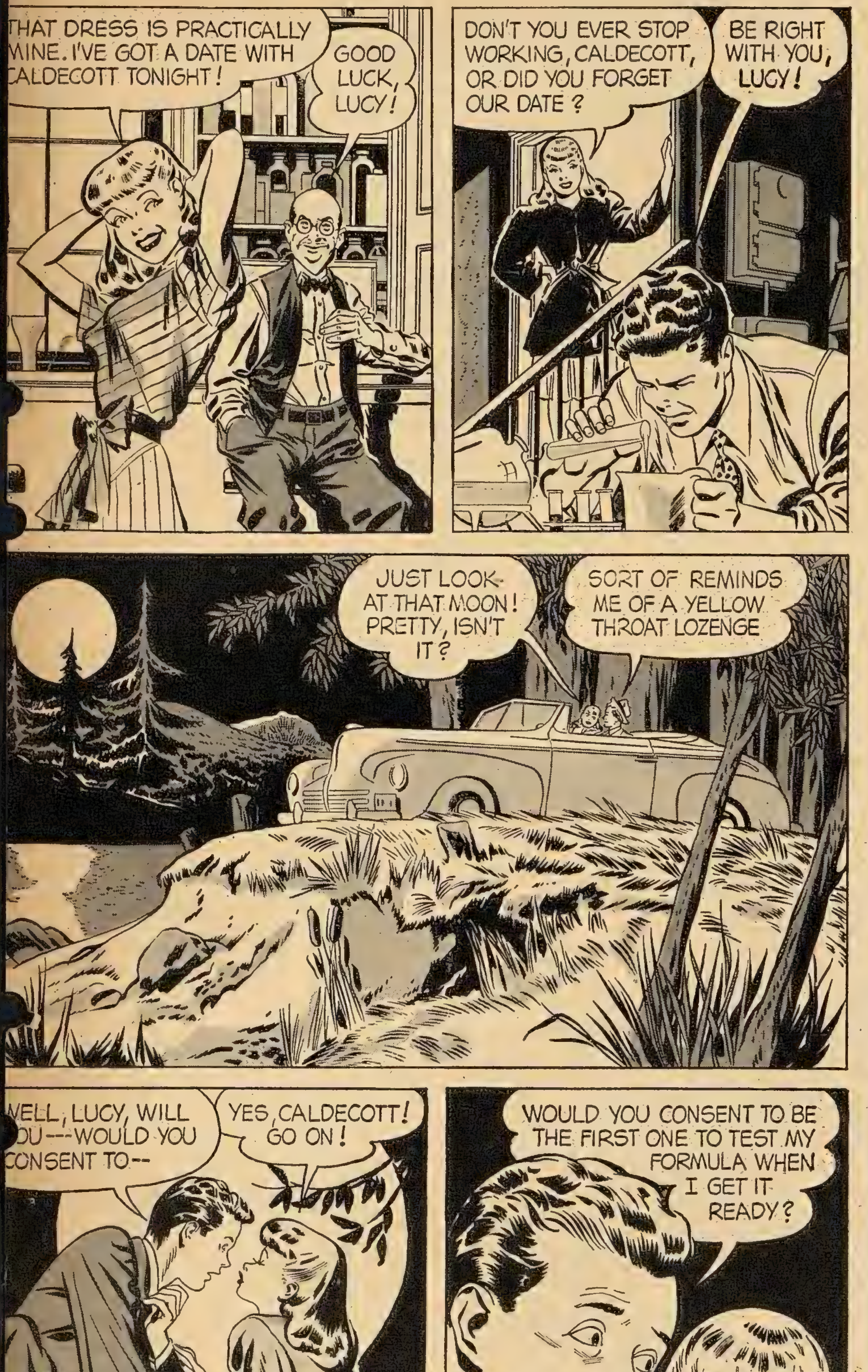
FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


THAT DRESS IS PRACTICALLY MINE. I'VE GOT A DATE WITH CALDECOTT TONIGHT!
GOOD LUCK, LUCY!
DON'T YOU EVER STOP WORKING, CALDECOTT, OR DID YOU FORGET OUR DATE?
BE RIGHT WITH YOU, LUCY!
JUST LOOK AT THAT MOON! PRETTY, ISN'T IT?
SORT OF REMINDS ME OF A YELLOW THROAT LOZENGE
WELL, LUCY, WILL YOU---WOULD YOU CONSENT TO--
YES, CALDECOTT! GO ON!
WOULD YOU CONSENT TO BE THE FIRST ONE TO TEST MY FORMULA WHEN I GET IT READY?

(Continued Next Week)

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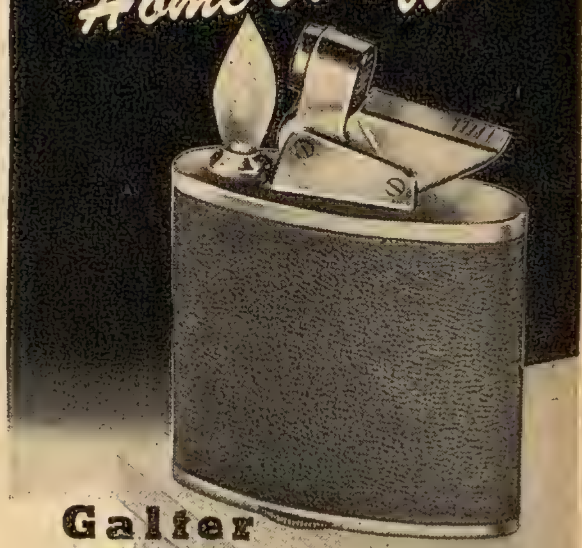

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By The Makers of Zephyr Windproof Lighters

Galter PRODUCTS COMPANY CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS

L5345 58

"Look, this soap really floats!"

LIBERTY

CLASS WILL TELL

Continued from Page 15

A COUPLE of weeks later, Devlin told Kovacs about his encounter with the man and the sick dog.

"To myself I says, 'I can hock the basket for something, and if one guy will pay half a grand for a dog, there must be another'—I mean, if the pooch got well. There's a dame runs a dog jernt right back of where I room—a big Swede—so I pulled her out of bed.

"Well, sir, when she saw that pooch you'd of thought he was a Roosevelt! I stayed there the balance of the night and it was a week before she'd let him out of her hands."

"How's he making out?"

"Swell! Now the Svenska says I gotta have his pettycree or nobody will sink heavy dough in him."

"Sure! If you had that, a hundred bucks would be nothing." Kovacs was really impressed. "I'd like to see a five-hundred-dollar fleabag."

"Yeah?" With something of a gesture Devlin flung open the front door of his cab. On the floor beside him, asleep on a folded comforter, was a shapeless ink-black object which he picked up. It yawned languidly, feebly its tail wagged, its tongue caressed his cheek. He stepped out, placed the animal upon its short legs and stroked it: bravely its tail rose, then it lurched away and sniffed at the near-by hydrant.

"Look! He ain't got the stren'th to go two rounds and yet he has to know all the sporting news. Attaboy, Blowout! Read it and weep!"

"Blowout?"

"That's what I call him. When he gets his schnozzle into a pan of chow, his belly swells up like an inner tube."

"I bet my kid would go for him." Kovacs eyed the animal. "How's about me taking him home for—"

"For five hunnerd bucks?"

"Quit clowning. I mean, you can't look after a sick dog in a taxi."

"He ain't sick and the hell I can't!" Devlin picked the little fellow up and returned him to his bed. "I never yet ast a cop to hold my bankroll."

TO a person who considered himself thoroughly casehardened it was embarrassing to become an object of affection, but that is what happened to Joe Devlin. Daily it became more evident that Blowout thought he was tops and had adopted him. The dog had begun to show his feelings as soon as the fever diminished. His tail twitched a feeble thank you for every favor; into his eyes came a light.

"Can that stuff, sucker!" Joe broke out angrily one day when he found the dog's gaze fixed adoringly upon him. "You don't owe me nothin'. It's all down on the cuff." On a later occasion he spoke even more irritably: "All right! I done you a good toin. So what? Did I do it because my heart bled? Nerts! All you stand for is the down payment on a new cab. I hate soft guys!"

As a matter of fact, there was nothing soft about Blowout. He was a gallant, independent little creature, and by the time he was strong enough to walk without stumbling over his big feet, his tail began to lose its droop. Daily he carried it a little higher, until finally it stood jauntily over his back, a symbol of bravery, boldness, good cheer, and self-reliance.

Hedda Hedstrom, the vet lady, finally announced that it was time to pluck him. When she explained what that meant, Joe was horrified.

"Have a heart, Headstrong!" he exclaimed. "How'd you like me to yank out them corn tassels of yours?"

"It ent jank and it ent hurt," the woman told him. She took a saw-toothed blade and demonstrated the plucking procedure.

"All right. How much?"

"T'ree dollars."

"Three—" Devlin glared at the speaker. "Gimme that pooch!"

The lady's moon face slowly clouded; ominously she inquired, "Vare you stole this har dog?"

"I didn't steal him. A guy give him—"

"No name! No bill of sale! No papers!" The china-blue eyes narrowed. "Aye tank Aye call the police."

"You know, yourself, the pooch was as good as dead! The guy slipped me ten bucks—"

"Aye tank Aye call the police."

"O.K.! Three bucks it is. Give him the woiks; fix him proper. The better he looks, the sooner I get my money out; only I never spent that kind of kern on myself."

"You ent no t'oro'bred," said Miss Hedstrom. "Blowout is fine yentleman; you're a common mutt!"

When Joe called back for the dog he was genuinely astonished at the transformation. The Scottie no longer resembled a cub bear. His fur was as soft and velvety to Joe's touch as sealskin; the tangled fringe on belly and forelegs had been combed out and brushed; tail, eyebrows, beard had been trimmed, shaped, squared; he smelled clean and wholesome.

Obviously an animal as stylish as this could not be led by a cord, so Devlin drove to a Madison Avenue shop to buy a collar and leash.

"What a gorgeous Scottie!" said the clerk as he fitted a plaid collar to Blowout's neck. "Who does he belong to?"

Joe began a quick burn at that, but managed to mumble, "He belongs to a taximan on the East Side."

"We have some amusing canine toys."

Dog toys! Joe had never heard of such a thing. Why, the kids in his neighborhood didn't have toys! Kids starving while pettycreed dogs played with dolls! That showed how things were going in the country. He inhaled, preparatory to freeing his soul of a vast indignation when he heard a feminine squeal and a Park Avenue niftie swooped down upon Blowout. She was followed by her mother, a majestic luxury liner with a wide promenade deck. They made a scene over the dog and beamed upon Joe. Before he knew it, he was showing them how Blowout could sit up and salute like a soldier.

KOVACS was more than enthusiastic at the dog's appearance. "Is that class!" he exclaimed. "You've got to let me borrow him."

"Yeah?"

"The missus would get a laugh—"

"Lay off, bunion beater!"

Somberly Patrolman Kovacs regarded the speaker. "I've been thinking," said he. "Did anybody see that supposed drunk give you the dog?

No. Has anybody ever laid eyes on the party, if such there be? He was a tall party with a shirt, you say. Remarkable! He just hauled off and gave you a five-hundred-dollar bone mill!" Kovacs pursed his lips.

"Louse!" said Joe, and the cab leaped under him.

Twice in one day his title to Blowout had been questioned. Wouldn't it be his luck to lose five hundred dollars good hard money?

Stopping at the nearest drugstore, he consulted the classified phone book, but none of the veterinaries' names recalled the one on the card that had been handed to him, so he made a complete list of the cat and doggeries and determined to start a systematic canvass the next day.

MR. STANLEY GRAY, broker, was turning in at his apartment building the following evening when a disreputable stranger accosted him. A moment, then his expression changed for the better and he said:

"Now I recognize you! It's the tooth."

"You remember that dog you gave me?"

"Rather!"

"I mean, you gave him to me, didn't you?"

"Certainly. And ten dollars."

"Mister, that's all I want to know. You see, he didn't croak."

"Splendid!" Mr. Gray's expression improved further. "We were terribly fond of him. It's swell of you to bring him back."

Joe eyed the speaker coldly, then inquired, "Where's your tommyhawk, old Chief Gimme-Backus?"

"Oh!" Gray laughed pleasantly. "Indian giver, eh? Not at all. I supposed you wanted to return the dog; sell him back to me."

"I might, at that," Joe said cautiously. "But first off I'd like to have proof that he's mine. I ain't got a thing to show, and people say—"

"That's easy." Mr. Gray took a card and a fountain pen from his pocket, then, for want of something against which to write, he stepped across the walk toward Joe's cab. As he approached, Blowout rose to his hind legs and peered out at him.

Without a word the broker opened the car door and lifted the dog out. He held him as tenderly as he would have held a baby. A moment, then he started on a run for the entrance to the building.

In reciting the incident to Kovacs that night, Joe said:

"Honest, I thought it was a snatch, but all he wanted was for his squaw to see. So up we go, the three of us, in the front elevator. And did we panic the lady! She went down on the floor with Blowout, and right off it's how much did I want for curing him. They offered me five Cs.

"I always thought rich people were snooty, but they opened a bottle of wine! You'd of thought I was the district leader. Kovacs, did you ever stop to think that dogs is the only domestic animal that soives no useful poipose? The guy says the only reason they've been allowed to live is because of their leralty."

"Their what?"

"Because they're a guy's best pal. They don't care whether he's in the chips or on the bum. If they like you, that's that. Absolute, unselfish leralty! A beautiful thought, ain't it?"

Kovacs stared. "It's—inspiring! Sublime! Go on."

"Well, I must of been there an hour, then I took me pooch under me armpit and ankled out."

"You—passed up half a grand?"

Devlin stirred uncomfortably. "It's a queer thing about Scotties: you gotta be careful who wins their affection. Once they fall for a guy, all hell can't switch 'em. It's the breed. Sure I passed it up. Money ain't everything."

"I've got to hand it to you," the policeman said admiringly. "You had me going, until that last crack. Well, I can't pinch a guy for lying; but stealing a dog like that runs into grand larceny."

Joe pretended to hesitate. "I knew you'd fall!" he cried in triumph. "There never was a cop that wouldn't. Read this—and *this!*" Into Kovacs' hand he thrust a bill of sale. From the interior of the cab he retrieved an elaborately framed pedigree.

"Balmoral's Triumphator II," Kovacs stumbled over the words; obviously the bill of sale was not a forgery. "Honest, Joe, did those people offer you five hundred?"

"They soitenly did. I may be nuts, but—I've got me the best damn dog in this town." He reached down beside him, picked up the sleeping Blowout and gently scratched his ears. "I'll bring him out to your house some day and let him play with the kid. It's good for a dog to play with kids."

OWNERSHIP of a dog as aristocratic as Balmoral's Triumphator II lent distinction to Joe Devlin, and it likewise brought him business, for people who, before, would have refused to ride in Macushla willingly put up with discomfort in order to get acquainted with such a dog. Joe fastened the official pedigree to the ceiling of his cab. Not a few of his better-class passengers were familiar with Blowout's distinguished progenitors, and—it is strange what a fellowship exists between animal lovers. Joe soon found it necessary to put up a second sign which read, "The Dog Will Be Glad to Ride with You, But He Is Not for Sale."

Naturally this meant Blowout had to be kept well groomed, and before long Joe began to pay attention to his own appearance as well. A guy with a pedigreed dog couldn't look like a tramp. Every compliment paid to his pet brought a grin to Joe's face. That, in turn, made his missing incisor a more striking disfigurement, so he reluctantly consulted a dentist, only to find that a front phony runs into real money.

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Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

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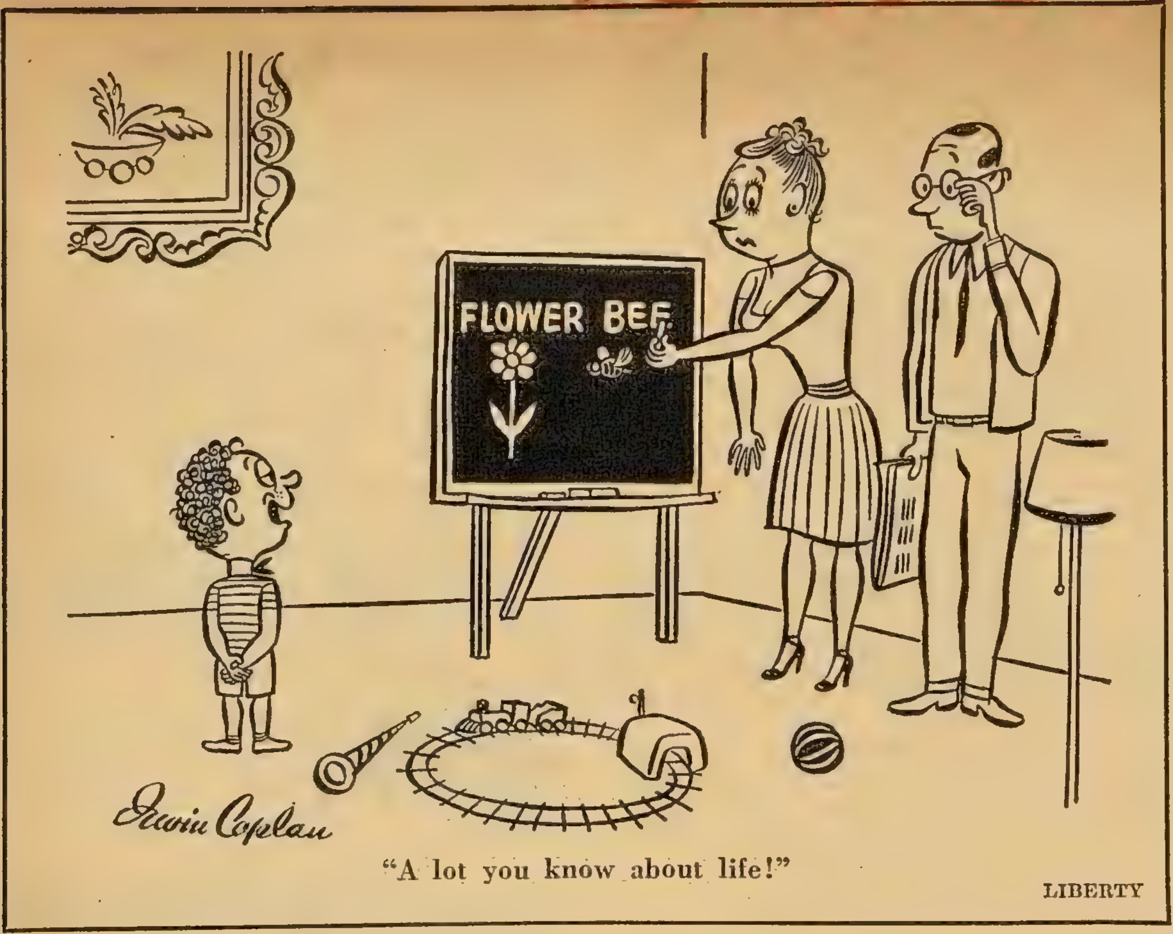

"A lot you know about life!"

LIBERTY

and Joe had a soft touch in the person of one Max Braun. Braun called himself an "organizer," and he had revealed his frequent need of a taxi driver who could keep his mouth shut. Joe had qualified. To Braun he applied for a "job" and got it.

When his China Clipper was in, he called on Hedda, and for once she looked first at him instead of at his dog.

With a practiced thumb she lifted his lip and examined the denture. "Vy, Yoe! You ent look, you ent smell like same feller!"

"Who did I ever have to bathe for—till I met you?" he inquired.

The subtlety of this compliment so pleased Miss Hedstrom that she trumpeted shrilly.

"Lookit!" he told her. "I got something to show you." He led her out to the curb, motioned her inside the cab, then indicated the framed document overhead. Side by side they spelled out the honored names of Blowout's ancestors.

"By yingo! Ve gonna show him at the Garden."

"What's the good of a lot of ribbons?"

"Look!" Hedda laid her finger upon the name, Balmoral's Triumphator I. "He sold for five t'ousan' dollar!"

"No kidding?"

"And he ent so good like his baby har."

There was bitterness in Devlin's voice when he complained, "Five grand! Wouldn't that be my lousy luck? Any other guy that had a dog wished on him it would toin out to be just a common sausage mill, but *me*—I get stuck with the champeen of Scotland!"

After a moment Miss Hedstrom said, "You're funny feller! . . . All right. Ve put him in stud. Ve charge hundred-dollar fee."

"Now I get you! Streetwalk him!" The man's face reddened. "That may go with you foreigners, but this is America. A guy that would take that kind of money—"

"Yoe!" Miss Hedstrom heaved herself out of the cab. "Come in the house. Ve make coffee and Aye tell you all about life."

PARKED under the slanting rays of a street light, Joe was laboriously reading the morning paper, just out. On the running board sat Blowout equally absorbed in reading the news of his world. Somberly he eyed a passing pedestrian, a flying insect. His ears twitched. He resembled nothing more than an animated interrogation point. His tail thumped a greeting to Officer Kovacs when he approached.

A moment, then the latter said, "I saved a piece of hamburger, but I guess he ain't hungry."

"He's always hungry," Joe explained, "only he thinks it's personed. I had to do it on account of everybody feeding him." To the dog he said, "O.K.! Kovacs is a good guy."

Blowout all but swallowed the officer's outstretched hand, and its owner exclaimed, "He ain't human! I bet you could teach that dog to tell the time of day."

"He's smart, but— That reminds me. What's all this wave of bomb outrages I read about?"

"It's a lot of dirty sabotage to cripple the country. Those monkeys aim to destroy bridges, tunnels, waterworks, railroads—"

"You mean it's that foreign mob? What business they got to muscle in on us? Our system ain't poifect, but a guy in New York can still own a taxi. Over yonder there's only three guys can afford to ride in one. . . . The paper says those torpedoes have got a clock in 'em."

"Right! It wasn't over three hours ago somebody phones in and says to look out for a double-header: two blasts before morning. Then he whinnies and hangs up. The old horse laugh. I bet there's a million cops on duty right now."

"Sure!" Joe nodded. "He phoned about midnight. From a cigar store on Thoid Avenue! . . . *Kovacs!* Hop that phone in the Greek's and tell 'em to rush a police car to the Penn Station!" Devlin was barking his words. "We'll meet 'em in ten—in five minutes. Downtown side!" He tramped on the starter and Macushla shuddered. *"Run, you fool!"*

THE cab was moving when Kovacs emerged from the lunchroom and swung himself to the running board. "If this is a prank," the officer warned, "you'll do ten years under water."

"Blow your flute, flatfoot, I'm goin' through the lights."

"Tip me off, Joe. . . . There's a big reward for those bombers. It's over ten thousand—"

"Damn it, blow!"

Down Seventh Avenue and through Times Square the disreputable Macushla tore, shrieking like a banshee. A police car swung in behind the cab and followed it down the incline to the station.

Devlin popped out of his cab with Blowout in his arms. "Into the parcel room, fellows!" he cried.

Several uniformed men followed him across the vast rotunda. Kovacs inquired:

"How d'you know? What's it look—"

"I didn't know nothing for sure, but I'd lay a hunnerd to one. . . . It's a suitcase. It's heavy, and I bet it's got enough stuff to blow us to Jersey. A guy I drove checked it about eleven. It's a tan suitcase! Hell! I can see a hunnerd that might be the one, but the dog'll find it. Only, he can't get up there and hunt it out. Reach 'em down and set 'em on the floor."

When perhaps twoscore pieces of luggage had been gingerly assembled, Joe announced, "That'll do to begin with."

Joe placed Blowout on the floor. He spoke to the dog and stroked him briefly.

But that headlong ride, the recent rush and hubbub, the clamor of excited voices had affected the animal. Furthermore, these surroundings were strange and somewhat terrifying; not a sight, not a sound, not a smell was familiar. It was all very bewildering. Nervously Blowout licked his lips and crept close to Joe's ankle. When the latter moved away he slunk after him.

"We better get that stuff on a truck and out of here," the sergeant declared nervously.

"You can't frisk all this—"

"We'll find it, if it's here."

Joe blazed at the officer, "You couldn't find a flatiron in a silk nightdress!" He knelt, rolled the dog on its back and roughly played with it for a moment or two.

He was laughing and talking a jargon that only he and the animal understood.

Blowout squirmed away from him and like a flash he was on his feet. The black head tilted to one side, then to the other. The pointed tail had become stiffly erect and it quivered. The dog's panting grew louder, as in and out between the suitcases he scurried. Eureka! He let out a bark and began to paw one of them frenziedly.

Devlin rose to his feet. "O.K., boys! There she blows!" He had the dog in his arms and was laughing queerly. Blowout wriggled with delight.

The suitcase stood on the counter, the sergeant had his ear to it. After a moment he announced:

"It's the business! Clear those people out of the rotunda. The sooner this thing is in oil, the better."

"There's another one at Grand Central," Devlin announced. "Let's get going."

UNDER scare headlines the afternoon papers carried a story that caused New Yorkers to gasp. It was too sensational, too fantastic for belief—another bomb outrage, foiled by a dog, a prize-winning pedigreed Scottie.

The facts were sufficiently startling to make the front page. The police had been warned of the impending outrage, but they were at a loss how to meet the threat. Meanwhile Blowout's master, Joe Devlin, a night-hawk taxi owner, had driven one Max Braun to the Pennsylvania Station and then over to Grand Central.

Braun had two big suitcases, in reality infernal machines timed to let go at the same moment during the morning rush hour. He had checked one in each parcel room, then, in accordance with his previous practice, he had gloatingly phoned headquarters something truly big was about to come off.

Blowout's master, his suspicions aroused, had used the Scottie to avert a major catastrophe. From the mountains of luggage the little fellow had nosed out the death-dealing devices, following which prompt action had enabled the police to arrest Braun and his associates.

Devlin deserved credit, of course, as did the police, but Balmoral's Triumphator II, the "marvel dog," the "dog with a brain," the "dog that saved hundreds of lives" was the real hero.

Blowout's biography lent the finishing touch to the whole thing. A puppy sick unto death, a drunken cabby with a heart of gold, Macushla the disreputable; here was a story with a smile, a thrill, and a heartthrob.

Late that afternoon Joe walked into Hedstrom's Cat and Dog Hospital with Blowout on his arm. On all sides were scattered newspapers with pictures of Joe and the dog, nevertheless Hedda had to hear the whole story from his lips.

He had about finished when she interrupted:

"Vait! How you learn this dog to smell dynamite?"

JOE grinned. "That's what the commissioner ast me—them's his very woids. He wants to know how come a dog to smell dynamite unless he's had practice. And where did I get the stuff to train him on? Maybe I got it from me old pal Maxey Braun.

"Wasn't it strange, he says to me, that I thought about them suitcases all by myself? With nothing under my hat to think with. How come I to cross Max after all he done for me? On the level, he sweat me like a jockey in a dung heap. All of a sudden I seen it from his angle, and it didn't look good, so—I spilled."

"Vat you spill?"

"Remember that little duck I bought the pooch? You wound it up and it waddled? Well, it ticked like a clock. I used to hide it under my pillow or the mattress just to see him dig. He was nuts about that duck. Finally he chewed the tick out of it, so I hid my watch. Diggin' is good for dogs. Makes 'em strong. It got to be a game with us. Well, when that powder monkey went in to check the first bomb, I got out to stretch, and the foist thing I know Blowout is in the back of the cab diggin' like mad at the other keester. I thought it was queer, but it never meant nothing till I got to talking with Kovacs. Then it struck me. 'Listen,' I says to the chief. 'This is a swell story like it is. Don't sperl it. Give the pooch a break,' I says."

"Vat he say?"

"He just grinned and said, 'Have it your way, sucker. I got a dog of me own.' . . . Now, then, High, Wide, and Handsome, brush off the hair. We're takin' the pooch to Coney."

With magnificent abandon Miss Hedstrom flung her arms about the speaker and kissed him.

"Not bad!" said Joe. "I kind of figured on getting around to that before we got home."

THE END

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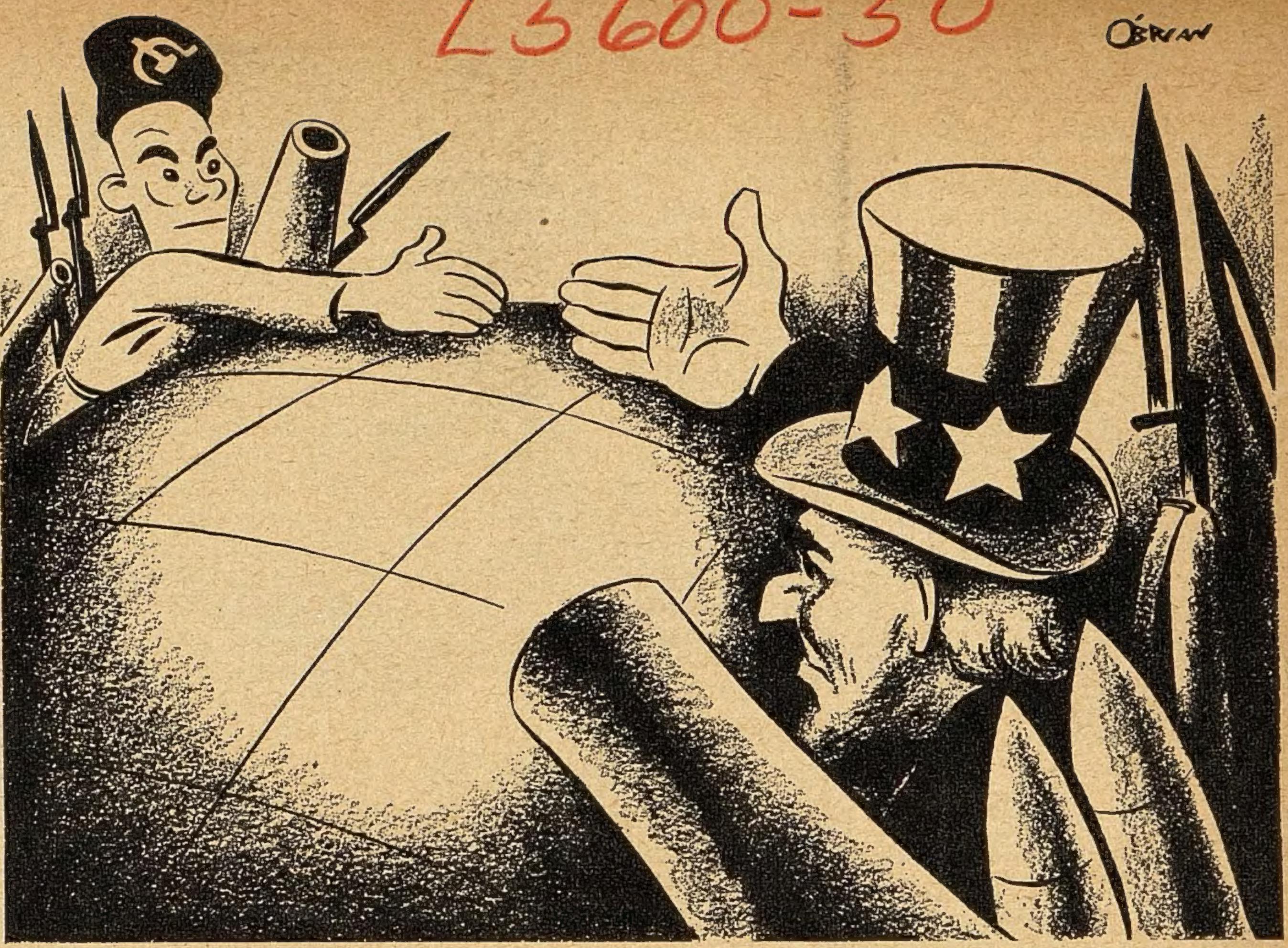


OUR CONFLICT WITH RUSSIA

IN recent months a growing number of our heavy-duty thinkers have made what they seem to regard as an astonishing discovery. With an air of breathless revelation they warn us that more than friendly misunderstanding separates us from Russia. They have found out we are in a diplomatic and political conflict with the Soviets.

Why they find this unusual or even alarming it is hard to say. We would be simple-minded indeed to expect it to be otherwise. As the world is set up at present, it is in the very nature of things. We are in similar conflict, more or less, with every other nation which aspires to a dominant voice in world affairs. We are in such a conflict with Great Britain, and it would be of similar intensity if she didn't need us and had the strength currently to oppose us on the world stage. In the last analysis the British know they would have to give way, and so mostly they side with us, using our strength to sustain their own position. We would be in conflict with France, China, or the Republic of Cuba, for that matter, if any of these nations had the strength and the will to contest our dominant position in the world. Argentina, a nation which apparently neither needs nor fears us, is vying with us for dominance in a more limited area. Some day, when France and China are fully recovered and able to aspire to authority in the world, we will find diplomatic and political conflict with them increasing in intensity.

Our rivalry with Russia does not stem from differences in ideology, religious belief, or anything else, but is the natural outcome of the quest for survival in a world which is still without international law or machinery for its enforcement. America, like all other nations, now lives by a "Let's be friends but keep our powder dry" philosophy. All subscribe to certain principles of international morality and justice, but none trusts the others to live up to these principles in all circumstances. As history reveals, occasionally one nation or another tosses aside the "Let's be friends" part of the philosophy and begins to rely solely on the dry powder. Despite the slaughter the world has just undergone, each nation has its own suspicions as to which of its "friends" will be the next to do so.

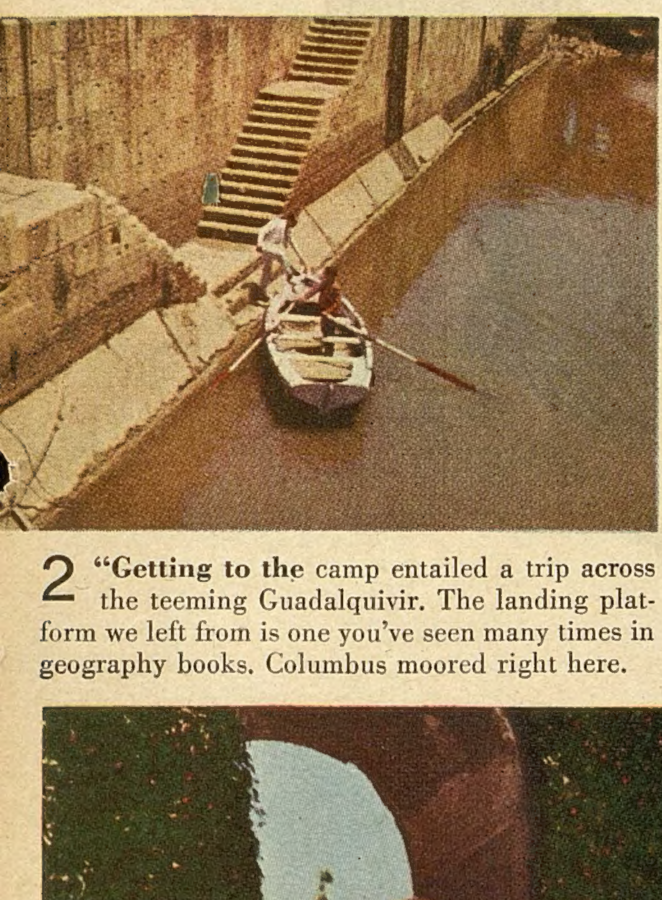
The remedy for this state of affairs, if any is to be found, lies in international organization. The United Nations is a good start. While it is not a perfect instrument as yet, there is hope it may be made so. Though as set up it does not as yet provide the means for promulgating and enforcing the sort of international law which alone can remove fear and suspicion, it at least provides a forum and a sounding board where differences and mistrust may be aired and perhaps ameliorated. The greatest task facing the world's diplomats is to see that this fledgling organization evolves into a world instrument that can do a real job of assuring peace and friendly intercourse among all peoples.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

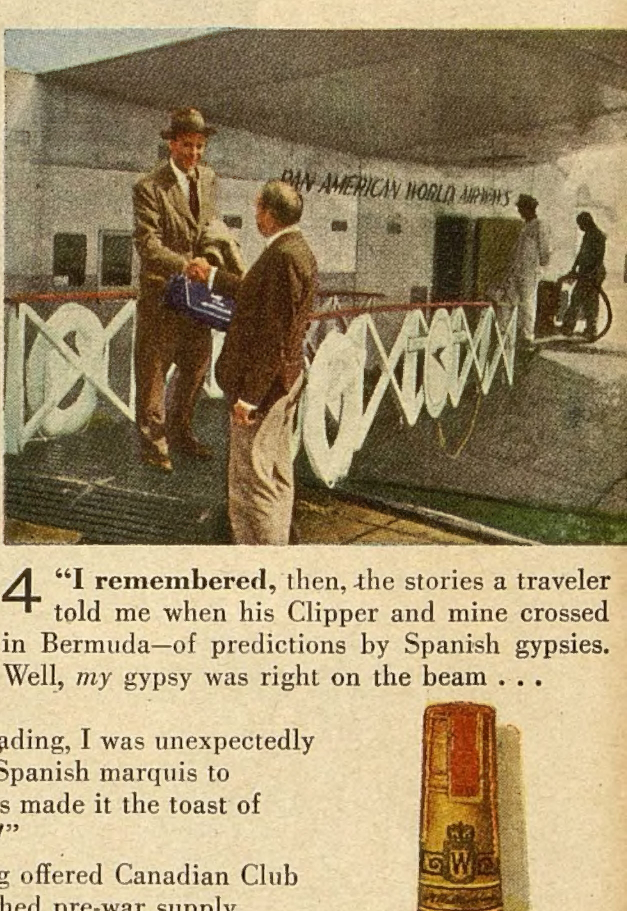
Surprises in SPAIN

1 **"The Moorish beauty** of Sevilla's renowned Alcazar had me under its spell," relates a friend of Canadian Club Whisky, "when suddenly just behind me there swelled a riot of music as fierce as the original occupants of this historic castle. A Moorish battle song! So I was told by the player—a prince (no less!) of a gypsy tribe located nearby. Could I visit them? Sure—



2 **"Getting to the** camp entailed a trip across the teeming Guadalquivir. The landing platform we left from is one you've seen many times in geography books. Columbus moored right here.

3 **"At the encampment,** they insisted I have my palm read. 'You are about to have a great experience,' I was told. Expressing doubt as I left, I was scolded on the folly of flaunting the fates.



4 **"I remembered,** then, the stories a traveler told me when his Clipper and mine crossed in Bermuda—of predictions by Spanish gypsies. Well, *my* gypsy was right on the beam . . .

5 **"For the very day** of the palm-reading, I was unexpectedly treated by a real and very affable Spanish marquis to a whisky whose unmistakable flavor has made it the toast of royal hosts back home. *Canadian Club!"*

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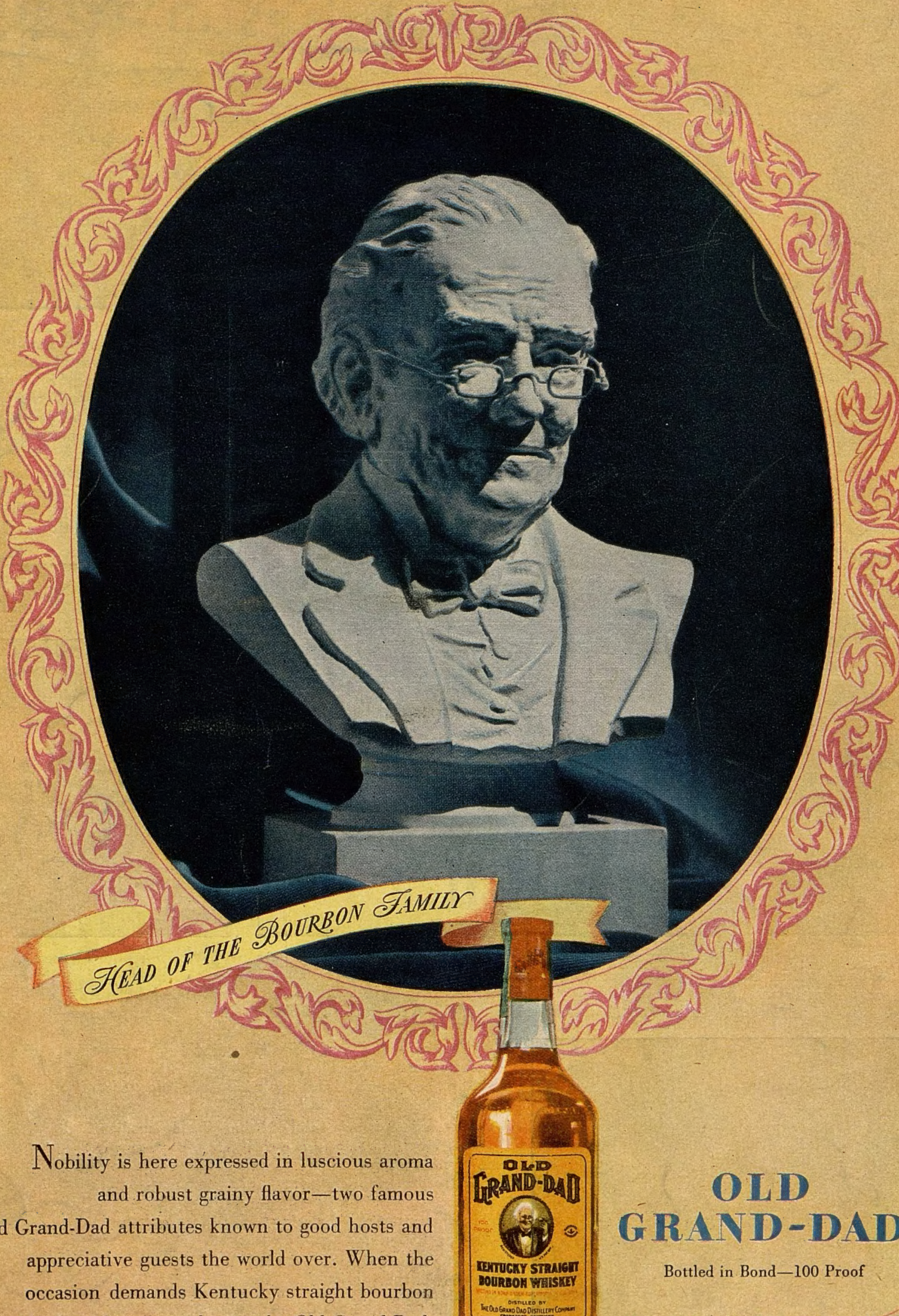
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